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THE

# German Theatre.

Vol. III.


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*Lovers Vows.*

*Act I. Scene I.*

*Published March 1.1798 by Vernor & Hood Poultry.*

THE

# German Theatre,

Translated by

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Esq.

*IN SIX VOLUMES.*

VOL. III.

46605

Containing

LOVERS' VOWS.
DEAF AND DUMB.
INDIAN EXILES.
FALSE DELICACY.

FOURTH EDITION.

London:

PRINTED FOR VERNOR, HOOD, AND SHARPE, POULTRY; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWNE, PATER-NOSTER ROW; J. BOOKER, BOND STREET; AND T. KEYS, COLEMAN-STREET.

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*T. Hood and Co. Printers, St. John's Square, London.*

# LOVERS' VOWS;

OR, THE

# NATURAL SON.

*A DRAMA,*

IN FIVE ACTS.

FROM

KOTZEBUE.

326
Kot/Lov

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### MEN.

BARON WILDENHAIN, *a Colonel out of Service.*
COUNT VON DER MULDE.
PASTOR *of the Parish in which the* Baron's *Estate lies.*
CHRISTIAN, *the* Baron's *Butler.*
FREDERICK, *a young Soldier.*
LANDLORD.
FARMER.
LABOURER.
JEW.
GAMEKEEPER.
COTTAGER.

### WOMEN.

AMELIA, *the* Baron's *Daughter.*
WILHELMINA.
COTTAGER'S WIFE.
COUNTRY GIRL.

*Servants and Gamekeepers.*

# LOVERS' VOWS;

OR, THE

# NATURAL SON.

## *ACT THE FIRST.*

*Scene, a Road near a Town. The last houses of a small village are visible.*

*Enter* LANDLORD *from a Public House, drawing* WILHELMINA *after him.*

*Land.* THERE's no longer any room for you, I tell you. We have a wake to-day in our village, and all the country people, as they pass, will come into my house with their wives and children; so I must have every corner at liberty.

*Wil.* Can you thrust a poor sick woman out of doors?

*Land.* I don't thrust you.

*Wil.* Your cruelty will break my heart.

*Land.* It will not come to that.

*Wil.* I have spent my last penny with you.

*Land.* That is the very reason why I send you away. Where can you procure any more?

*Wil.* I can work.

*Land.* Why, you can scarcely move your hand.

*Wil.* My strength will return.

*Land.* When that is the case, you may return too.

*Wil.* Where shall I remain in the mean time?

*Land.* It is fine weather. You may remain any where.

*Wil.* Who will clothe me, when this my only wretched garment is drenched with dew and rain?

*Land.* He who clothes the lilies of the field.

*Wil.* Who will bestow on me a morsel of bread to allay my hunger?

*Land.* He who feeds the fowls of the air.

*Wil.* Cruel man! you know I have not tasted any thing since yesterday morning.

*Land.* Sick people eat little: it is not wholesome to overload their stomachs.

*Wil.* I will pay honestly for every thing I have.

*Land.* By what means? These are hard times.

*Wil.* My fate is hard too.

*Land.* I'll tell you what. This is the high-road, and it is much frequented. Ask some compassionate soul to bestow a trifle on you.

*Wil.* I beg! No; rather will I starve.

*Land.* Mercy on us! What a fine lady! Many an honest mother's child has begged before now, let me tell you. Try, try. Custom makes every thing easy.—(Wilhelmina *has seated herself upon a stone under a tree.*)—For instance, here comes somebody. I'll teach you how to begin.

*Enter a* LABOURER *with his tools*

Good day to you!

*Lab.* Good day.

*Land.* Neighbour Nicholas, will you bestow a trifle on this poor woman?—(—Labourer *passes and exit.*)—That was not of much use, for the poor devil is himself obliged to work for his daily bread. But yonder I see our fat farmer, who puts three hellers

into the poor-box every sunday. Who knows but he may be charitably inclined on a week-day too?

*Enter a* FAT FARMER, *walking very leisurely.*

Good morning to you, Sir; good morning to you! There's a poor sick woman sitting under yon tree. Will you please to bestow a trifle on her?

*Far.* Is she not ashamed of herself? She is still young and can work.

*Land.* She has had a fever.

*Far.* Ay, one must work hard now-a-days, one must toil from morn to night, for money is scarce.

*Land.* Pay for her breakfast, will you, Sir? She is hungry.

*Far.*—(*As he passes.*)—We have had a bad harvest this year, and the distemper has killed my best cattle. [*Exit.*

*Land.* The miser! That fellow is always brooding over his dollars. By the way, now, that I am talking of brooding, I remember my old hen ought to hatch her eggs to-day: I must look after her directly.

[*Exit into the house.*

(Wilhelmina *is left alone. Her dress betrays extreme poverty. Her countenance bears the marks of sickness and anxiety, yet the remains of former beauty are still visible.*)

*Wil.* Oh, God! thou know'st I never was thus unfeeling, while I still possessed any thing. Oh, thou, whose guardian power has hitherto protected me from dark despair, accept my thanks. Oh, that I could but work again! This fever has completely deprived me of my strength. Alas! if my Frederick knew that his mother was fallen a victim to penury —Is he still alive? Or does some heap of earth already cover him? Thou author of my sufferings, I will not curse thee. God grant thee prosperity and

peace, if such blessings ever be bestowed upon the seducer of innocence. Should chance conduct thee hither; shouldst thou, amidst these rags, and in this woe-worn form, recognize thy former blooming Wilhelmina, what, what would be thy sensations! Alas! I am hungry. Oh, that I had but a morsel of bread! Well, I will endeavour to be patient. I shall surely not be allowed to starve on the highway.

*Enter a* COUNTRY GIRL, *carrying eggs and milk to market. She is passing nimbly on, and sees* Wilhelmina.

*Girl.* God bless you, good woman!

*Wil.* I thank you sincerely. Dearest girl, can you bestow a piece of bread on a poor woman?

*Girl.*—(*Stopping with a look of compassion.*)—Bread! No; I can't, indeed, for I have none. Are you hungry?

*Wil.* Alas! yes.

*Girl.* Good Heavens! I have eat all my bread for breakfast, and I have no money. I am going to the town; and when I have sold my milk and eggs, I'll bring you a dreyer. But—you will still be hungry till I return. Will you drink some of my milk?

*Wil.* Yes, my good child.

*Girl.* There, then! Take as much as you like.—(*Holds the pail to her lips with great kindness.*)—Won't you have a little more?—Drink! drink!—You are very welcome.

*Wil.* Heaven reward you for your charity! You have preserved me.

*Girl.* I am glad to hear it.—(*Nods kindly to her.*)—Good day!—God bless you. [*Exit singing.*

*Wil.*—(*Looking after her.*)—Such formerly was I—as happy, as contented, as susceptible of good impressions.

*Enter a* GAMEKEEPER, *with a gun, and a brace of pointers.*

*Wil.* I wish you good diversion, honest man.

*Gam.*—(*As he passes.*)—Damnation! the first thing I meet on my road is an old woman! I would as soon have seen a magpie, or the devil. I'm sure to have bad sport to-day—Perhaps not a shot. Go to hell, you old harridan! [*Exit.*

*Wil.* That man conceals the hardness of his heart behind the veil of superstition. Here comes some one else—A Jew! If I could beg, I would implore his aid; for Christians bear but the name of Christians, and scarcely ever recollect the doctrines they profess to follow.

*Enter a* JEW, *who, as he passes, espies* Wilhelmina, *stops, and surveys her for a moment.*

*Wil.* Heaven bless you!

*Jew.* I thank you, poor woman. You look ill.

*Wil.* I have had a fever.

*Jew.*—(*Hastily puts his hand into his pocket, draws out a small purse, and gives her some money.*)—There! I can spare no more, for I have but little myself. [*Exit.*

*Wil.*—(*Calling after him with great emotion.*)—A thousand thanks!—A thousand thanks! Was I wrong in my conjecture? The heart and the creed have no concern with each other.

*Enter* FREDERICK *with his knapsack on his back. He walks cheerfully on, and is humming a tune; but at at the sight of the sign over the door of the public house, stops.*

*Fre.* H—m! I'll quench my thirst here, I think.

This hot weather makes me feel quite parched. But let me consult my pocket in the first place.—(*Draws out a little money, and counts it.*)—I think I have as much as will pay for my breakfast and dinner! and at night, please God, I shall have reached home. Holla! landlord!—(*Espies* Wilhelmina.)—But what do I see yonder? A poor sick woman, who appears to be quite exhausted. She does not beg, but her countenance claims assistance. Should we never be charitable till we are asked, and reminded that we ought to be so? Shame on it! No. I must wait till noon before I drink. If I do a good action, I shall not feel either hungry or thirsty. There!—(*Goes towards her in order to give her the money, which he already held in his hand to pay for his liquor.*)

*Wil.*—(*Surveying him minutely, utters a loud shriek.*)—Frederick!

*Fre.*—(*Starts, gazes intently on her; casts away his money, knapsack, hat, stick, in short, every thing which encumbers him, and rushes into her arms.*)—Mother!—(*Both are speechless,* Frederick *first recovers.*)—Mother! For God's sake, Do I find you in this wretched state? Mother! What means this? Speak!

*Wil.*—(*Trembling.*)—I cannot—speak—dear son—dear Frederick. The bliss—the transport—

*Fre.* Compose yourself, dear, good mother!—(*She rests her head on his breast.*)—Compose yourself. How you tremble! You are fainting.

*Wil.* I am so weak—I feel so ill—my head is so giddy. All yesterday I had nothing to eat.

*Fre.*—(*Springing up with looks of horror, and hiding his face with both his hands.*)—Almighty God!—(*Runs to his knapsack, tears it open, and draws out a piece of bread.*)—Here is some bread!—(*Collects the money, which he had thrown away, and adds to it what he has in his pocket.*)—Here is my little

stock of money. I'll sell my coat—my cloak—my arms. Oh, mother, mother!—Holla, there! Landlord!—*(Knocks violently at the door of the public house.)*

*Land.*—*(Looking out of a window.)*—What now?

*Fre.* A bottle of wine! Directly! Directly!

*Land.* A bottle of wine!

*Fre.* Yes, I tell you.

*Land.* For whom, pray?

*Fre.* For me!—Zounds!—Be quick.

*Land.* Well.—But, Mr. Soldier, can you pay for it?

*Fre.* Here is the money. Make haste, or I'll break every window in your house.

*Land.* Patience! Patience! [*Shuts the window.*

*Fre.*—*(To his mother.)*—Fasted all day! And I had plenty! Last night I had meat and wine to supper, while my mother was fasting. Oh, God! Oh, God! How is all my joy embittered!

*Wil.* Peace, my dear Frederick. I see you again—I am well again. I have been very ill—and had no hopes of ever beholding you once more on earth.

*Fre.* Ill! And I was not with you! Now I'll never leave you again. See! I am grown tall and stout. I can work for you.

*Enter* LANDLORD *with a bottle and glass.*

*Land.* Here's wine for you! A precious vintage, I promise you. Such a glass is not to be tasted every day. To be sure it is only Franconia wine; but it has the sourness of Rhenish.

*Fre.* Give me it directly. What is the price of the trash?

*Land.* Trash! Such a capital article as that, trash! The real juice of the grape, I promise you. I sell none of your common vintner's balderdash. I have another precious wine in my cellar, which

you shall taste. Such a fine rich oily flavour!—(Frederick *impatiently attempts to take the bottle and glass from him.*)—Hold! Hold! The money first, if you please. This bottle costs half a guilder.

*Fre.*—*(Giving him all his money.)*—There! There!—*(Pours out a glass, and gives it to his mother, who drinks, and eats a little bread with it.)*

*Land.*—*(Counting the money.)*—There ought to be another dreyer. But, however, one must have compassion. As it is intended for the poor old woman, I'll not insist upon the dreyer. But take care you don't break the bottle or glass. [*Exit.*

*Wil.* I thank you, dear Frederick. Wine from a son's hands instils new life.

*Fre.* Don't talk too much, mother, till you have recovered your strength.

*Wil.* Tell me how you have fared during the last five years.

*Fre.* I have met with good and bad luck mixed together. One day my pocket was full—the next I was worth nothing.

*Wil.* It is long since you wrote to me.

*Fre.* Why, my dear mother, postage is one of the severest taxes on a soldier. Consider how far we were quartered from you. A letter would almost have cost me half a year's pay; and I must have something to subsist on. I always consoled myself with the idea that my mother was in good health, and that it would make no great difference if I deferred my letter for another week or two. Thus one week passed after another. Forgive me, mother.

*Wil.* When anxiety is at an end, it is easy to forgive. Have you, then, obtained your discharge?

*Fre.* No, not yet. I have only procured leave of absence for a couple of months. This I did for certain reasons; but as you want me, I will remain with you.

*Wil.* That is not necessary, my dear Frederick. Your visit will enliven me, and restore me to health. I shall then be again strong enough to work; and you can return to your regiment; for I would not interfere with your fortune. But you said you had obtained leave of absence for certain reasons. May I know those reasons?

*Fre.* You shall know all, mother. When I left you, five years since, you had provided me plentifully with clothes, linen, and money; but one trifle you had forgotten—the certificate of my birth. I was then a wild, careless lad, but fifteen years of age, and thought little of the matter. This has since occasioned me much uneasiness. Often, when I have been heartily tired of a soldier's restless life, I have wished to obtain my discharge, and learn some reputable trade. But whenever I applied to any tradesman, his first question always was, "Where is the certificate of your birth?" This silenced me. I was vexed, and remained a soldier; for in that profession it is only asked whether the heart be in the right place, and a certificate of birth is as little regarded as the diploma of nobility. The circumstance, however, led me into many a quarrel. My comrades were become acquainted with it; and if any of them owed me a grudge, or were rather drunk, they would sneer at me, and torment me with sarcastic remarks. Once or twice I had been so far exasperated as to fight, the consequence of which was, that I was placed under arrest, and severely reprimanded. At length, my commanding officer, on another of these quarrels taking place, about five weeks ago, summoned me to attend him in his own room. Oh, mother! he is a noble, generous man! "Boetcher," said he to me, "I am sorry to hear that you are constantly incurring punishment by being engaged in quarrels; for in other respects I am satisfied with your atten-

tion to the service, and have a good opinion of you. The serjeant has told me the cause of all this. I, therefore, advise you, to write home for the certificate of your birth; or, if you rather chuse to fetch it yourself, I will grant you leave of absence for a couple of months." Oh, mother! your form floated before my eyes while he addressed me. I kissed his hand, and stammered out my thanks. He then put a dollar into my hand. "Go, my lad," said he; "I wish you a good journey. Don't fail to return at the appointed time." Well, mother, here I am, as you see; and now you know all that has happened.

*Wil.*—*Who has listened to him with great confusion and embarrassment.*)—You are come, therefore, dear Frederick, for the certificate of your birth?

*Fre.* Yes.

*Wil.* Oh, heavens!

*Fre.* What is the matter?—(Wilhelmina *bursts into a flood of tears.*)—For God's sake, what is the matter?

*Wil.* You can have no certificate of your birth.

*Fre.* Can have none?

*Wil.* You are a natural son.

*Fre.* Indeed!—And who is my father?

*Wil.* Alas! the wildness of your look destroys me.

*Fre.*—(*Recollecting himself, in a gentle and affectionate tone.*)—No, dear mother, I am still your son; but tell me, who is my father?

*Wil.* When you left me five years since, you were still too young to be entrusted with such a secret. You have now reached an age at which you have a claim upon my confidence. You are become a man, and a good man. My sweet maternal hopes are quite fulfilled. I have often heard how consoling, how reviving to a sufferer was the communication of her sorrows. The tears which those sorrows draw from another's eyes, alleviate the

pangs which the sufferer seemed for ever destined to endure. Thanks, thanks to benignant heaven, the hour at last is come, when I may, for the first time, feel this consolatory sensation. My son is my confidant—be he also my judge. Of a rigid judge I must be afraid; but my son will not be rigid.

*Fre.* Proceed, good mother. Relieve your heart.

*Wil.* Yes, dear Frederick, I will tell you all—Yet—shame and confusion bind my tongue. You must not look at me during my recital.

*Fre.* Do I not know my mother's heart? Cursed be the thought which condemns you for a weakness; of a crime you are incapable.

*Wil.* Yonder village, whose church you at a distance see towering above the trees, is my native place. In that church I was baptized. In that church I was first instructed in our faith. My parents were worthy pious cottagers. They were poor, but strictly honest. When I was fourteen years of age, the lady of the manor one day saw me. She was pleased with me, took me with her to the castle, and felt a pleasure in forming my rude talents. She put good books into my hands. I read; I learnt French and music. My conceptions and capacity developed themselves. But at the same time my vanity—Yes—under the mask of reserve I became ridiculously vain. I was seventeen years old when the son of my benefactress, who was an officer in the Saxon service, obtained leave to visit his relations. I had never before seen him. He was a handsome and engaging young man. He talked to me of love and marriage. He was the first who had done homage to my charms. Do not look at me dear Frederick, or I cannot proceed.—(Frederick *casts down his eyes, and presses her hand to his heart.)* —I was a credulous being, and was easily robbed of my innocence. The hypocrite feigned the most

ardent affection—promised to marry me at the death of his aged mother—vowed fidelity and constancy—alas!—and I forgot my pious parents—the precepts of our good old pastor—the kindness of my benefactress—I became pregnant. Oh, Frederick! Frederick! whenever I look at yonder church, the late venerable pastor with his silver locks seems to stand before me. On the day that I first went to confession, how did he affect my young heart! How full of true devotion and of virtue was my mind! At that time I would have ventured with a certainty of triumph upon any temptation, and (Oh, God! how was it possible;) this deep, this rooted impression did a wild, unthinking youth erase by a few love-sick looks, by a few love-sick words! I became pregnant. We both awoke from the sweet delirium, and beheld with horror the prospect of futurity. I had ventured every thing. He feared the anger of his mother, who was a good woman, but inexorably strict and rigid. How kindly did he implore me, how impressively did he conjure me, not to betray him! How affectionately, how tenderly, did he promise to reward me at a future period for all that I endured on his account!—He succeeded. I pledged to him my word that I would be silent, that I would bury the name of my seducer, as well as his much-loved form in my heart; that for his sake I would encounter every misfortune which awaited me—for, oh, how dearly did I love him! Much, much, indeed, I have encountered. He departed, satisfied with my promise. The time of my delivery approached, and I found it impossible any longer to conceal my situation. Alas! I was harshly treated when I persisted in my determination not to confess who was the father of my child. I was driven from the castle with every mark of disgrace; and, when I reached the door of my afflicted parents, I was again refused admittance. My father would have

exceeded all bounds; but my mother tore him hastily away, at the moment he was about to curse me. She returned, threw me a crooked dollar, which she wore round her neck, and wept. Since that day I have never seen her. The dollar I have still in my possession.—*(Produces it.)*—Rather would I have starved than have parted with it.—*(Gazes at it, kisses it, and puts it again into her bosom.)*—Without a home, without money, without friends, I wandered a whole night through open fields. I once came near the stream where the mill stands, and almost was I tempted to throw myself under the wheels of the mill, and thus put an end to my miserable existence. But suddenly our pastor's venerable form again appeared to me. I started back; and while I thought I saw him, all his instructions occurred to me, and roused my confidence. As soon as the morning dawned I went to his house. He received me with kindness, and did not reproach me. "What is done," said he, "cannot be undone. God is merciful to the penitent. Reform, my daughter, and all may yet be well. You must not remain in the village, for that will only be a mortification to you, and likewise a scandal to my parish. But—" Here he put a piece of gold into my hand, and delivered to me a letter, which he had written for me.—"Go to the town, my daughter, and seek the honest old widow to whom this letter is addressed. With her you may remain in safety, and she will teach you how to earn an honest livelihood." With these words he laid his hand upon my head, gave me his blessing, and promised to appease my father's resentment. Oh! I felt newly born; and on my way to the town, I reconciled myself with the Almighty, by solemnly vowing never again to swerve from the path of virtue.—I have kept my vow.—Now look at me again, Frederick.—(Frederick *clasps her with speechless emo-*

*tion in his arms.—A pause.)*—Your birth was to me the cause of much joy, and of much sorrow. I twice wrote to your father—but—Heaven knows whether he received my letters; I have never received any answer to them.

*Fre.—(Violently.)*—Never any answer!

*Wil.* Check your indignation, my son. It was in time of war, and the regiment to which he belonged was in the field. There was a commotion through the whole empire; for the troops of three powers were alternately pursuing each other. How easily, therefore, might my letters be lost! No, I am certain he never received them; for he was not a villain. After that time, I did not choose to trouble him, from a sensation—perhaps of pride. I thought, if he had not forgotten me, he would come in search of me, and would easily learn from the pastor where I was to be found—but he did not come; and some years after, I even heard—(*With a sigh*)—that he was married. I then bade farewell to my last hope. In silent retirement I earned my subsistence by manual labour, and by instructing a few children in what I myself had learnt at the castle. You, dear Frederick, were my only comfort; and on your education I bestowed every thing which was not absolutely necessary for my own subsistence. My diligence was not ill rewarded, for you were a good boy; but the wildness of your youthful ardour, your bent towards a soldier's life, and your resolution to seek your fortune in the wide world, caused me much uneasiness. At last I thought it must be as God ordained; and if it were your destination, I ought not to prevent it, even if the parting were to break my heart. Five years ago, therefore, I allowed you to go, and gave you as much as I could spare—Perhaps more than I could spare; for I was in good health, and then we are not apt to anticipate illness. Had this continued, I could have

earned more than I wanted; I should have been a rich woman in my situation, and could have made my son an annual Christmas present. But I was attacked by a lingering and consuming illness. My earnings were at an end, and my little savings were scarcely sufficient to pay my physician and my nurse. A few days since, therefore, I was obliged to leave my little hut, being no longer able to discharge the rent, and was compelled to wander on the highway with this stick, this sack, and these rags, soliciting a morsel of bread from the charity of those who happened to pass.

*Fre.* Had your Frederick suspected this, how bitter would have been to him every morsel which he eat, and every drop which he drank! Well, Heaven be praised that I have found you alive at my return; for now I will remain with you for ever. I will send information of this to my commanding officer, and he may take it in what light he pleases; for if he even call it desertion, I will not again forsake my mother. Alas! I have unfortunately learnt no art, no trade; but I have a couple of stout nervous arms, with which I can guide the plough, or wield the flail. I'll hire myself to some farmer as a day-labourer, and at night write for some lawyer. I write a good legible hand, thanks to you, my dear mother. We shall succeed, no doubt. God will assist us. God is ever ready to support those who revere their parents.

*Wil.*—(*Clasps him with emotion in her arms.*)—What princess can offer me any thing in exchange for such a blissful moment?

*Fre.* One thing I had forgotten, mother. What was my father's name?

*Wil.* Baron Wildenhain.

*Fre.* And does he live on this estate?

*Wil.* There formerly his mother lived. She is dead. He married a rich lady in Franconia, and,

as is said, through affection for her, went to dwell there. A steward occupies the castle, who manages every thing as he likes.

*Fre.* I will away to the Baron—I will face him boldly. I will bear you upon my back to him. How far is it to Franconia?—Twenty to thirty miles, perhaps.—How! Did he escape his conscience by flying so short a way? Truly, it must be a lazy, sluggish conscience, if, after following him twenty years, it has not yet overtaken him. Oh, shame, shame on him! Why should I claim acquaintance with my father, if he be a villain?, Cannot my heart be satisfied with a mother—a mother who has taught me to love? Why should I seek a father who teaches me to hate? No! I will not go to him. He may remain quietly where he is, feasting and revelling to his last hour, and then he may see what account he can give of his actions to the Almighty Judge. We do not want him, mother; we will live without him. But what is the matter? How your countenance is altered in a single moment!—Mother, what is the matter?

*Wil.—(Very much exhausted, and almost fainting.)*—Nothing, nothing. The transport—Too much talking. I should like a little rest.

*Fre.* Heavens! I never perceived before that we were on the highway.—(*Knocks at the door of the public house.*)—Holla! Landlord!

*Land.—(Opening the window.)*—Well! What now?

*Fre.* Let this good woman have a bed directly.

*Land.—(With a sneer.)*—She have a bed, indeed!—Ha! ha! ha!—A pretty joke, truly! She slept last night in my stable, and has, perhaps, bewitched all the cattle in it. [*Shuts the window.*

*Fre.—(Taking up a stone in a rage.)*—Infernal scoundrel!—(*Looks at his mother, and throws the stone away.*)—Oh, my poor mother!—(*Knocks in the*

*anguish of despair at the door of a cottage, which stands further in the back-ground.*)—Holla! Holla!

*Enter a* COTTAGER *from the hut.*

*Cot.* God bless you! What do you want?

*Fre.* Good friend, you see that this poor sick woman is fainting in the open air. She is my mother. Let her have some little spot to rest upon for half an hour. For Heaven's sake do; and God will reward you for it.

*Cot.* Hold your tongue. I understand you.—(*Putting his head into the house.*)—Rachel, make up the bed directly. You may lay the child on the bench while you do it.—(*Returns.*)—Don't begin a long history again about God's reward and Heaven's blessing. If God were to reward all such trifles, he would have enough to do.—Come! take hold of the good woman on that side, while I support her on this, and let us lead her in with care. She shall have as good a bed as I am worth; but she will not find much more in my cottage, I must own.

[*They conduct her into the hut.*

## *ACT THE SECOND.*

*Scene, a Room in the Cottage.* WILHELMINA *is discovered sitting on a wooden Stool, and resting her Head on* FREDERICK'S *Breast. The* COTTAGER *and his* WIFE *are busily employed in procuring whatever can conduce to the comfort of their sick Guest.*

*Fre.* Have you nothing which will refresh and strengthen her, good people?

*Wife.* Run, husband, and fetch a bottle of wine from our neighbour's public house.

*Fre.* Oh, spare yourselves that trouble. His wine is as sour as his disposition. She has already drank some of it, and I fear it has poisoned her.

*Cot.* Look, Rachel, whether the black hen has laid an egg this morning. A new-laid egg, boiled soft——

*Wife.* Or a handful of ripe currants——

*Cot.* Or—the best thing I have—a piece of bacon——

*Wife.* There is still a little brandy standing below in the dairy.

*Fre.*—(*Deeply affected.*)—God reward and bless you for your readiness to assist my poor mother!—(*To* Wilhelmina.)—You have heard these good people?—(Wilhelmina *nods.*)---Can you relish any thing they have offered?---(Wilhelmina *makes a motion with her hand that she cannot.*)---Alas! is there no surgeon in the neighbourhood?

*Cot.* We have a farrier in the village, whom we always call Doctor; and I never saw any other in my life.

*Fre.* Merciful Heavens! What shall I do! She will die in my arms! Gracious God! have compassion on our distresses. Pray, pray, good people---I cannot pray.

*Wil.*—(*In a broken voice.*)—Be at ease, dear Frederick—I am well—only faint—very faint.—A glass of—good wine———

*Fre.* Yes, mother, instantly. Oh, God! where can I procure it? I have no money. I have nothing at all.

*Wife.* There! Now, you see, husband, if you had not carried the money to the steward yesterday.——

*Cot.* I might have assisted this good woman. Why that's true to be sure. But how are we to

manage matters now? As true as I am an honest man, I have not a single dreyer in the house.

*Fre.* Then I will—yes, I will beg—and if no one will be charitable, I will steal. Good people, take care of her, and do what you can for her. I shall soon be with you again. [*Exit.*

*Cot.* If he would go to our pastor's, I am sure he would succeed.

*Wil.* Is the old pastor still alive?

*Wife.* Oh, no. God bless his worthy heart. He died about two years since, old, and weary of life.

*Cot.* Yes, he went out like a lamp, as one may say.

*Wife.*—(*Wiping her eyes.*)—We have shed many a tear for the loss of him.

*Cot.*—(*The same.*)—He was our father.

*Wil.*—(*Deeply affected.*)—Our father.

*Wife.* We shall never have such another.

*Cot.* Come, come! give every one his due—and despise nobody. Our present pastor is a good worthy man too.

*Wife.* Why, he is, to be sure; but he is so young.

*Cot.* I own his appearance does not claim quite so much respect, and we can't confide in him so soon: but our late pastor had been young too.

*Wife.*—(*To* Wilhelmina.)—This gentleman was tutor to our Baron's daughter; and as my Lord was very well satisfied with him, he gave him this living.

*Cot.* Ay, and he deserved it too; for the young lady of the castle (God bless her!) is a friendly, kind creature as ever lived.

*Wife.* Yes, she has no pride; for when she comes into the church, she nods here and there, on this side and on that, to the country women.

*Cot.* And when she is in the pew, she holds her fan before her face, and prays with real devotion.

*Wife.* And during the sermon she never turns her eyes from the pastor.

*Wil.*—(*Alarmed.*)—What lady is this?

*Cot.* Our Baron's daughter.

*Wil.* Is she here?

*Wife.* To be sure she is. Didn't you know that? It will be five weeks next Friday since my Lord's family arrived at the castle.

*Wil.* Do you mean Baron Wildenhain?

*Wife.* Exactly.

*Wil.* And his lady?

*Cot.* His lady is dead. They lived several hundred miles from this place; and during her Ladyship's life the Baron never came hither, which has caused us many a sorrow.—(*In a lower voice, and in a confidential tone.*)—Folks say she was a haughty woman, and full of whims. Well! well! We ought not to speak ill of the dead. Our Baron is a good gentleman. She had no sooner closed her eyes, than he ordered his coach, and came to Wildenhain. Oh! he must like this place; for he was born here, and has often played with me in the meadows, and danced with my wife on a sunday under the lime-trees. You remember that, Rachel—eh?

*Wife.* That I do, as well as if it had been yesterday. He used to wear a red coat, and a pair of buckles made of glittering stones.

*Cot.* Afterwards, when he became an officer, he was rather wild; but we must make allowances for young people. The soil was good, and the best of land sometimes produces weeds.

*Wife.* But do you recollect husband, what happened at the castle between him and Boetcher's daughter, Wilhelmina? That was too bad.

*Cot.* Pshaw! hold your tongue, Rachel. Who would think of talking about that, when so many years are past since it happened, and when nobody knows whether he was really the father of the child? for she never would confess it.

*Wife.* He was the father, and nobody else, that I

am sure of; and I'll bet my best gown and cap upon it. No, no, husband, you must not defend that—it was too bad. Who knows whether the poor creature did not perish in distress? Her father, too, old Boetcher, was driven to his grave by it, and died broken-hearted. [Wilhelmina *faints.*

*Cot.*—(*Who first observes it.*)—Rachel! Rachel! Support her!—Zounds! support her.

*Wife.* Oh! mercy on us!—the poor woman!

*Cot.* Away with her to bed directly! Then let us send for the pastor. She will hardly live till morning. [*They carry her in.*

SCENE, *a Room in the Castle. The breakfast Table is discovered. A* Servant *places on the Table a Tea-urn, a lighted Candle, and a Wax-taper.*

*Enter the* BARON, *in his Night-gown.*

*Baron.* Is the Count in bed still?

*Ser.* No, my Lord. He has sent for his servant to dress his hair.

*Baron.* I might have discovered that; for the hall, as I passed through it, was scented *poudre à la Marechal.*—Call my daughter. [*Exit* Servant.

(*The* Baron *fills and lights his pipe.*)

I cannot but think that my friend, the old privy counsellor, has sent me a complete coxcomb. Every thing he says and does is as insipid and silly as his countenance. No—I will not be too hasty. My Amelia is too dear to me to be bestowed on any one who is not worthy of her. I must be rather better acquainted with the young man; for my intimacy with his father shall never induce me to make my daughter miserable. The poor girl would consent, and would then sit in a corner dejected and repining, and blaming her father, who ought to

have understood these matters better. What a pity, what a great pity it is, that the girl was not a boy! That the name of Wildenhain must be extinct!—(*blows out the wax-taper, with which he had lighted his pipe*)—and vanish like the flame which I now blow out. My fine estates, my delightful prospects, my honest tenantry—all, all will fall into the hands of a stranger. How unfortunate!

*Enter* AMELIA *in a careless morning dress.*

*Amelia.*—(*Kisses the* Baron's *hand.*)—Good morning to you, my dear father.

*Baron.* Good morning, Amelia. Have you slept well?

*Amelia.* Oh, yes!

*Baron.* Indeed! You have slept very well? You were not at all uneasy?

*Amelia.* No. The gnats, to be sure, hummed rather too much in my ears.

*Baron.* The gnats! Well, that is of no great consequence. Let a bough of juniper be burnt in the room, and you will not be troubled with them again. Gnats are more easily driven away than maggots.

*Amelia.* Oh, no. You may drive maggots away by boiling a few peas with a little quicksilver, for that will kill them.

*Baron.*—(*Smiling.*)—Indeed? It is well for you, Amelia, if you as yet know no maggots which cannot be destroyed by a plate of peas.

*Amelia.* Oh, you mean maggots in the head. No, father, I am not troubled with them.

*Baron.* So much the better! But how, indeed, can a lively girl, when only sixteen years of age, be troubled with whims, while she has a father who loves her, and a suitor who begs permission to love her? How do you like the Count von der Mulde?

*Amelia.* Very well.

*Baron.* Don't you blush when I mention his name?

*Amelia.*—(*Feeling her cheeks.*)—No.

*Baron.* No!—Hem!—Have you not been dreaming of him?

*Amelia.* No.

*Baron.* Have not you dreamt at all, then?

*Amelia.*—(*Reflecting.*)—Yes. I dreamt of our pastor.

*Baron.* Ha! Ha! As he stood before you, and demanded the ring?

*Amelia.* Oh, no! I dreamt we were in Franconia, and that he was still my tutor. He was just going to leave us, and I wept very much; and when I awoke, my eyes were really wet.

*Baron.* I'll tell you what, Amelia; when you dream of the pastor again, fancy him at the altar, and you with the Count von der Mulde before him, exchanging the marriage vow. What think you of this?

*Amelia.* If you desire it, my dear father, I will obey most cheerfully.

*Baron.* Zounds! No. I don't desire it. But I want to know whether you love him—whether you feel sincere affection for him. When we spent a short time in town last winter, you saw him several times at public places of amusement.

*Amelia.* Should I feel an affection for all the men I see at public places of amusement?

*Baron.* Amelia, don't be so stupid. I mean that the Count von der Mulde flirted and paid attention to you, danced a couple of elegant minuets with you, perfumed your handkerchief with *eau de mille fleurs*, and at the same time whispered the Lord knows how many pretty things in your ear.

*Amelia.* Yes, the Lord knows, as you say, father; but I am sure I don't!

*Baron.* What! have you forgotten them?

*Amelia.* If it be your wish, I will endeavour to recollect them.

*Baron.* No, no. You need not trouble yourself. If you must *endeavour* to recollect them, you will bring them from a corner of your memory, not from a corner of your heart. You don't love him, then?

*Amelia.* I believe I don't.

*Baron.*—(*Aside.*)—I believe so too. But I must tell you what connexion there is between his visit and my interrogatories. His father is a privy counsellor—a man of fortune and consequence—Do you hear?

*Amelia.* Yes, my dear father, I hear this, if you desire it: but our pastor always told me I was not to listen to such things; for rank and wealth, he said, were only the gifts of chance.

*Baron.* Well, well! our pastor is perfectly in the right; but if it happen that wealth and rank are combined with merit, they are to be considered an advantage. Do you understand me?

*Amelia.* Yes, but—*(with perfect simplicity)*—is that the case with the Count von der Mulde?

*Baron.*—(*At a loss how to reply.*)—Hem! Why—Hem! His father has rendered important services to the state. He is one of my oldest friends, and assisted me in paying my addresses to your mother. I have always had a sincere regard for him; and as he so much wishes the match between you and his son to take place, from a conviction that you will in time feel an affection for the young man——

*Amelia.* Does he think so?

*Baron.* Yes; but it almost seems you are not of the same opinion.

*Amelia.* Not exactly. But if you desire it, my dear father——

*Baron.* Zounds!, I tell you that in such cases I desire nothing. A marriage without affection is

slavery. None should be united, who do not feel attached to each other by a congeniality of sentiments. I don't want to couple a nightingale with a finch. If you like each other, why marry each other. If you don't, let it alone.—(*In a calmer tone.*)—Do you understand me, Amelia? The whole matter rests on this question: Can you love the Count? If not we will send him home again.

*Amelia.* My dear father, I really don't feel as if I should ever love him. I have so often read a description of love in romances—how strange and unaccountable are the sensations——

*Baron.* Pshaw! Let me hear no more of your romances, for the authors of them know nothing about love. There are certain little symptoms of it, which can only be learnt by experience. Come, let me ask you a few questions, and answer them with sincerity.

*Amelia.* I always do so.

*Baron.* Are you pleased when any one speaks of the Count?

*Amelia.* Good or ill?

*Baron.* Good, good.

*Amelia.* Oh, yes. I like to hear good of any one.

*Baron.* But do you not feel a kind of sympathy when you hear him mentioned?—(*She shakes her head.*)—Are you not embarrassed?---(*She shakes her head.*)---Don't you sometimes wish to hear him mentioned, but have not courage to begin the subject?---(*She shakes her head.*)—Don't you defend him, when any one censures him?

*Amelia.* When I can, I certainly do; for our pastor—

*Baron.* I am not talking about the pastor. When you see the Count, how do you feel?

*Amelia.* Very well.

*Baron.* Are you not somewhat alarmed when he approaches you?

*Amelia.* No.—(*Suddenly recollecting herself.*)—But, yes; I am sometimes.

*Baron.* Ay, ay. Now we come to the point.

*Amelia.* Because he once trod upon my foot at a ball.

*Baron.* Amelia, don't be so stupid. Do you cast down your eyes when he is present?

*Amelia.* I don't cast down my eyes in the presence of any one.

*Baron.* Don't you arrange your dress, or play with the end of your sash, when he speaks to you?

*Amelia.* No.

*Baron.* Does not your face glow when he pays you a compliment, or mentions any thing which refers to love and marriage?

*Amelia.* I don't remember that he ever mentioned any thing of the kind.

*Baron.* Hem! Hem!—(*After a pause.*)—Do you ever yawn when he is talking to you?

*Amelia.* No, my dear father; that would be rude.

*Baron.* But do you ever feel inclined to yawn on those occasions?

*Amelia.* Yes.

*Baron.* Indeed! There are but little hopes, then.—Do you think him handsome?

*Amelia.* I don't know.

*Baron.* Don't you know what is meant by the term handsome? Or, don't you *feel* what is meant by the term handsome?

*Amelia.* Yes, I do; but I never observed him with the idea of discovering whether I thought him handsome.

*Baron.* This is bad, indeed. When he arrived last night—how did you feel?

*Amelia.* I felt vexed; for I was just walking with the pastor to the romantic little hill, when the servant so unseasonably called me away.

*Baron.* Unseasonably! Indeed!—But another question! Have you not to-day, without intending

it, taken more pains in curling your hair, and chosen a more engaging dress?

*Amelia.*—(*Looking at herself.*)—This dress is not yet dirty. I have only worn it yesterday and the day before.

*Baron.*—(*Aside.*)—Little consolation for the Count is to be deduced from these replies. Therefore, my dear girl, you will have nothing to do with the Count, I suppose?

*Amelia.* If you command it, I will.

*Baron.*—(*Angry.*)—Hark you, Amelia. If you plague me again with your damned *desires* and *commands*, I shall—I shall be almost inclined to command in reality.—(*In a milder tone.*)—To see you happy is my wish, and this can never be effected by a command. Matrimony, my child, is a discordant duet, if the tones do not properly agree; for which reason our great Composer has planted the pure harmony of love in our hearts. I'll send the pastor to you. He can explain these matters more clearly.

*Amelia.*—(*Delighted.*)—The pastor!

*Baron.* Yes. He can describe the duties of the married state in better terms than a father. Then examine your heart; and if you feel the Count to be the man towards whom you can fulfil these duties—why, Heaven bless you both! Till then, let us say no more upon this subject.—(*Calls.*)—Thomas!

*Enter a* SERVANT.

Go to the pastor, and request him to come hither for a quarter of an hour, if his business will allow it. [*Exit* Servant.

*Amelia.*—(*Calling after him.*)—Tell him I shall be glad to see him, too.

*Baron.*—(*Looks at his watch.*)—The young Count seems to employ plenty of time in dressing. Come,

Amelia, pour out the tea.—(Amelia *seats herself at the table, and attends to the breakfast.*)—What sort of weather is it? Have you put your head out of the window yet?

*Amelia.* Oh, I was in the garden at five o'clock. It is a delightful morning.

*Baron.* One may have an hour's shooting, then. I really don't know what to do with this man: he tires me beyond all measure with his frivolous remarks,—Ha! Our guest!

*Enter* COUNT.

*Count. Ah, bon jour, mon Colonel.* Fair lady, I kiss your hand.

(Amelia *curtsies, and returns no answer.*)

*Baron.* Good morning! Good morning! But, my Lord, it is almost noon. In the country you must learn to rise at an earlier hour.

*Count. Pardonnez, mon Colonel.* I rose soon after your great clock struck six. But my *homme de chambre* was guilty of a *betise*, which has driven me to absolute despair; a loss, which *pour le moment* cannot be repaired.

*Baron.* I am sorry for it.

(Amelia *presents tea to the* Count.)

*Count.*—(*As he takes it.*)—Your most obedient and submissive slave! Is it Hebe herself, or Venus in her place?

(Amelia *moves with a smile.*)

*Baron.*—(*Somewhat peevishly.*)—Neither Venus nor Hebe, but Amelia Wildenhain, with your permission. May one know what you have lost?

*Count. Oh, mon dieu!* Help me to banish from my mind the *triste* recollection. I am lost in a labyrinth of doubts and perplexities. I am as it were, *envelopé.* I believe I shall be obliged to write a letter on the occasion.

*Baron.* Come, come! It is not so very sad a misfortune I hope.

*Count.*—(*As he sips his tea.*)—Nectar, I vow! Nectar positively, angelic lady. But, how could I expect any thing else from your fair hands?

*Baron.* This nectar was sold to me for Congo tea.

*Amelia.* You have still not told us what you have lost, my Lord.

*Baron.*—(*Aside.*)—His understanding.

*Count.* You command—your slave obeys. You tear open the wounds which even your fascinating society had scarcely healed. My *homme de chambre*, the *vaut rien!* Oh, the creature is a *mauvais sujet!* When he packed up my clothes the day before yesterday, I said to him, "*Henri*, in that window stands a little *pot de pommade.*" You comprehend me, lovely Miss Amelia? I expressly said, "Don't forget it: pack it up," I dare say I repeated this three or four times. "You know, *Henri*," I said to him, "I cannot exist without this *pot de pommade.*" For you must know, most amiable Amelia, this *pommade* cannot be made in Germany. The people here don't understand it. They can't give it the *odeurs.* Oh! I do assure you it is *incomparable*; it comes *tout droit* from Paris. The manufacturer of it is *parfumeur de roi.* More than once, when I have attended as *dèjour* to Her Royal Highness the Princess *Adelaide*, she has said to me, "*Mon dieu, Compte*, the whole *antichambre* is *parfumé* whenever you are my *dèjour.*" Now only conceive, accomplished Miss Amelia—only conceive, my Lord—completely forgotten is the whole *pot de pommade*—left in the window as sure as I am a *cavalier.*

*Baron.* Yes, unless the mice have devoured it.

*Amelia.*—(*Smiling.*)—Unpardonable neglect!

*Count.* It is, indeed! The mice too! *Helas! voila, mon Colonel, une autre raison,* for *desespoir.* And could you conceive now that this careless creature, this *Henri,* has been thirty years in our service? Thirty years has he been provided with every thing necessary for a man of his *extraction,* and how does he evince his gratitude? How does the fellow behave? He forgets the *pot de pommade!* leaves it standing in the window as sure as I am a *cavalier,* and—*oh ciel!* perhaps the vulgar German mice have swallowed the most delicate *parfum* ever produced by France! But it was impossible to moderate my anger. *Diable!* It was impossible—therefore I discharged the fellow on the spot.

*Baron.*—(*Starting.*)—How! A man who had been thirty years in the service of your family!

*Count.* Oh! don't be alarmed on my account, *mon cher Colonel.* I have another in *petto*—a charming *valet,* I assure you—*un homme comme il faut*—He dresses hair like a divinity.

*Amelia.* And poor Henry must be discharged for such a trifle!

*Count.* What do you say, lovely Miss Amelia? A trifle! Can you call this a mere *bagatelle?*

*Amelia.* To deprive a poor man of his subsistence———

*Count. Mais mon dieu!* How can I do less? Has he not deprived me of my *pommade?*

*Amelia.* Allow me to intercede in his behalf.

*Count.* Your *sentiments* enchant me! but your benevolence must not be abused. The fellow has an absolute *quantité* of children, who, in time, when they reach the *age mûr,* will maintain their stupid father.

*Amelia.* Has he a family too? Oh, I beseech you, my Lord, retain him in your service.

*Count.* You are *aimable, ma chere Mademoiselle*—

*vraiment, vous etes trés aimable.*. You command—your slave obeys. *Henri* shall come, and submissively return you thanks.

*Baron.*—*(Aside, impatiently rubbing his hands.)*—No. It cannot, shall not be. The coxcomb!—*(Aloud.)*—What think you, Count, of an hour's diversion in the field before dinner? Do you shoot?

*Count.*—*(Kissing the ends of his fingers)*—*Bravo, mon Colonel!* A most charming proposition! I accept it with rapture. Lovely Miss Amelia, you shall see my shooting-dress. It is quite *à la mode de Paris.* I ordered it expressly for this *tour.* And my fowling piece. Ah, *Monsieur le Colonel,* you never saw such a beauty. The stock is made of mother of pearl, and my arms are carved upon it. Oh, you have no conception of the *gout* displayed in it.

*Bar.*—*(Drily.)*—I asked you before, my Lord, whether you were a shooter.

*Count.* I have only been out once or twice in my life, and *par hazard* I killed nothing.

*Baron.* My gun is plain and old; but I generally bring my bird down.

*Enter a* SERVANT.

*Ser.* The pastor begs permission——

*Baron.* Well, Count, be as quick as you can in putting on your elegant shooting dress. I shall be ready for you in a few minutes.

*Count.* I fly. Beauteous Miss Amelia, I feel the *sacrifice* I am making to your father, when for a couple of hours I thus tear myself ftom his *fille aimable.* [*Exit.*

*Baron.* Amelia, it is scarcely necessary that I should speak to the pastor, or he to you. But, however, as he is here, leave us together. I have, indeed, other matters, respecting which I wish to have some conversation with him.

*Amelia.*—(*As she goes.*)—Father, I think I never can love the Count.

*Baron.* As you please.

*Amelia.*—(*With great affability as she meets the* pastor *at the door.*)—Good morning to you, my dear Sir!

*Enter* PASTOR.

*Pastor.* By your desire, my Lord——

*Baron.* No ceremony. Forgive me, if my summons arrived at an inconvenient time. I'll tell you in a few words what I want to mention. I last night received a most wretched translation from the French, which was issued from the press about twenty years ago. I am myself in possession of a very neat German original, of which, without vanity, I am the author. Now, I am required to erase my name from the work, and let it be bound with this vapid translation. I therefore wish to ask you, as the corrector of my book, what you think of this intended combination.

*Pastor.* Upon my word I do not understand your allegory, my Lord.

*Baron.* Don't you? Hem! I'm sorry for it. I was inwardly complimenting myself upon the dextrous way in which I had managed it. Well, to be plain with you, the young Count von der Mulde is here, and wants to marry my daughter.

*Pastor.*—(*Starts, but immediately recovers his composure.*)—Indeed!

*Baron.* The man is a Count, and nothing else upon earth. He is—he is—in short, I don't like him.

*Pastor.*—(*Rather eagerly.*)—And Miss Amelia?

*Baron.*—(*Mimicking her.*)—As you desire—If you desire—What you desire. Well, well; you have a better opinion of my understanding, I hope, than to suppose that I should influence her on such an occa-

sion. Were the fellow's head not quite so empty, and his heart not depraved, I must own the connexion would have pleased me; for his father is one of my most intimate friends; and the match is on many accounts desirable in other respects.

*Pastor.* In other respects! In what respect can the alliance with a man be desirable, whose head and heart are bad?

*Baron.* Why—I mean with regard to rank and consequence. I will explain to you my sentiments. If Amelia were attached to another, I would not throw away a remark upon the subject, nor would I ask, "Who is the man?" But—*(pointing to his heart)*—"is all right here? If so, enough—Marry each other—You have my blessing, and I hope heaven's too." But Amelia is not attached to any other, and that alters the medium through which I consider this subject.

*Pastor.* And will she never be attached to any one?

*Baron.* That is, to be sure, another question.—Well, I don't mean—I don't insist upon any thing of the kind. I don't desire or command it, as Amelia says. I only wish to act in such a way as that the Count von der Mulde's father shall not be offended if I don't honour the bill which he has drawn upon my daughter, for he has a right to say *value received,* having conferred many civilities and kindnesses upon me. I wish, therefore, my worthy friend, that you would explain to my daughter the duties of a wife and mother; and when she has properly understood this, I wish you to ask her whether she is willing to fulfil these duties at the side of the young Count. If she says no—not another word. What think you of this?

*Pastor.* I—to be sure—I must own—I am at your service—I will speak to Miss Amelia.

*Baron.* Do so.—*(Heaving a deep sigh.)*—I have removed one burden from my mind; but alas! a

far heavier still oppresses it. You understand me. How is it, my friend, that you have as yet been unable to gain any intelligence upon this subject?

*Pastor.* I have used my utmost endeavours—but hitherto in vain.

*Baron.* Believe me, this unfortunate circumstance causes me many a sleepless night. We are often guilty of an error in our youth, which, when advanced in life, we would give our whole fortunes to obliterate: for the man who cannot boldly turn his head to survey his past life must be miserable, especially as the retrospect is so nearly connected with futurity. If the view be bad behind him, he must perceive a storm before him. Well, well! Let us hope the best. Farewell, my friend! I am going to take a little diversion in the field. Do what you have promised in the meantime, and dine with me at my return. [*Exit.*

*Pastor.*—(*Alone.*)—What a commission has he imposed upon me! Upon *me!*—(*Looking fearfully around.*)—Heaven forbid that I should encounter Amelia before I have recollected and prepared myself for the interview! At present I should be unable to say a word upon the subject. I will take a walk in the fields, and offer up a prayer to the Almighty. Then will I return. But, alas! the *instructor* must alone return—the *man* must stay at home. [*Exit.*

## *ACT THE THIRD.*

*Scene, an open Field.* *Enter* FREDERICK.

*Fre.*—(*Looking at a few pieces of money, which he holds in his hand.*)—Shall I return with this paltry sum—return to see my mother die? No. Rather will I spring into the first pond I meet. Rather will I wander to the end of the world. Alas! I feel as if my feet were clogged with lead. I can neither proceed or retreat. The sight of yonder straw-thatched cottage, in which my mother now lies a prey to consuming sorrow—oh, why do my eyes for ever turn towards it? Are there not fertile fields and laughing meadows all around me? Why must my eyes be so powerfully attracted to that cottage, which contains all my joys and all my sorrows?—(*With asperity, while surveying the money.*)—Is this your charity, ye men? This coin was given me by the rider of a stately steed, who was followed by a servant in a magnificent livery, glittering with silver. This was bestowed upon me by a sentimental lady, who was on her travels, and had just alighted from her carriage to admire the beauties of the country, intending hereafter to publish a description of them. "That hut," said I to her, and my tears would not allow me to proceeed——"Is very picturesque and romantic," answered she, and immediately skipped into the carriage. This was the gift of a fat priest, in an enormous wig, who at the same time called me an idle vagabond, and thereby robbed the present of its whole value.—(*Much affected.*)—This dreyer was given me by a beggar, unsolicited. He shared his little all with me, and blessed me too. Oh! this

coin will be of great value at a future day. The Almighty Judge will repay the donor with interest beyond earthly calculation.—*(A pause—then again looking at the money.)*—What can I attempt to buy with this? The paltry sum would not pay for the nails of my mother's coffin—and scarcely for a halter to hang myself with.—(*Looking towards the horizon.*)—Yonder I see the proud turrets of the Prince's residence. Shall I go thither, and implore assistance? Alas! compassion does not dwell in cities. The cottage of poverty is her palace, and the heart of the poor her temple. Oh, that some recruiting party would pass this way! I would engage myself for five rix-dollars. Five rix-dollars! What a sum! It is, perhaps, at this moment staked on many a card.—(*Wipes the sweat from his forehead.*)—Father! Father! Upon thee fall these drops of agony! Upon thee fall my despair, and whatever may be its consequences! Oh, may'st thou hereafter pant for pardon, as my poor mother is now panting for a single glass of wine.—(*The noise of shooters is heard at a distance. A gun is fired, and several pointers cross the stage.* Frederick *looks round.*)—Shooters! Noblemen, perhaps! Yes, yes! They appear to be persons of rank. Well, once more will I beg. I beg for a mother. Oh, God! grant that I may find benevolent and charitable hearts.

*Enter* BARON.

*Baron.*—(*Looking behind him.*)—Here, here, my Lord!

*Enter* COUNT, *out of breath.*

That was a sad mistake. The dogs ran this way, but all the game escaped.

*Count.*—(*Breathing with difficulty.*)—*Tant mieux.*

*tant mieux, mon Colonel.* We can take a little breath then.—(*Supports himself on his gun, while the* Baron *stands in the back ground, observing the dogs.*)

*Fre.*—(*Advancing towards the* Count, *with reserve.*)—Noble Sir, I implore your charity.

*Count.*—(*Measuring him from head to foot with a look of contempt.*—How, *mon ami!* You are a very impertinent fellow, let me tell you. Why you have the limbs of an *Hercule,* and shoulders as broad as those of Cretan Milo. I'll venture to say you can carry an ox on your back—or an ass at least, of which there seem to be many grazing in this neighbourhood.

*Fre.* Perhaps I might, if you, Sir, would allow me to make the attempt.

*Count.* Our police is not vigilant enough with respect to vagrants and idle fellows.

*Fre.*—(*With a significant look.*)—I am of your opinion, Sir.—(*Turns to the* Baron, *who is advancing.*)—Noble Sir, have compassion on an unfortunate son, who is become a beggar for the support of his sick mother.

*Baron.*—(*Putting his hand into his pocket, and giving* Frederick *a trifle.*)—It would be more praiseworthy in you, young man, to work for your sick mother, than to beg for her.

*Fre.* Most willingly will I do that; but to-day her necessities are too urgent. Forgive me, noble Sir; what you have given me is not sufficient.

*Baron.*—(*With astonishment, and a half smile.*)—Not sufficient!

*Fre.* No, by heaven, it is not sufficient.

*Baron.* Singular enough! But I don't choose to give any more.

*Fre.* If you possess a benevolent heart, give me a guilder.

*Baron.* For the first time in my life, I am told by a beggar how much I am to give him.

*Fre.* A guilder, noble Sir. You will thereby preserve a fellow-creature from despair.

*Baron.* You must have lost your senses, man. Come, Count.

*Count. Allons, mon Colonel.*

*Fre.* For heaven's sake, gentlemen, bestow one guilder on me. It will preserve the lives of two fellow-creatures.—(*Seeing them pass on, he kneels.*)—A guilder, gentlemen! You will never again purchase the salvation of a human being at so cheap a rate.—(*They proceed.* Frederick *draws his side-arms, and furiously seizes the* Baron.)—Your purse, or your life!

*Baron.*—(*Alarmed.*)—How! What! Holla! Help!—(*Several* Gamekeepers *rush in, and disarm* Frederick. *The* Count *in the mean time runs away.*)

*Fre.* Heavens! what have I done?

*Baron.* Away with him to the castle! Confine him in the tower, and keep strict watch over him till I return. Take good care lest he should attempt to escape.

*Fre.*—(*Kneeling.*)—I have only to make one request, noble Sir. I have forfeited my life, and you may do with me what you please; but, oh, assist my wretched mother, who is falling a sacrifice to penury in yonder hut. Send thither, I beseech you, and enquire whether I am telling you a falsehood. For my mother I drew my weapon, and for her will I shed my blood.

*Baron.* Take him to the tower, I say; and let him live on bread and water.

*Fre.*—(*As he is led away by the* Gamekeepers.)—Cursed be my father for having given me being. [*Exit.*

*Baron.*—(*Calling to the last of the* Gamekeepers.)—Francis! run down to the village. In the first, second, or third house—you will make it out—enquire for a sick woman; and if you find one, give her this purse.

*Game.* Very well, my Lord. [*Exit.*

*Baron.* This is a most singular adventure, on my soul. The young man's countenance had noble expression in it; and if it be true that he was begging for his mother, that for his mother he became a robber—Well! Well! I must investigate the matter. It will be a good subject for one of Meissner's sketches. [*Exit.*

*Scene, a Room in the Castle. Enter* AMELIA.

*Amelia.* Why do I feel so peevish and discontented? No one has done any thing to vex me. I did not intend to come into this room, but was going into the garden.—(*She is walking out, but suddenly returns.*)—No, I think I'll stay here. Yet I might as well see whether my auriculas are yet in flower, and whether the apple-kernels, which our pastor lately sowed, be sprung up. Oh, they must.—(*Again turning round.*)—Yet, if any one should come, who wanted to see me, I shall not be here, and perhaps the servant might not find me. No. I'll stay here. But the time will pass very slowly.—(*Tears a nosegay.*)—Hark! I hear some one at the front door. No. It was the wind. I must look how my canary birds do. But if any one should come, and not find me in the parlour—But who can come? Why do I at once feel such a glow spreading over my face? —(*A pause. She begins to weep.*)—What can I want?—(*Sobbing.*)—Why am I thus oppressed?

*Enter* PASTOR.

(*Approaches him with a friendly air, and wiping away a tear.*)—Oh, good morning, my dear Sir. Reverend Sir, I should say. Excuse me, if custom makes me sometimes say *dear* Sir.

*Pastor.* Continue to say so, I beg, Miss Amelia. I feel a gratification in hearing that term applied to me by you.

*Amelia.* Do you indeed?

*Pastor.* Most certainly I do. But am I mistaken, or have you really been weeping?

*Amelia.* Oh, I have only been shedding a few tears.

*Pastor.* Is not that weeping? May I enquire what caused those tears?

*Amelia.* I don't know.

*Pastor.* The recollection of her Ladyship, your mother, perhaps?

*Amelia.* I could say yes, but——

*Pastor.* Oh, I understand you. It is a little female secret. I do not wish to pry into it. Forgive me, Miss Amelia, if I appear at an unseasonable hour, but it is by his Lordship's desire.

*Amelia.* You are always welcome.

*Pastor.* Indeed! am I really? Oh, Amelia!

*Amelia.* My father says that we are more indebted to those who form our hearts and minds, than to those who give us mere existence. My father says this—(*casting down her eyes*)—and my heart says so too.

*Pastor.* What a sweet recompence is this moment for my eight years of attention.

*Amelia.* I was wild and giddy. I have, no doubt, often caused you much uneasiness. It is but fair that I should feel a regard for you on that account.

*Pastor.*—(*Aside.*)—Oh heavens!—(*Aloud, and stammering.*)—I—I am—deputed by his Lordship—your father—to explain—Will you be seated?

*Amelia.*—(*Brings him a chair immediately.*)—Don't let me prevent you, but I had rather stand.

*Pastor.*—(*Pushes the chair away.*)—The Count von der Mulde is arrived here.

*Amelia.* Yes.

*Pastor.* Do you know for what purpose?

*Amelia.* Yes; he wants to marry me.

*Pastor.* He does!—*Somewhat eagerly.*)—But believe me, Miss Amelia, your father will not compel you to marry him against your inclination.

*Amelia.* I know he will not.

*Pastor.* But he wishes—he wants to ascertain the extent of your inclination; and has appointed me to converse with you on the subject.

*Amelia.* On the subject of my inclination towards the Count?

*Pastor.* Yes—No—towards matrimony itself.

*Amelia.* What I do not understand must be indifferent to me, and I am totally ignorant of matrimony.

*Pastor.* For that very reason am I come hither, Miss Amelia. Your father has directed me to point out to you the pleasant and unpleasant side of the married state.

*Amelia.* Let me hear the unpleasant first, then, my dear Sir. I like to reserve the best to conclude with.

*Pastor.* The unpleasant! Oh, Miss Amelia, when two affectionate congenial hearts are united to each other, matrimony has no unpleasant side. Hand-in-hand the happy couple pass through life. When they find thorns scattered on their path, they carefully and cheerfully remove them. When they arrive at a stream, the stronger bears the weaker through it. When they are obliged to climb a mountain, the stronger supports the weaker on his arm. Patience and affection are their attendants. What would be to one impossible, is to the two united a mere trifle; and when they have reached the goal, the weaker wipes the sweat from the forehead of the stronger. Joy or care takes up its abode with both at the same time. The one never shelters sorrow, while happiness is the guest of the other. Smiles play upon the countenances, or tears tremble in the eyes, of both at the same time. But their

joys are more lively than the joys of a solitary individual, and their sorrows milder; for participation enhances bliss, and softens care. Thus may their life be compared to a fine summer's day—fine, even though a storm pass over; for the storm refreshes nature, and adds fresh lustre to the unclouded sun. Thus they stand arm in arm on the evening of their days, beneath the blossomed trees which they themselves have planted and reared, waiting the approach of night. Then—yes—then, indeed—one of them lies down to sleep—and that is the happy one; for the other wanders to and fro, weeping and lamenting that he cannot yet sleep. This is in such a case the only unpleasant side of matrimony.

*Amelia.* I'll marry.

*Pastor.* Right, Miss Amelia! The picture is alluring; but forget not that two affectionate beings sat for it. When rank and equipages, or when caprice and levity, have induced a couple to unite themselves for life, matrimony has no pleasant side. While free, their steps were light and airy; but now, the victims of their own folly, they drag along their chains. Disgust lowers upon each brow. Pictures of lost happiness appear before their eyes, painted by the imagination, and more alluring in proportion to the impossibility of attaining them. Sweet enchanting ideas for ever haunt them, which had this union not taken place, would, perhaps, never have been realized; but the certainty of which is established, were they not confined by their detested fetters. Thus they become the victims of despair, when, in another situation, the failure of anticipated happiness would but have roused their patience. Thus they accustom themselves to consider each other as the hateful cause of every misfortune which they undergo. Asperity is mingled with their conversation—coldness with their caresses. By no one are they so easily offended as by each other. What

would excite satisfaction, if it happened to a stranger, is, when it happens to either of this wretched pair, a matter of indifference to the other. Thus do they drag on a miserable life, with averted countenances, and with downcast heads, until the night approaches, and the one lies down to rest. Then does the other joyfully raise the head, and, in a tone of triumph, exclaim, "Liberty! Liberty!" This is, in such a case, the only pleasant side of matrimony.

*Amelia.* I won't marry.

*Pastor.* That means, in other words, that you will not love any one.

*Amelia.* But—yes—I will marry—for I will love—I do love some one.

*Pastor.*—(*Extremely surprised and alarmed.*)—The Count von der Mulde, then?

*Amelia.* Oh! no, no! Don't mention that silly vain fool.—(*Putting out both her hands towards him with the most familiar confidence.*)—I love you.

*Pastor.* Miss Amelia! For heaven's sake——

*Amelia.* I will marry you.

*Pastor.* Me!

*Amelia.* Yes, you.

*Pastor.* Amelia, you forget——

*Amelia.* What do I forget?

*Pastor.* That you are of noble extraction.

*Amelia.* What hindrance is that?

*Pastor.* Oh, Heavens! No. It cannot be.

*Amelia.* Don't you feel a regard for me?

*Pastor.* I love you as much as my own life.

*Amelia.* Well, then marry me.

*Pastor.* Amelia, have compassion on me. I am a minister of religion, which bestows on me much strength—yet still—still am I but a man.

*Amelia.* You yourself have depicted the married state in the most lovely colours. I, therefore, am not the girl with whom you could wander hand-in-

hand through this life—with whom you could share your joys and sorrows?

*Pastor.* None but you would I chuse, Amelia, were I allowed that choice. Did we but live in those golden days of equality, which enraptured poets dwell upon, none but you would I chuse. But, as the world now is, such a connection is beyond my reach. You must marry a nobleman. Amelia Wildenhain was born to be the consort of a titled man. Whether I could make her happy will never be asked. Oh, Heavens! I am saying too much.

*Amelia.* Never will be asked! Yes; I shall ask that question. Have you not often told me that the heart alone can make a person noble?—(*Lays her hand upon his heart.*)—Oh! I shall marry a noble man.

*Pastor.* Miss Amelia, call, I beseech you, your reason to your aid. A hundred arguments may be advanced in opposition to such an union. But—just at this moment—Heaven knows, not one occurs to me.

*Amelia.* Because there are none.

*Pastor.* There are, indeed. But my heart is so full—My heart consents—and that it must not, shall not do. Imagine to yourself how your relatives will sneer at you. They will decline all intercourse with you; be ashamed of their plebeian kinsman; invite the whole family, except yourself, on birth days; shrug their shoulders when your name is mentioned; whisper your story in each other's ears; forbid their children to play with yours, or to be on familiar terms with them; drive past you in chariots emblazoned with the arms of Wildenhain, and followed by footmen in laced liveries; while you humbly drive to church in a plain carriage, with a servant in a grey frock behind it. They will scarcely seem to remember you when they meet you; or should they

demean themselves so far as to enter into conversation, they will endeavour, by every mortifying hint, to remind you that you are the parson's wife.

*Amelia.* Ha! ha! ha! Will not that be to remind me that I am happy?

*Pastor.* Can you laugh on such an occasion?

*Amelia.* Yes, I can indeed. You must forgive it; for you have been my tutor seven years, and never supported your doctrines and instructions with any arguments so feeble as those you have just advanced.

*Pastor.* I am sorry you think so—truly sorry, for——

*Amelia.* I am very glad, for——

*Pastor.*—(*Extremely embarrassed.*)—For——

*Amelia.* For you must marry me.

*Pastor.* Never!

*Amelia.* You know me. You know I am not an ill-tempered being; and when in your society, I always become better and better. I will take a great deal of pains to make you happy, or—No, I shall make you happy without taking any pains to effect it. We will live together so comfortably, so very comfortably—until one of us lies down to sleep, and then the other will weep—But that is far, far distant.—Come! Consent, or I shall conclude you don't feel any regard for me.

*Pastor.* Oh! it is a glorious sensation to be a man of honour; but I feel, on this occasion, how difficult it is to acquire that sensation. Amelia, if you knew what tortures you inflict upon me—No—I cannot—I cannot,—I should sink to the earth as if struck by lightning, were I to attempt to meet the Baron with such a proposition.

*Amelia.* I'll do that myself.

*Pastor.* For Heaven's sake, forbear. To his kindness and liberality am I indebted for my present comfortable circumstances. To his friendship and

goodness am I indebted for the happiest moments of my life. And shall I be such an ingrate as to mislead his only child? Oh, God! thou seest the purity of my intentions. Assist me in this trial with thy heavenly support.

*Amelia.* My father wishes me to marry. My father wishes to see me happy. Well! I will marry, and be happy—But with no other than you. This will I say to my father; and do you know what will be his answer? At the first moment he will, perhaps, hesitate, and say, "Amelia, are you mad?" But then he will recollect himself, and add, with a smile, "Well, well! If you wish it, God bless you both!" Then I'll kiss his hand, run out, and fall upon your neck. The villagers will soon learn that I am to be married to you. All the peasants and their wives will come to wish me joy; will implore Heaven's blessing on us; and, oh, surely, surely, Heaven will bless us. I was ignorant before what it could be that lay so heavy on my heart; but I have now discovered it, for the burden is removed. —(*Seizing his hand.*)

*Pastor.*—(*Withdrawing it.*)—Amelia, you almost drive me to distraction. You have robbed me of my peace of mind.

*Amelia.* Oh, no, no. How provoking! I hear somebody coming up stairs, and I had still a thousand things to say.

*Enter* CHRISTIAN.

(*Peevishly.*)—Is it you, Christian?

*Chris.* Yes, Miss Amelia. Christian Lebrecht Goldman——

Hasten'd hither unto you
Soon as he the tidings knew.

*Amelia.*—(*Confused.*)—What tidings?

*Chris.* Tidings which we all enjoy.

*Pastor.*—(*Alarmed.*)—You have been listening to our conversation, then?

*Chris.* Not I, most reverend Sir. Listeners hear no good of themselves. An old faithful servant, Miss Amelia, who has often carried her ladyship your mother in his arms, and afterwards has often had the honour of receiving a box on the ear from her ladyship's fair hand, wishes, on this happy *occasion*, to wait on you with his *congratulation*.

Sing, oh Muse, and sound, oh lyre!

*Amelia.* My dear Christian, I am not just now inclined to listen to your lyre. And what can you have to sing about to-day more than usual?

*Chris.* Oh, my dearest, sweetest young lady, it is impossible that I can be silent to-day.

Sing, oh Muse, and sound, oh lyre!
Grant me more than usual fire.
Hither, hither, hither come,
Trumpet, fife, and kettle drum!
Join me in the lofty song,
Which shall boldly run along
Like a torrent———

*Amelia.* It does run along like a torrent indeed, my dear Christian. Pray, try to proceed in humble prose.

*Chris.* Impossible, Miss Amelia! There has never been a birth, a christening, or a wedding, since I have had the honour to serve this noble family, and the noble family of my late lady, which old Christian's ready and obedient Muse has not celebrated. In the space of forty-six years, three hundred and ninety-seven congratulations have flowed from my pen. To-day I shall finish my three hundred and

ninety-eighth. Who knows how soon a happy marriage may give occasion for my three hundred and ninety-ninth? Nine months after which my four hundredth may perhaps be wanted.

*Amelia.* To-day is Friday. That is the only remarkable circumstance with which I am acquainted.

*Chris.* Friday! Very true, Miss Amelia. But it is a day marked by Heaven as a day of joy; for our noble Lord the Baron has escaped a most imminent danger.

*Amelia.* Danger! my father! What do you mean?

*Chris.* Unto you I will unfold
What the gamekeepers have told.

*Amelia.*—(*Impatiently, and with great anxiety.*)—Quick then! What is the matter?

*Chris.* The Baron and the Count (good lack!)
Were wand'ring on th' unbeaten track,
And both attentively did watch
For any thing that they could catch.
Three turnip-closes they had past,
When they espied a hare at last.

*Amelia.* Oh! for Heaven's sake proceed in prose.

*Chris.* Well, Ma'am, as you insist upon it, I will, if I can. The Baron killed his hare, and a very fine one it is. I have just had the honour of seeing it. His Lordship has wounded it most terribly in the left fore foot.

*Amelia.*—(*Impatiently.*)—Go on, go on. What happened to my father?

*Chris.* A second hare had just been found, and the dogs were behaving extremely well, among which it is no injustice to mention Ponto; for a stauncher dog never went into a field. Well! their Lordships, the Baron and Count, were suddenly

accosted by a soldier, who implored their charity. One of the gamekeepers was a witness to the whole transaction at a distance. He saw his Lordship the Baron, actuated by his charitable nature, draw a piece of money from his pocket, and give it to the afore-mentioned soldier. Well! now, what think you? The ungrateful, audacious villain suddenly drew his bayonet, rushed like a mad dog at my master, and if the gamekeepers had not instantly sprung forward, I, poor old man! should have been under the necessity of composing an elegy and an epitaph.

*Amelia.*—(*Affrighted.*)—Heavens!

*Pastor.* A robber—by broad day-light! That is singular indeed.

*Chris.* I shall write a ballad in Bürger's style on the occasion.

*Pastor.* Is not the man secured?

*Chris.* To be sure he is. His Lordship gave orders that, till further investigation could be made, he was to be confined in the tower. The gamekeeper, who brought the intelligence, says, the whole party will soon be here.—(*Walks to the window.*)—I verily believe—the sun dazzles my eyes a little—I verily believe they are coming yonder.

Sing, oh Muse, and sound, oh lyre! [*Exit.*

(Amelia *and the* Pastor *walk to the window.*)

*Amelia.* I never saw a robber in my life. He must have a dreadful countenance.

*Pastor.* Did you never see the female parricide in Lavater's Fragments?

*Amelia.* Horrible! A female parricide! Is there on this earth a creature so depraved? But look! The young man comes nearer. What an interesting, what a noble look he has! That melancholy, too, which overspreads his countenance! No, no;

that cannot be a robber's countenance. I pity the poor man. Look! Oh Heavens! The gamekeepers are leading him to the tower. Hard-hearted men! Now they lock the door: now he is left in the horrid prison. What are the unfortunate young man's sensations!

*Pastor.*—(*Aside.*)—Hardly more distressing than mine.

*Enter* BARON.

*Amelia.*—(*Meeting him.*)—I congratulate you on your escape, most sincerely, my dear father.

*Baron.* Let me have no more congratulations, I beseech you; for old Christian poured out such a volley of them in lyrics and alexandrines, as I came up stairs, that he almost stunned me.

*Pastor.* His account is true, then? The story seemed incredible.

*Amelia.* Is that young man with the interesting countenance a robber?

*Baron.* He is; but I am almost inclined to believe that he was one to-day for the first and last time in his life. It was a most extraordinary adventure. The young man begged for his mother, and I gave him a trifle. I might have given him something more, but the game just at that moment occupied my mind. You know, good pastor, when a man is in search of diversion, he pays but little regard to the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. In short, he wanted more. Despair was expressed in his looks, but I turned my back upon him. He then forgot himself, and drew his side-arms; but I'll bet my life against your head-dress, Amelia, that he is not accustomed to such practices.

*Amelia.* Oh, I am sure he is not.

*Baron.* He trembled when he seized me. A child might have overpowered him. I almost wish I had suffered him to escape. This affair may cost him his

life, and I might have saved the life of a fellow-creature for a guilder! If my people had not seen it—But the bad example—Come with me into my room, good pastor, and let us consider how we can best save this young man's life; for should he fall into the hands of justice, the law will condemn him without mercy. [*Going.*

*Amelia.* Dear father, I have had a great deal of conversation with the Pastor.

*Baron.* Have you? With respect to the holy state of matrimony?

*Amelia.* Yes, I have told him——

*Pastor.*—(*Much confused.*)—In compliance with your request——

*Amelia.* He won't believe me——

*Pastor.* I have explained to Miss Amelia——

*Amelia.* And I am sure I spoke from my heart—

*Pastor.*—(*Pointing to the door.*)—May I beg——

*Amelia.* But his diffidence——

*Pastor.* The result of our conversation I will explain in your room.

*Baron.* What the deuce do you both mean? You won't allow each other to say a word. Amelia, have you forgotten the common rules of civility?

*Amelia.* Oh, no, dear father! But I may marry whom I like?

*Baron.* Of course.

*Amelia.*—(*To the* Pastor.)—Do you hear?

*Pastor.* (*Suddenly puts his handkerchief to his face.*) I beg pardon—My nose bleeds. [*Exit.*

*Baron.*—(*Calling after him.*)—I expect you. [*Going.*

*Amelia.* Stop one moment, dear father. I have something of importance to communicate.

*Baron.* (*Laughing.*)—Something of importance! You want a new fan, I suppose. [*Exit.*

*Amelia.*—(*Alone.*)—A fan! I almost believe I do want a fan.—(*Fans herself with her pocket handker-*

*chief.*)—No. This is of no use. The heat which oppresses me is lodged within my bosom. Heavens! how my heart beats! I really love the Pastor most sincerely. How unfortunate it was that his nose should just begin to bleed at that moment! No; I can't endure the Count. When I look at my father, or the Pastor, I feel a kind of respect; but I only feel disposed to ridicule the Count. If I were to marry him, what silly tricks I should play with him!—(*Walks to the window.*)—The tower is still shut. Oh! how dreadful it must be to be confined in prison! I wonder whether the servants will remember to take him any victuals.—(*Beckoning and calling.*)—Christian! Christian! Come hither directly. The young man pleases me, though I don't know how or why. He has risked his life for his mother, and no bad man would do that.

*Enter* CHRISTIAN.

Christian, have you given the prisoner anything to eat?

*Chris.* Yes, sweet Miss Amelia, I have.

*Amelia.* What have you given him?

*Chris.* Nice rye-bread and clear pump-water.

*Amelia.* For shame, Christian! Go into the kitchen directly, and ask the cook for some cold meat. Then fetch a bottle of wine from the cellar, and then take them to the prisoner.

*Chris.* Most lovely Miss Amelia, I
Would you obey most willingly;

But, for the present, he must be satisfied with bread and water; for his Lordship has expressly ordered—

*Amelia.* Oh, that my father did at first, when he was in a passion.

*Chris.* What he commands when in a passion, it is his servant's duty to obey in cold blood.

*Amelia.* You are a silly man, Christian. Are you grown so old without having learnt how to comfort a fellow-creature in distress? Give me the key of the cellar. I'll go myself.

*Chris.* Most lovely Miss Amelia, I
Would you obey most willingly;

But——

*Amelia.* Give me the key directly, I command you.

*Chris.*—(*Presents the key.*)—I shall instantly go to his Lordship, and exonerate myself from any blame which may ensue.

*Amelia.* That you may. [*Exit.*

*Chris.*—(*After a pause, shaking his head.*)

Rash will youth be ever found
While the earth shall turn around.
Heedless, if from what they do
Good or evil may ensue.
Never taking any care
To avoid the lurking snare.
Youths, if steady you will be,
Come, and listen all to me.
Poetry with truth shall chime,
And you'll bless old Christian's rhyme.

[*Exit.*

## *ACT THE FOURTH.*

*Scene, a Prison in an old Tower of the Castle.*

FREDERICK *is discovered alone.*

*Fre.* Thus can a few poor moments, thus can a single voracious hour swallow the whole happiness of a human being. When I this morning left the inn where I had slept, how merrily I hummed my morning song, and gazed at the rising sun! I revelled in idea at the table of joy, and indulged myself in the transporting anticipation of again beholding my good mother. I would steal, thought I, into the street where she dwelt, and stoop as I passed the window, lest she should espy me. I would then, thought I, gently tap at the door, and she would lay aside her needle-work to see who was there. Then, how my heart would beat, as I heard her approaching footsteps—as the door was opened—as I rushed into her arms! Farewell, farewell, for ever, ye beauteous airy castles, ye lovely and alluring bubbles. At my return to my native country, the first object which meets my eyes is my dying mother—my first habitation a prison—and my first walk, to the place of execution! Oh, righteous God! have I deserved my fate? or dost thou visit the sins of the father on the son? Hold! hold! I am losing myself in a labyrinth. To endure with patience the afflictions ordained by Providence was the lesson taught me by my mother, and her share of afflictions has been large indeed! Oh, God! thou wilt repay us in another world for all the misery we undergo in this.

[*Gazes towards Heaven with uplifted hands.*

*Enter* AMELIA, *with a Plate of Meat and a Bottle of Wine.*

*(Turning to the side from whence the noise proceeds.)* —Who comes?

*Amelia.* Good friend, I have brought you some refreshment. You are hungry and thirsty, I dare say.

*Fre.* Oh, no!

*Amelia.* There is a bottle of old wine, and a little cold meat.

*Fre.—(Hastily.)*—Old wine, said you? Really good old wine?

*Amelia.* I don't understand such things; but I have often heard my father say that this wine is a real cordial.

*Fre.* Accept my warmest thanks, fair generous unknown. This bottle of wine is to me a most valuable present. Oh, hasten, hasten, gentle, benevolent lady! Send some one with this bottle to the neighbouring village. Close to the public-house stands a small cottage, in which lies a sick woman. To her give this wine, if she be still alive.—*(Returns the wine.)*—Away! Away! I beseech you. Dear amiable being, save my mother, and you will be my guardian angel.

*Amelia.*—*(Much affected.)*—Good man! you are not a villain, not a murderer—are you?

*Fre.* Heaven be thanked I still deserve that you, good lady, should thus interest yourself in my behalf.

*Amelia.* I'll go, and send another bottle of wine to your mother. Keep this for yourself. [*Going.*

*Fre.* Allow me but one more question. Who are you, lovely, generous creature, that I may name you in my prayers to the Almighty?

*Amelia.* My father is Baron Wildenhain, the owner of this estate.

*Fre.* Just heavens!

*Amelia.* What is the matter?

*Fre.*—(*Shuddering.*)—And the man whom I attacked to-day——

*Amelia.* Was my father.

*Fre.* My father!

*Amelia.* He quite alarms me. [*Runs out.*

*Fre.*—(*Repeating the words in most violent agitation.*)—Was my father! Eternal Justice! thou dost not slumber. The man against whom I raised my arm to day was—my father! In another moment I might have been a parricide! Hoo! an icy coldness courses through my veins. My hair bristles towards Heaven. A mist floats before my eyes. I cannot breathe.—(*Sinks into a chair. A pause.*)—How the dread idea ranges in my brain! What clouds and vapours dim my sight, seeming to change their forms each moment as they pass! And if fate had destined he should perish thus, if I had perpetrated the desperate deed—whose, all-righteous Judge, whose would have been the guilt! Wouldst thou not thyself have armed the son to avenge on his unnatural father the injuries his mother had sustained? Oh, Zadig!—(*Sinks into meditation. A pause.*)—But this lovely, good, angelic creature, who just left me——What a new sensation awakes in my bosom! This amiable being is my sister! But that animal—that coxcomb, who was with my father in the field—is he my brother? Most probably. He is the only heir to these domains, and seems, as often is the case on these occasions, a spoilt child, taught from his infancy to pride himself on birth, and on the wealth he will one day inherit, while I—his brother—and my hapless mother—are starving!

*Enter* PASTOR.

*Pastor.* Heaven bless you!

*Fre.* And you, Sir! If I may judge by your dress, you are a minister of the church, and consequently a messenger of peace. You are welcome to me in both capacities.

*Pastor.* I wish to be a messenger of peace to your soul, and shall not use reproaches; for your own conscience will speak more powerfully than I can.

*Fre.* Right, worthy Pastor! But, when the conscience is silent, are you not of opinion that the crime is doubtful?

*Pastor.* Yes—unless it has been perpetrated by a most wicked and obdurate heart indeed.

*Fre.* That is not my case. I would not exchange my heart for that of any prince—or any priest. Forgive me, Sir; I did not intend to reflect on you by that declaration.

*Pastor.* Even if you did, I know that gentleness is the sister of the religion which I teach.

*Fre.* I only meant to say that my heart is not callous; and yet my conscience does not tell me that my conduct has to-day been criminal.

*Pastor.* Do not deceive yourself. Self-love sometimes usurps the place of conscience.

*Fre.* No! no! What a pity it is that I do not understand how to arrange my ideas—that I can only feel, and am not able to demonstrate! Pray, Sir, what was my crime? That I would have robbed? Oh, Sir! fancy yourself for a single moment in my situation. Have you too any parent?

*Pastor.* No. I became an orphan when very young.

*Fre.* That I much lament; for it renders a fair decision on your part impossible. But I will, never-

theless, describe my situation to you if I can. When a man looks round, and sees how Nature, from her horn of plenty, scatters sustenance and superfluity around; when he beholds this spectacle at the side of a sick mother, who, with parched tongue, is sinking to her grave for want of nourishment; when, after having witnessed this, he sees the wealthy, pampered noble pass, who denies him a guilder, though he is on the brink of despair, lest—lest the hare should escape—then, Sir, then suddenly awakes the sensation of equality among mankind. He resumes his rights; for kind nature does not abandon him, though fortune does. He involuntarily stretches forth his hand to take his little share of the gifts which nature has provided for all. He does not rob—but takes what is his due—and he does right.

*Pastor.* Were such principles universally adopted, the bands of society would be cut asunder, and civilized nations converted into Arabian hordes.

*Fre.* That is possible; and it is also possible that we should not, on that account, be less happy. Among the hospitable Arabians my mother would not have been allowed to perish on the highway.

*Pastor.*—(*Surprised.*)—Young man, you seem to have enjoyed an education above your rank in life.

*Fre.* Of that no more. I am obliged to my mother for this, as well as every thing else. But I want to explain why my conscience does not accuse me. The judge decides according to the exact letter of the law; the divine should not decide according to the deed itself, but well consider the motives which excited it. In my case, a judge will condemn me; but you, Sir, will acquit me. That the satiated epicure, while picking a pheasant's bone, should let his neighbour's rye-bread lie unmolested, is not to be considered meritorious.

*Pastor.* Well, young man, allowing your sophis-

try to be sound argument, allowing that your very particular situation justified you in *taking* what another would not *give*, does this also exculpate you from the guilt of murder, which you were on the point of committing?

*Fre.* It does not, I am willing to grant; but I was only the instrument of a Higher Power. In this occurrence, you but perceive a solitary link in the chain, which is held by an invisible hand. I cannot explain myself on this subject, nor will I attempt to exculpate myself; yet cheerfully shall I appear before the tribunal of justice, and calmly shall I meet my fate, convinced that an Almighty hand has written with my blood the accomplishment of a greater purpose in the book of fate.

*Pastor.* Extraordinary young man, it is worth some trouble to become more nearly acquainted with you, and to give another turn, perhaps, to many of your sentiments. If it be in your power, remain with me a few weeks. I will take your sick mother in o my house.

*Fre.*—(*Embracing him.*)—Accept my warmest thanks for your good intentions. To my mother you may be of service. As to myself, you know I am a prisoner, and must prepare myself for death. Make any use you think proper of the interval, which the forms of law may perhaps allow me.

*Pastor.* You are mistaken. You are in the hands of a man whose sentiments are noble, who honours your filial affection, compassionates your miserable situation, and sincerely forgives what has happened to-day. You are at liberty. He sent me hither to announce this; and to release you from confinement, with the exhortation of a parent, and the admonition of a brother.

*Fre.* What is the name of this generous man?

*Pastor.* Baron Wildenhain.

*Fre.* Wildenhain!—(*Affecting to call some cir-*

*cumstance to mind.*)—Did he not formerly live in Franconia?

*Pastor.* He did. At the death of his wife, a few weeks since, he removed to this castle.

*Fre.* His wife is dead then? And the amiable young lady who was here a few minutes since, is his daughter, I presume?

*Pastor.* She is.

*Fre.* And the young sweet-scented beau is his son?

*Pastor.* He has no son.

*Fre.*—(*Hastily.*)——Yes—he has.—(*Recollecting himself.*)—I mean the one who was in the field with him to-day.

*Pastor.* Oh! he is not his son.

*Fre.*—(*Aside.*)—Thank Heaven!

*Pastor.* Only a visitor from town.

*Fre.* I thank you for the little intelligence you have been kind enough to communicate. It has interested me much. I thank you too, for your philanthropy; but am sorry I cannot make you an offer of my friendship. Were we equals, it might be of some little value.

*Pastor.* Does not friendship, like love, destroy all disparity of rank?

*Fre.* No, worthy Sir. This enchantment is the property of love alone. I have now only to make one request. Conduct me to Baron Wildenhain, and procure me, if possible, a private conversation with him. I wish to thank him for his generosity, and will not trouble him many minutes; but if he be in company, I shall not be able to speak so openly as I wish.

*Pastor.* Follow me. [*Exeunt.*

*Scene, a Room in the Castle. The* BARON *is stated, and smoking a Pipe.* AMELIA *is standing at his Side, in Conversation with him. The* COUNT *is stretched upon the Sofa, alternately taking Snuff, and holding a Smelling-bottle to his Nose.*

*Baron.* No, no, Amelia, don't think of it. Towards evening, when it is cooler, we may, perhaps, take a walk together to see the sick woman.

*Amelia.* But as it is so delightful to do good, why should it be done through a servant? Charity is a pleasure, and we are surely not too high in rank to enjoy pleasure.

*Baron.* Pshaw! who said any thing about rank? That was a silly remark, and I could be angry at you for it. I tell you I have sent to the cottage, and the woman is better. Towards evening, we will take a walk to the village, and the Pastor, no doubt, will accompany us.

*Amelia.*—(*Satisfied.*)—Well, if you think so——
[*Seats herself, and begins to work.*

*Baron.* It will be agreeable to you too, Count, I hope? I dare say you will be gratified.

*Count. Je n'en doute pas, mon Colonel. Mademoiselle Amélie's douceur & bonté d'ame* will charm me. But I hope the person's disorder is not epidemical. At all events, I am in *possession* of a *vinaigre incomparable*, which is a certain preventative.

*Baron.* Take it with you, then, Count; for I advise you to go by all means. There is no better preventative against *ennui*, than the reviving sight of a fellow-creature grateful for the assistance by which she has been rescued from death.

*Count. Ennui*, said you? *Ah, mon Colonel*, how could *ennui* find its way to a place inhabited by *Mademoiselle?*

*Baron.* You are very polite, my Lord. Amelia, don't you thank the Count?

*Amelia.* I thank your Lordship.

*Count.*—(*Bowing.*)—Don't mention it, I beg.

*Baron.* But, Count, pray have you resided much in France?

*Count. Ah, mon Colonel,* don't refer to that subject I beseech you. My father, the *barbare,* was guilty of a terrible *sottise.* He refused me a thousand *louis d'ors,* which I had destined for that purpose. I was there a few months to be sure—I have seen that land of ecstasy, and should perhaps have been there still, in spite of *le barbare* my father, had not a disagreeable circumstance—

*Baron.*—(*Sarcastically.*)—An *affaire d'honneur,* I presume?

*Count. Point de tout.* A *cavalier* could find no *honneur* in the country. You have heard of the revolution there. You must—for all Europe speaks of it. *Eh bien! Imaginez vous.* I was at *Paris* and happened to be passing the *palais royal,* not knowing any thing that had occurred. *Tout d'un coup,* I found myself surrounded by a crowd of greasy tatterdemallions! One pushed me on this side—another on that—a third pinched me—a fourth thrust his fist into my face. "What do you mean?" cried I. "How dare you treat me thus?" The mob, *mon Colonel,* grew still more unruly, and abused me because I had not a cockade in my hat—*entendez vous?* a national cockade. "*Je suis un Comte du saint Empire!*" cried I. What was the consequence? The fellows beat me, *foi d'honnete homme.* They absolutely beat me; and a filthy *Poissarde* gave me a blow on the cheek. Nay, some began to shout "*A la lanterne!*" What do you say to this, *mon Colonel?* What would you have done *à ma place?* I threw myself into my post-chaise, and decamped as speedily as possible. *Voila tout!* It is an *histoire facheuse;* yet still I must regret that I did not enjoy more of the *moments delicieuses* which I tasted in that *capitale du monde.* But this every one must say—

this every one must allow, the *savoir vivre*, the *formation*, and the *pli* which is observable in me, are perfectly French, perfectly *à la mode de Paris*.

*Baron.* Of that I am not able to form any judgment; but your language is a good deal Frenchified.

*Count. Ah, mon Colonel!* what a high compliment you pay me!

*Baron.* I beg you will consider it such.

*Count.* All my care and anxiety, then, have not been *à pure perte*. For five years I have taken all possible pains to forget my native *langue*. For, Miss Amelia, is it not altogether devoid of grace, and not *supportable* in any respect, except when it proceeds from your lovely lips? What an eternal gurgling it causes in the throat! *à tout moment* must one stammer and hesitate. It does not flow in French meanders. *Par example;* if I want to make *une declaration d'amour*, why of course I should wish to produce *a chef d'œuvre* of eloquence. *Entendez vous? Helas!* Scarcely have I spoken a *douzaine* of words when my tongue turns here—then there—first on this side—then on that. My teeth chatter *pêle mêle* against each other; and in short, if I were not immediately to add a few French words, in order to bring every thing into proper order, I should run the risk of absolutely losing the faculties of speech for ever. And how can this be otherwise? We have no *genies celèbres*, to refine the taste. To be sure, there are Germans who pique themselves on *gout*, on *lecture*, on *belles lettres*. There's one *Monsieur* Wieland, who has acquired some degree of *renommée* by a few old tales, which he has translated from the *mille et une nuits*, but still the original is French.

*Baron.* But Zounds! Count, why are you every moment taking snuff, and holding that smelling-bottle to your nose? and why, I should like to know, do you drench your clothes, and my sofa with la-

vender water? You have so completely scented the room, that a stranger might imagine he was entering the shop of a French milliner.

*Count. Pardonnez mon Colonel;* the smoke of tobacco is quite *insupportable.* My nerves are most sensibly affected by it, and my clothes must be exposed to the open air for at least a month. I assure you, *mon Colonel,* my hair, even my hair, catches the infectious vapour. It is a shocking custom, but we must forgive it in the *messieurs de militaire,* who can have no opportunity *en campagne,* of associating with the *beau monde,* and learning the manners of *haut ton.* But really I find it impossible to endure this *horrible* smell. *Vous m'excuserez, mon Colonel.* I must hasten into the open air, and change my clothes. *Adieu, jusqu'au revoir.* [*Exit.*

*Baron.* Well, heaven be praised, I have discovered a method of driving this creature away, when I am tired of his frivolous conversation!

*Amelia.* Dear father, I should not like to marry him.

*Baron.* Nor should I like him to be my son.

*Amelia.—(Who evidently shews that she has something on her mind.)*—I can't endure him.

*Baron.* Nor I.

*Amelia.* How can one help it, if one can't endure a man?

*Baron.* Impossible!

*Amelia.* Love is involuntary.

*Baron.* It is.

*Amelia.* We are often very ignorant why we either love or hate.

*Baron.* We are so.

*Amelia.* Yet there are cases in which inclination or aversion are founded on substantial reasons.

*Baron.* Certainly.

*Amelia.* For instance, my aversion to the Count.

*Baron.* True.

*Amelia.* And my inclination to the pastor.

*Baron.* Right.

*Amelia.*—(*After a pause.*)—I must own I should like to be married.

*Baron.* You shall.

*Amelia.*—(*After a pause.*)—Why does not our pastor marry?

*Baron.* You must ask himself that question.

*Amelia.*—(*After another pause, during which she rivets her eyes on her work.*)—He likes me.

*Baron.* I am glad of it.

*Amelia.* I like him, too.

*Baron.* That is but just.

*Amelia.*—(*After another pause.*)—I believe, if you were to offer him my hand, he would not refuse it.

*Baron.* That I believe too.

*Amelia.* I would obey you willingly.

*Baron.*—(*Beginning to be more attentive.*)—How! Are you in earnest?

*Amelia.* Yes.

*Baron.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Well! we will see.

*Amelia.*—(*Cheerfully raising her head.*)—Are you in earnest, father?

*Baron.* No.

*Amelia.*—(*Dejected.*)—No?

*Baron.* No, Amelia, this cannot be. To play such romantic tricks as Abelard and Eloisa, Saint Preux and Julia; will never do. Besides, our pastor is too honourable to have any such thoughts.

*Amelia.* You are his Benefactor.

*Baron.* At least he esteems me in that light.

*Amelia.* Surely, then, it would be honourable to make the daughter of his benefactor happy.

*Baron.* But suppose the daughter is a child, who to-day burns with desire to possess a doll, which to-morrow she will throw away with disgust?

*Amelia.* Oh, I am not such a child.

*Baron.* Amelia, let me explain this. A hundred fathers would, in my situation, tell you, that, as you

are of noble extraction, you should marry a nobleman; but I do not say so. I will not sacrifice my child to any prejudice. A woman never can obtain merit by rank, and has, therefore, no right to be proud of it.

*Amelia.* Well, and therefore——

*Baron.* And therefore I should say, "Marry the Pastor with all my heart, if you can't find among our young nobility any one whose mental and personal endowments correspond with your ideas." But of these there are certainly several—perhaps many. You have as yet had no opportunities of seeing them; but next winter we will remove to town, and at some ball, or other place of amusement, you will no doubt meet with one adapted to your taste.

*Amelia.* Oh, no. I must first become intimately acquainted with a man, and may, perhaps, be then deceived: but I know our Pastor well—I have known him long: I am as perfectly acquainted with his heart as with my catechism.

*Baron.* Amelia, you have never yet felt the influence of love. The pastor has been your instructor, and you mistake the warmth of your gratitude for love, not knowing what it really is.

*Amelia.* You explained it to me this morning.

*Baron.* Did I: Well, and my questions?

*Amelia.* Applied exactly to our Pastor. I could have fancied you were acquainted with every sensation of my heart.

*Baron.* Indeed! Hem!

*Amelia.* Yes, my dear father, I love, and am beloved.

*Baron.* Beloved! Has he told you this?

*Amelia.* Yes.

*Baron.* Shame on him! He has not acted a proper part.

*Amelia.* Oh, if you knew how I surprised him——

*Baron.* You him!

*Amelia.* He came, by your command, to converse with me respecting the Count, and I told him I would not marry the Count.

*Baron.* But him?

*Amelia.* Yes.

*Baron.* You are very candid, I must confess. And what did he answer?

*Amelia.* He talked a great deal about my rank, my family, and my duty to you. In short, he wanted to persuade me not to think of him any more; but my heart would not be persuaded.

*Baron.* That was noble in him. He will, therefore, not say any thing to me upon the subject.

*Amelia.* No. He declared he should find that impossible.

*Baron.* So much the better. I may, then, be supposed to know nothing of the matter.

*Amelia.* But I told him I would mention it to you.

*Baron.* So much the worse! I am placed in a very awkward situation.

*Amelia.* And now I have mentioned it.

*Baron.* You have.

*Amelia.* Dear father!

*Baron.* Dear Amelia!

*Amelia.* The tears come into my eyes.

*Baron.*—(*Turning away.*)—Suppress them.—(Amelia, *after a pause, rises and stoops as if in search of something.*)—What are you seeking?

*Amelia.* I have lost my needle.

*Baron.*—(*Pushes his chair back, and stoops to assist her.*)—It cannot have flown far.

*Amelia.*—(*Approaches and falls on his neck.*)—My good father!

*Baron.* What now?

*Amelia.* This one request?

*Baron.* Let me go. You make my cheeks wet with your tears.

*Amelia.* I shall never love any other man—I shall never be happy with any other man.

*Baron.* Pshaw! Be a good girl, Amelia, and banish these childish fancies.—(*Touches her cheek.*)—Sit down again. We will have some further conversation on this subject at another time. You are not in so very great a hurry, I hope; for affairs of such moment require deliberation. The knot of wedlock is tied in a moment, but the married state endures for years. Many a girl, who shed a tear because she might not marry the object of her affections, sheds a million when she has surmounted all difficulties, and obtained him. You have now shaken the burden from your heart, and your father bears it for you—for his beloved Amelia. Time will probably heal this slight scratch; but if not—why, you yourself shall fix upon a surgeon.

*Amelia.—(Seats herself again, and resumes her work with the appearance of heart-felt gratitude.)*—My dear good father!

*Baron.* Ay, truly, if your mother had been alive, you would not have escaped so easily. She would have dwelt, as usual, upon the sixteen people whom she called her ancestors.

*Enter* PASTOR.

*Baron.* Ha! I am glad you are come.

*Pastor.* In compliance with your desire, my Lord, I have released the young man from his prison. He waits in the anti-chamber, and wishes to express his gratitude in person.

*Baron.* I am glad to hear it. I must not send him away empty-handed. It would have the appearance of half a kindness.

*Pastor.* He begs to be allowed a private interview.

*Baron.* Private!—Why?

*Pastor.* He says he shall be confused in the presence of witnesses. Perhaps, too, he wants to make some discovery which weighs heavy on his mind.

*Baron.* Well! with all my heart! Go, Amelia, and stay with the Pastor in the anti-chamber. I wish to have a little conversation with you both afterwards. [*Exit* Amelia.

*The* Pastor *opens the door, beckons to* Frederick *that he may come, and exit.*

*Enter* FREDERICK.

Go, young man, and Heaven's blessing be with you! I have sent to your mother, and find she is better. For her sake I pardon you; but take care you do not again commit such an offence. Robbery is but a bad trade. There is a louis-d'or for you. Endeavour to earn an honest livelihood; and if I hear that you are sober, diligent, and honest, my doors and my purse shall not be shut to you in future. Now go, and Heaven be with you!

*Fre.*—(*Takes the louis-d'or.*)—You are a generous man, liberal in your charity, and not sparing of your good advice. But allow me to beg another, and a still greater favour. You are a man of large property and influence. Procure me justice against an unnatural father.

*Baron.* How so? Who is your father?

*Fre.*—(*With great asperity.*)—A man of consequence; lord of a large domain; esteemed at court; respected in town; beloved by his peasants; generous, upright, and benevolent.

*Baron.* And yet allows his son to be in want?

*Fre.* And yet allows his son to be in want.

*Baron.* Why, yes, for a very good reason, I dare say. You have probably been a libertine, and squandered large sums at a gaming-table, or on some mistress, and your father has thought it ad-

visable to let you follow the drum for a couple of years. Yes, yes. The drum is an excellent remedy for wild young rakes; and if you have been one of this description, your father has, in my opinion, acted very wisely.

*Fre.* You are mistaken, my Lord. My father does not know me; has never seen me; for he abandoned me while I was in my mother's womb.

*Baron.* What?

*Fre.* The tears of my mother are all the inheritance he bestowed upon me. He has never enquired after me—never concerned himself respecting me.

*Baron.* That is wrong—(*Confused*)—very wrong.

*Fre.* I am a natural son. My poor, deluded mother educated me amidst anxiety and sorrow. By the labour of her hands she earned as much as enabled her, in some degree, to cultivate my mind; and I therefore think I might be a credit to a father. But mine willingly renounces the satisfaction and the pleasures of a parent, and his conscience leaves him at ease respecting the fate of his unfortunate child.

*Baron.* At ease! If his conscience be at ease in such a situation, he must be a hardened wretch indeed.

*Fre.* Having attained an age at which I could provide for myself, and wishing no longer to be a burden to my indigent mother, I had no resource but this coat. I enlisted into a volunteer corps—for an illegitimate child cannot obtain a situation under any tradesman.

*Baron.* Unfortunate young man!

*Fre.* Thus passed my early years, in the bustle of a military life. Care and sorrow are the companions of maturer years. To the thoughtless youth nature has granted pleasure, that he may strengthen himself by the enjoyment of it, and thereby be pre-

pared to meet the care and sorrow which await him. But the pleasures of my youth have been stripes; the dainties I have feasted on have been coarse bread and clear water. Yet, what cares my father? His table is sumptuously covered, and to the scourge of conscience he is callous.

*Baron.*—(*Aside.*)—His words pierce to my heart.

*Fre.* After a separation of five years from my mother, I returned to-day, feasting on the visions of anticipated bliss. I found her a beggar on the high-way. She had not tasted food for four-and-twenty hours—she had no straw to rest her head upon—no roof to protect her from the inclemency of the weather—no compassionate fellow-creature to close her eyes—no spot to die upon. But, what cares my father for all this? He has a stately castle, and reposes upon swelling beds of down; and when he dies, the pastor, in a funeral sermon, will descant upon his numerous christian virtues.

*Baron.*—(*Shudders.*)—Young man, what is your father's name?

*Fre.* That he abused the weakness of an innocent female, and deceived her by false vows; that he gave life to an unfortunate being, who curses him; that he has driven his son almost to the commission of parricide.—Oh, these are mere trifles, which on the day of retribution may be paid for by this paltry piece of gold.—(*Throws the louis d'or at the* Baron's *feet.*)

*Baron.*—(*Almost distracted.*)—Young man, what is your father's name?

*Fre.* Baron Wildenhain!—(*The* Baron *strikes his forehead with both hands, and stands rooted to the spot.* Frederick *proceeds in most violent agitation.*)—In this house, perhaps in this very room, did you beguile my hapless mother of her virtue, and beget me for the sword of the executioner. And now, my Lord, I am not free—I am your prisoner—I will not be free—

I am a robber. Loudly I proclaim I am a robber. *You* shall deliver me over to justice. *You* shall accompany me to the scaffold. *You* shall hear the priest in vain attempting to console me, and inspire my soul with hope. *You* shall hear me, in the anguish of despair, curse my unnatural father. *You* shall stand close to me when my head is severed from my body, and my blood—*your* blood shall besmear your garments.

*Baron.* Hold! Hold!

*Fre.* And when you turn away with horror from this spectacle, you shall behold my mother at the foot of the scaffold, and hear her breathe her last convulsive sigh.

*Baron.* Hold, inhuman as thou art.

*Enter* PASTOR *hastily.*

*Pastor.* What means this? I heard you speak with violence, young man. Surely you have not dared——

*Fre.* Yes. I have dared, worthy Pastor, to assume your office, and make a sinner tremble.—(*Pointing to the* Baron)—Look there! Thus, after one and twenty years is licentious conduct punished. I am a robber, Sir, a murderer; but what I feel at this moment is ecstasy compared to his sensations. Look at him. Remorse and anguish rend his very heart-strings. I go to deliver myself into the hands of justice, and appear in another world a bloody witness against that man. [*Exit.*

*Pastor.* For Heaven's sake! what means this? I do not comprehend——

*Baron.* He is my son! he is my son! Away, my friend! Lend me your aid at this dreadful moment. Away to the sick woman in the village! Francis will direct you to the cottage. Hasten, I beseech you.

*Pastor.* But what shall I——

*Baron.* Oh, Heavens! your heart must instruct you how to act—(*Exit* Pastor.)—Have I lost my senses?—(*Holding his head.*)—Or am I dreaming? —No.—I have a son—a worthy, noble youth, and as yet I have not clasped him in my arms—as yet I have not pressed him to my heart. Matthew!

*Enter a* GAMEKEEPER.

Where is he?

*Game.* Who, my Lord? The robber?

*Baron.* Scoundrel! The young man who but this moment left me.

*Game.* He is waiting to deliver himself up; and we have sent for the constable as he himself desired.

*Baron.* Kick the constable out of doors if he comes, and let no one dare to lay a hand on the young man.

*Game.*—(*Astonished.*)—Very well, my Lord.

[*Going.*

*Baron.* Holla! Matthew!

*Game.* My Lord!

*Baron.* Conduct the young soldier into the green chamber over the dining room, and attend on him, if he be in want of any thing.

*Game.* The Count von der Mulde occupies that chamber, my Lord.

*Baron.* Turn the Count out, and send him to the devil.—(*The* Gamekeeper *stands in doubt how to proceed, while the* Baron *walks to and fro.*) —I want no son-in-law. I have a son—a son, who shall possess my estates, and continue my name; a son, in whose arms I will die. Yes. I will repair the evils I have caused. I will not be ashamed of recognizing him. All my peasants, all my servants shall know that, though I could forget, I will not abandon my child. Matthew!

*Game.* My Lord!

*Baron.* Conduct him hither. Request him to come hither, and let all my servants accompany him. [*Exit* Gamekeeper. How strange are my sensations! My blood courses through my veins so rapidly that I feel my pulse beat from head to foot. How little do I deserve the bliss which is to-day my lot!

*Enter* FREDERICK, *surrounded by a crowd of Servants.*

He comes!—Quick let me press thee to my heart!—*(Rushes towards him, and clasps him with fervour in his arms.)*—My son!

## *ACT THE FIFTH.*

*Scene, the Room in the Cottage as in the Second Act.*

WILHELMINA, *the* COTTAGER *and his* WIFE *are discovered.*

*Wil.* Go to the door once more, good man, and look if he be not coming.

*Cot.* It will be of no use; I have just been to call on a neighbour, and looked round on every side, but he is not to be seen.

*Wife.* Have a little patience. Who knows where he may be staying?

*Cot.* Very true. He is gone to the town, I dare say.

*Wife.* Ay, and little good will he do there; for people are hard-hearted enough there.

*Wil.* Good man, do look once more. He may, perhaps, be coming now.

*Cot.* Well! well! I'll look. [*Exit.*

*Wife.* If your son knew what Heaven has sent you since he left us he would soon return.

*Wil.* I feel alarmed respecting him.

*Wife.* Alarmed! Pshaw! She who has a heavy purse in her pocket should be at ease. I mean, if she obtained it honestly.

*Wil.* Where can he loiter thus? It is four hours since he left us. Some misfortune must have happened to him.

*Wife.* Misfortune! How can that be? Why, it is broad day-light. Come, come! Cheer up! We'll have a hearty meal at night. With all that money you may live comfortably for many a day. Oh, our Baron is a good, generous man.

*Wil.* How could he learn I was here?

*Wife.* That Heaven knows. Mr. Francis was so close——

*Wil.*—(*Half aside.*)—Has he discovered who I am: Oh, yes! Doubtless he knows me, or he would not have sent so much.

*Wife.* Don't say that. Our Baron is often charitable to strangers, too.

*Re-enter* COTTAGER, *scratching his Head.*

*Wil.*—(*As soon as she sees him.*)—Well?

*Cot.* I can discover nothing, if I stare till I am blind.

*Wil.* Merciful Heavens! What can this mean?

*Cot.* Our Pastor just now came round the corner.

*Wil.* Is he coming hither?

*Cot.* Who knows but he may? He generally gives us a call every three or four weeks.

*Wife.* Yes, he is very kind in his visits to all his parishioners. He talks to them about their farms, and so forth. When there are any quarrels and disputes, he settles them. When any one is in distress, he assists them. Do you remember, husband, when our lame neighbour Michael's cow died?

*Cot.* Ay, he sent him another—the best milch-cow he had. Heaven bless him for it!

*Wife.* Heaven bless him, say I too, with all my heart.

*Enter* PASTOR.

*Pastor.* God be with you, good people!

*Cot. and Wife.* Good day to you, Sir!

*Cot.* We are glad to see you.

*Wife.*—(*Wipes a chair with her apron.*)—Pray sit down.

*Cot.* It is a warm day. Shall I fetch you a draught of beer?

*Wife.* Or a couple of mellow pears?

*Pastor.* I thank you, good people, but I am not thirsty. You have a visitor, I perceive.

*Cot.* Yes, Sir, a poor woman, who is very weak and ill. I found her on the high-road.

*Pastor.* Heaven will reward you for assisting her.

*Cot.* That it has already done, Sir; for my wife and I never were more happy since we were married than we are to-day. Eh, Rachel?

[*Offering his hand.*

*Wife.* Yes; that we are. [*They shake hands.*

*Pastor.*—(*To* Wilhelmina.)—Who are you, good woman?

*Wil.* I!——Alas!——(*In a whisper.*)——if we were alone——

*Pastor.*—(*To* Cottager.)—Be so kind, honest John, as to let me have a little private conversation with this good woman.

*Cot.* To be sure. Do you hear Rachel? Come.
[*Exeunt* Cottager *and* Wife.

*Pastor.* Now, we are alone.

*Wil.* Before I confess to you who I am, and who I was, allow me to ask a few questions. Are you a native of this country?

*Pastor.* No. I was born in Franconia.

*Wil.* Were you acquainted with the venerable Pastor who was your predecessor?

*Pastor.* No.

*Wil.* You are totally ignorant, then, of my unhappy story, and mere accident has brought you hither?

*Pastor.* If in you I find the person whom I suspect, and whom I long have sought, your story is not quite unknown to me.

*Wil.* Whom you suspect, and whom you long have sought! Who commissioned you to do this?

*Pastor.* A man who sincerely sympathizes in your distresses.

*Wil.* Indeed! Oh, Sir, tell me quickly whom you suspect to have discovered in me.

*Pastor.* Wilhelmina Boetcher.

*Wil.* Yes. I am the unfortunate, deluded Wilhelmina Boetcher. And the man who sympathizes so sincerely in my distresses is—Baron Wildenhain; the man who robbed me of my virtue, murdered my father, and for twenty years has exposed me and his child to misery. All this he believes he can to-day atone for by a purse of gold.—(*Draws out the purse.*)—Whatever may be your intention in coming hither, Sir, whether it be to humble me, assist me, or send me beyond the borders, that the sight of me may not reproach the libertine, I have but one request to make. Take back this purse to him who sent it. Tell him my virtue was not sold for gold. Tell him my peace of mind cannot be bought with gold. Tell him my father's curse cannot be

removed from me by gold. Say that Wilhelmina, poor, starving, and in a beggar's rags, still scorns to accept a favour from the hands of her seducer. He despised my heart—I despise his money. He trampled upon me—I trample upon his money.—(*Throws the purse on the earth with violence.*)—But he shall be left to revel as heretofore. The sight of me shall not be an interruption to his pleasures. As soon as I have in some degree recovered my strength, I will for ever quit this place; where the name of Wildenhain and the grave of my father bow me to the ground. Tell him, too, I knew not that he was returned from Franconia, and was in this neighbourhood; for he may fancy I came hither in search of him. Oh, let him not fancy that!—(*Breathing with difficulty.*)—Now, Sir, you see that your presence, and the subject to which your visit led me, have exhausted my strength. I know not what I can say more. I know not, indeed, what more can be required of me by him who sent you.—(*With indignation.*)—But, yes: it may, perhaps, have occurred to his Lordship, that he once promised me marriage; that on his knees he called the Almighty to witness his vow, and pledged his honour to fulfil it. Ha! Ha! Ha! Tell him not to discompose himself on that account. I have long since forgotten it.

*Pastor.* I have allowed you to proceed without interruption, that I might learn your sentiments with respect to the Baron, and your general way of thinking. Unprepared, as you must have been, for a conversation with me, your full heart has overflowed, and I am convinced you have not used any dissimulation. I therefore rejoice to find you a noble woman, worthy of every reparation which a man of honour can make. I rejoice too, in being able at once to remove an error, which perhaps has, in a great degree, caused the asperity of your expressions. Had the Baron known that the sick woman

in this cottage was Wilhelmina Boetcher, and had he then, instead of all consolation, sent her this purse, he would have deserved—to have been murdered by his own son. But, no. This was not the case. Look at me. My profession demands confidence; but setting that aside, I would not utter a falsehood. A mere accident made you the object of his charity, which he imagined he was exercising towards one unknown to him.

*Wil.* How, Sir! would you convince me that this present was the effect of mere accident! To one unknown to him he might have sent a guilder, or a dollar, but not a purse of gold.

*Pastor.* I grant that appearances are against my assertion, but the accident was of a peculiar nature. Your son——

*Wil.* What of my son?

*Pastor.* Compose yourself. The Baron was affected by the way in which your son implored his charity.

*Wil.* Charity! Did he implore the Baron's charity? His father's charity?

*Pastor.* Yes, but they did not know each other; and the mother, therefore, only received this present for the son's sake.

*Wil.* They did not know each other! Where is my son?

*Pastor.* At the castle.

*Wil.* And do they not yet know each other?

*Pastor.* They do; and I now appear here by command of the Baron, who sent me not to a sick woman, but to Wilhelmina Boetcher; not with money, but with a commission to do as my heart directed.

*Wil.* *Your* heart! Oh, Sir, do not lend that cruel man the sensations of *your* heart. But, yes—be it so. I will forget what I have endured on his account, if he will console me by his conduct towards Frederick. As a woman I will pardon him, if he will

deserve a mother's thanks. How did he receive my boy?

*Pastor.* I left him in most violent agitation. It was the very moment of discovery, and nothing was resolved upon. But, doubtless, while we are now in conversation, the son is in his father's arms. I am convinced by the goodness of his heart——

*Wil.* The goodness of his heart again! Heavens! How can this man's heart be so suddenly altered? After having been for twenty years deaf to the voice of nature——

*Pastor.* You wrong him. Listen to me before you decide. Many an error seems, on a superficial view, most infamous; but did we know every circumstance which tended to excite it, every trifle which had an imperceptible effect in producing it, our opinion would be very different. Could we accompany the offender from step to step instead of seeing, as in the present instance, only the first, the tenth, and twentieth, we should often pardon when we now condemn. Far be it from me to defend the Baron's conduct towards you, but surely I may maintain that a good man by committing one bad action, does not, on that account, entirely forfeit his claim to the title of a good man. Where is the demigod, who can boast that his conscience is as pure as snow just fallen from the sky? If there be such a boaster, for Heaven's sake place no confidence in him; he is far more dangerous than a repentant sinner. Forgive me, if I appear too talkative; and let me now tell you, in a few words, the story of the Baron since your separation. At that time he loved you most sincerely; and nothing but the dread of his rigid mother prevented the fulfilment of his promise. But he was summoned into the field, where he was dangerously wounded, and made a prisoner. For a year he was confined to his bed. He could not write, and received no intelli-

gence of you. Thus did the impression of your image on his mind first become weaker. He had been conducted from the field of battle to a neighbouring castle, the owner of which was a worthy nobleman, who possessed a large fortune and a beautiful daughter. This lady became enamoured of the young officer, and seldom left his couch. She attended on him with the affection of a sister, and shed many tears for his fate, which were not unobserved. Gratitude knit the band, which death rent asunder but a few months since. Thus the impression of your image was erased from his mind. He did not return to his native land, but purchased an estate in Franconia, to the cultivation of which he devoted his time. He became an husband and a father. None of the objects which surrounded him reminded him of you, and thus the recollection of you slumbered, till care, anxiety, and domestic discord, awoke it, and embittered his existence: for, when it was too late, he discovered in his wife a proud, imperious being, who had been spoilt in her infancy, who always thwarted him, always insisted on being right, and seemed only to have rescued him from death, in order to have the pleasure of tormenting him. At that time an accident led me to his house. He became attached to me, made me the instructor of his daughter, and soon after entrusted me with his confidence. Oh, how often has he pressed my hand in violent emotion to his heart, and said, "This woman revenges on me the wrongs of the innocent Wilhelmina." How often has he cursed all the wealth which his wife had brought him, and sighed for a less splendid but far happier lot in your arms! When, at length, the old Pastor of Wildenhain died, and he bestowed the benefice on me, the first expression which accompanied the gift was, "There, my friend, you will gain some tidings of my Wilhelmina." Every letter which I

afterwards received from him, contained this exclamation: "Still no account of my Wilhelmina." I have those letters, and can let you see them. It was not in my power to discover where you dwelt. Fate had higher views respecting you, and prevented it until to-day.

*Wil.* Your description has excited in my breast emotions, which my heart acknowledges to be conviction. But how can this end? What will become of me?

*Pastor.* The Baron, I must own, has never told me what he meant to do in case he ever found you: but your sufferings demand reparation; and I know but one way in which this reparation can be made. Noble minded woman, if your strength will allow it, accompany me. The road is good, and the distance short.

*Wil.* I accompany you! Appear before him in these rags!

*Pastor.* Why not?

*Wil.* Do I wish to reproach him?

*Pastor.* Exalted being! Come to my house. My sister shall supply you with clothes, and my carriage shall take us to the castle.

*Wil.* And shall I see my Frederick again?

*Pastor.* Rest assured you will.

*Wil.*—(*Rising.*)—Well! For his sake I will undergo the painful meeting. He is the only branch on which my hopes still blossom—all the rest are withered and destroyed. But where are the good Cottagers? I must take leave of them, and thank them.

*Pastor.*—(*Takes up the purse and goes to the door.*)—Neighbour John!

*Enter* COTTAGER *and his* WIFE.

*Cot.* Here I am.

*Wife.* Well, you can stand again, I see, thank Heaven.

*Pastor.* Yes, good people. I shall take her with me. I can accommodate her better than you, though you have done what you could.

*Cot.* Why, to be sure, we can give her no more than we have, and that is but little.

*Wife.* But she is very welcome to that.

*Pastor.* You have acted like worthy people. There! take that as a reward for your kindness.—(*Offers the purse to the* Cottager, *who puts his hands together before him, twirls his thumbs, looks at the money, and shakes his head.*)—Well! won't you take it?—(*Offers it to his* Wife, *who plays with the string of her apron, looks askance at the money, and shakes her head.*)—What means this?

*Cot.* Sir, don't be offended, but we don't chuse to be paid for doing our duty.

*Wife.*—(*Looking towards heaven.*)—You have often told us we should be paid hereafter.

*Pastor.*—(*Laying his hands on their shoulders, much affected.*)—You will. God bless you!

*Wil.* You will not refuse my thanks?

*Cot.* Say no more about the matter.

*Wife.* We assisted you with pleasure.

*Wil.* Farewell!—(*The* Cottager *and his* Wife *shake hands with her.*)

*Cot.* Good bye! take care of yourself.

*Wife.* And when you come this way, let us see you.

(Wilhelmina *wipes her eyes, leans on the* Pastor's *arm, and supports herself on the other side with a stick.*)

*Pastor.* God be with you!

*Cot.*—(*Taking off his cap, and scraping.*)—Good day to you, Sir.

*Wife.* We are much obliged to you for this visit.

*Both.* And we hope we shall soon see you again. —(*They attend the* Pastor *and* Wilhelmina *to the door.*)

*Cot.*—(*Presenting his hand to his* Wife.)—Well, Rachel, how shall we sleep to-night, think you?

*Wife.*—(*Shaking his hand.*)—Like tops.

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene, an Apartment in the Castle.*

*The* BARON *is seated on a Sofa, exhausted by various Emotions.* FREDERICK *stands leaning over him, and pressing his Father's Hand between his own.*

*Baron.* So you have really seen some service? You know the smell of gunpowder? I'll stake my head against a turnip, that if you had been Frederick von Wildenhain, you would have been spoilt by your father and mother; but as Frederick Boetcher, you are become a fine-spirited lad. This has, to be sure, cost you many an uneasy hour. Your juvenile days have not been very comfortable. Well! Well! You shall feel an alteration for the better, Frederick. I will legitimate you. Yes, my boy, I will openly acknowledge you as my only son and heir. What say you to this? Eh?

*Fre.* And my mother?

*Baron.* She shall be well provided for, too. Do you think your father is poor? Don't you know that Wildenhain is one of the best estates in the country? Yes, and but a mile from it lies Wellendorf, another neat place; and in Franconia I obtained with my wife—(*Heaven rest her soul!*)—three large manors.

*Fre.* But my mother?

*Baron.* Well, I was just going to say that she

may reside where she chuses. If she will not live in Franconia, why, she may remain at Wellendorf. There is a neat little house, neither too large, nor too small; an excellent garden; a charming prospect; in short, the place is a little paradise. She shall have every thing she wants, and a happy old age shall smooth the furrows which the misfortunes of youth have ploughed in her face.

*Fre.*—(*Retreating a few steps.*)—How!

*Baron.* Yes, and I'll tell you what, my boy. It is but a short distance from the castle. If, when we rise in a morning, we feel disposed to visit your mother, we need but order a couple of horses to be saddled, and in an hour we shall be with her.

*Fre.* Indeed! And what name is my mother to bear, when she lives there?

*Baron.*—(*Embarrassed.*)—How?

*Fre.* Is she to be considered as your housekeeper, or your mistress?

*Baron.* Pshaw! Pshaw!

*Fre.* I understand you. I will withdraw, my father, and give you time to consider well before you finally resolve on any thing. But one thing I must irrevocably swear by all that is dear and sacred to me: My fate is inseparable from that of my mother. Frederick von Wildenhain and Wilhelmina von Wildenhain; or Frederick Boetcher and Wilhelmina Boetcher! [*Exit.*

*Baron.* Zounds! What does he want? He surely does not expect me to marry his mother. No, no, young man; you must not dictate to your father how he is to act. I was flattering myself with the idea of having arranged every thing very comfortably, was as happy as a king, from having relieved my conscience of a heavy burden, was breathing more freely than for many years, when this boy throws a stone at my feet, and wants to make me stumble over it again. No, no. Friend

conscience, I thank Heaven that I can address thee as a friend again. What thinkst thou of this? Thou art silent. But no. Methinks thou art still not completely satisfied.

*Enter* PASTOR.

Ha! my friend, you come most opportunely. My conscience and I are involved in a suit, which must be determined in the court where you preside.

*Pastor.* Your conscience is right.

*Baron.* Hold! Hold! You are deciding before you know the merits of the case. Your sentence is partial.

*Pastor.* No. Conscience is always right; for it never speaks until it is right.

*Baron.* Indeed! But I am as yet ignorant whether it speaks or is silent. On such occasions a divine has a quicker ear than a layman. Listen to me. I will state the case in a few words.—(*Laying his hand on the* Pastor's *shoulder.*)—My friend, I have found my son, and a noble fellow he is—full of fire as a Frenchman, of pride as an Englishman, and of honour as a German.—That apart;—I mean to legitimate him. Am I not right?

*Pastor.* Perfectly.

*Baron.* And his mother shall enjoy peace and comfort for the remainder of her life. I mean to settle my Wellendorf estate upon her. There she may live, alter it according to her own taste, revive in the happiness of her son, and grow young again amidst the gambols of her grandchildren. Am I not right?

*Pastor.* You are not.

*Baron.*—(*Starting.*)—How!—What should I do, then?

*Pastor.* Marry her.

*Baron.* Yes. That is very likely, to be sure!

*Pastor.* Baron Wildenhain is a man who does nothing without a sufficient reason. I stand here as the advocate for your conscience, and expect you to produce your reasons, after which you shall hear mine.

*Baron.* Zounds! why, you would not wish me to marry a beggar?

*Pastor.*—(*After a pause.*)—Is that all you can advance?

*Baron.*—(*At a loss.*)—No—not exactly—I have other reasons—several other——

*Pastor.* May I beg you to mention them?

*Baron.*—(*Very much embarrassed.*)—I am a nobleman.

*Pastor.* Proceed.

*Baron.* The world will ridicule me.

*Pastor.* Proceed.

*Baron.* My relatives will shun me.

*Pastor.* Proceed.

*Baron.* And—and—(*Very violently.*)—Zounds! I can't proceed.

*Pastor.* Then it is my turn to speak on the subject; but, before I do this, allow me to ask a few questions. Did Wilhelmina, by coquetry or levity of conduct, first raise in you a wish to seduce her?

*Baron.* No. She was always chaste and modest.

*Pastor.* Did it cost you any trouble to gain your point?

*Baron.* Yes.

*Pastor.* Did you ever promise her marriage?—(*The* Baron *hesitates. The* Pastor *says with great solemnity*)—I repeat my question. Did you ever promise her marriage?

*Baron.* Yes.

*Pastor.* And summoned God to witness that promise?

*Baron.* Yes.

*Pastor.* You pledged your honour that you would fulfil this vow—did you not?

*Baron.*—(*With impatience.*)—Yes, yes.

*Pastor.* Well, my Lord, from your own confession it appears that the witness you called upon was God, who beheld you then, who beholds you now. The pledge you offered was your honour, which you must redeem, if you be a man of integrity. I now stand in your presence, impressed with the full dignity of my vocation. I shall speak to you as I would speak to the meanest of your peasants: for my duty commands it; and I will fulfil my duty, should I even thereby forfeit your esteem. If in the days of gay and thoughtless youth (when a man lives, as it were, only to enjoy the present moment) you seduced an innocent female, without considering what might be the consequence; and if, when more advanced in years, you repented your youthful indiscretion, and endeavoured to make every reparation in your power, you are still a respectable man. But if a licentious youth, by wicked snares, has plunged a guiltless being into misery; has destroyed the happiness and innocence of a female, to gratify a momentary passion; has, while intoxicated with his happiness, pledged his honour, and sacrificed his conscience, to his brutal desires; can he imagine reparation may be made by a paltry handful of gold, which chance bestowed on him? Oh, such a wretch deserves—pardon my warmth, my Lord. It might injure a good cause, though it is on this occasion very natural. Ye good old days of chivalry! you have taken with you all your virtues, your sense of honour, your respect for female delicacy, and have left us nothing but your pride and broils. The conquest of innocence is, in our degenerate days, an act of heroism, which the conqueror glories in, while the helpless victim of seduc-

tion curses the murderer of her honour, and, perhaps, projects the murder of her infant which is in her womb. Once more, my Lord, I say you must fulfil your promise. You ought to do it, if you were a prince; for a prince, though he may be released by the state from the fulfilment of his vows, will never be released by his conscience. Therefore, thank God that you are not a prince. Thank God that it is in your power to purchase at so cheap a rate the most valuable of all treasures—peace of mind. In resolving to marry Wilhelmina, you have not even any claim to merit; for this union will enhance your happiness. What a pity it is that it does not cost you any sacrifice, that your whole property is not dependent on it! Then might you have stept forth, and said, "I'll marry Wilhelmina. Do I not act nobly?" But now, when she brings you a dowry, larger than any princess could bestow, your peace of mind, and an amiable son, now, you can do nothing but exclaim, "Friend, wish me joy: I'll marry Wilhelmina."

*Baron.*—(*Who during the* Pastor's *address, has alternately walked up and down the room in most violent agitation, and stood with his eyes fixed on the earth, at one moment exhibiting marks of anger, at another of remorse, now approaches the* Pastor *with open arms, and presses him to his heart.*)—Friend, wish me joy. I'll marry Wilhelmina.

*Pastor.*—(*Returning his embrace.*)—I do wish you joy.

*Baron.* Where is she? You have seen her?

*Pastor.* She is in that room. That I might not excite curiosity, I conducted her thither through the garden.

*Baron.* Well, then you shall marry us this very day.

*Pastor.* That cannot be. The union must not take place so soon, and must not be so private.

All your tenantry witnessed Wilhelmina's disgrace: they, therefore, ought to witness the restoration of her honour. On three successive sundays I will publish the banns. Do you agree to this?

*Baron.* With all my heart.

*Pastor.* We will then celebrate the nuptials; and the whole village will participate in your happiness. Do you agree to this?

*Baron.* Yes.

*Pastor.* Is the suit, then, at an end? Is your conscience silent?

*Baron.* Still as a mouse. I only wish the first interview was over. I feel as much ashamed of first meeting Wilhelmina's eye, as a thief when obliged to appear before the person whom he has defrauded.

*Pastor.* Be at ease. Wilhelmina's heart is the judge.

*Baron.* And (why should I not confess it?) prejudices resemble wounds, which, though as nearly healed as possible, smart when any alteration takes place in the weather. I—I am ashamed—of confessing all these circumstances—to my daughter—to the Count—to my servants. I wish it were over. I should not like to see Wilhelmina—I should not like to resign myself entirely to joy, till I have explained every thing to——Holla! Francis!

*Enter a* GAMEKEEPER.

Where are my daughter and the Count?

*Game.* In the dining-room, my Lord.

*Baron.* Tell them I shall be glad to see them here. [*Exit* Gamekeeper.

Stay with me, my worthy friend, lest the Count's insipidity should put me out of humour. I will tell him clearly and briefly what my opinion is, and if his senses be not entirely destroyed by the follies of

France, he will order his horses to be put to the carriage, and—he may then drive with all his boxes of *pomade* to the devil.

*Enter* AMELIA *and the* COUNT.

*Count. Nous voila a vos ordres, mon Colonel.* We have been enjoying a *promenade delicieuse.* Wildenhain is a paradise on earth, and possesses an *Eva*, who resembles the mother of mankind. Nothing is wanting to complete this garden of Eden, except an Adam, who, as we are told by *mythologie*, accepted with rapture the apple of death itself from her fair hand—and this Adam is found—yes, my Lord, this Adam is found.

*Baron.* Who is found? Frederick, but not Adam.

*Count.* Frederick! Who is he?

*Baron.* My son—my only son.

*Count. Comment?* Your son! *Mon père* assured me you had no children except *Mademoiselle.*

*Baron.* Your *père* could not know I had a son, because till within a few minutes I was myself ignorant of the circumstance.

*Count. Vous parlez des enigmes.*

*Baron.* In short, the young man who attacked us this morning in the field. You remember him, for you ran away from him quickly enough.

*Count.* I have a confused recollection of having seen him. But proceed.

*Baron.* Well, that very young man is my son.

*Count.* He your son? Impossible!

*Baron.* Yes, he.—(*Apart to the* Pastor.)—I am really ashamed of confessing the truth even to that coxcomb.

*Pastor.* A man like you ashamed of such an animal as that!

*Baron.*—(*Aloud.*)—He is my natural son. But that is of little consequence; for in two or three

weeks I shall marry his mother, and shall break any man's bones who ridicules me for it. Yes, Amelia, you may stare. The boy is your brother.

*Amelia.*—(*Delighted.*)—Are you joking, or serious?

*Count.* And who is his mother, *mon Colonel?* Is she of good extraction?

*Baron.* She is—(*To the* Pastor.)—Pray answer him.

*Pastor.* She is a beggar.

*Count.*—(*Smiling.*)—*Vous badinez.*

*Pastor.* If you particularly wish to know her name, it is Wilhelmina Boetcher.

*Count.* Boetcher! The family is quite unknown to me.

*Baron.* Very likely. She belongs to the family of honest people, and that is unfortunately a very small one.

*Count.* A *mesalliance* then?

*Pastor.* Generosity and integrity will be united with affection and fidelity. You may call that *mesalliance* if you please.

*Count.* It really requires an *Œdipe* to unravel this mystery. *Un fils naturel? A la bonne heure, mon Colonel!* I have two natural children. There are *momens* in which instinct and a tempting girl are irresistible—In short, such things happen every day. *Mais mon Dieu!* What attention should be paid to such creatures? Let them learn some business or other, and they are provided for. Mine shall be both *friseurs.*

*Baron.* And mine shall be a nobleman, as well as heir to all the estates I possess.

*Count. Me voila stupefait.* Miss Amelia, I must plead in your behalf. You are on the point of being *ecrasée*

*Amelia.* Don't trouble yourself, my Lord.

*Count. La fille unique! L'unique heretiere!*

*Amelia.* I shall still possess and inherit the affection of my father.

*Baron.* Good Amelia! Right, my dear girl! Come hither and give me a kiss.—(Amelia *flies into his arms.*)—Count, you will oblige me by leaving us for a few moments. We may, perhaps, have a scene here, which will not suit your disposition.

*Count. De tout mon cœur!* We understand each other. It is *clair de lune*, and I hope you will therefore allow me to return this evening to town.

*Baron.* As you please.

*Count. A dire vrai, mon Colonel!* I did not come hither in search of a *voleur de grand chemin* for my brother-inlaw, or a *gueuse* for my mother-in-law.—(*Skipping away.*)—*Henri! Henri!* [*Exit.*

*Baron.*—(*Still holding* Amelia *in his arms*).—I breathe more freely. Now a word with you, my dear Amelia. Twenty years ago I basely seduced a poor girl, and gave life to a child, who, till to-day, has been a prey to poverty and distress. The circumstance has weighed on my heart like a rock of granite. You have often observed, that on a dreary evening, when I sat in my arm-chair with my pipe in my mouth, and my eye fixed on the floor, I did not attend to you, when you spoke to me, smiled at me, or caressed me. I was then overpowered by the accusations of conscience, and felt that all my riches, that even you, my child, could not restore to me the blissful sensations of an honest man. Thanks be to heaven, those sensations are restored to me—the causes of their absence, my wife and son, are restored to me. This worthy man feels—(*pointing to the* Pastor)—and I feel—(*pointing to his heart*)—it is my duty to acknowledge them as my wife and son. What think you?

*Amelia.*—(*Caressing him.*)—Can my father ask?

*Baron.* Will the loss be no affliction to you, if your father's peace of mind be purchased with it?

*Amelia.* What loss?

*Baron.* You were my only child, and all my estates would——

*Amelia.*—(*Gently reproving him.*)—Hold, my father!

*Baron.* You lose some valuable manors.

*Amelia.* For which my brother's affection will requite me.

*Baron.* And mine.—(*Clasps her with fervour in his arms.*)

*Pastor.*—(*Turning away.*)—And why not mine?

*Baron.*—(*To the* Pastor.)—My friend, I am obliged to you for the conquest over one prejudice, to myself for the conquest over another. A man who, like you, is the friend and supporter of virtue, raises his profession to the highest pitch of human excellence—of human rank. If all your brethren resembled you, Christianity might be proud indeed. You are a noble *man*—I am but a *noble*man. If I be on the point of becoming more, I am obliged to you for the promotion. I owe you much. Amelia, will you pay the debt for me?

(Amelia *gazes for a moment at her father, in doubt how to understand his words. He releases her hand, after leading her towards the* Pastor, *into whose arms she immediately flies.*)

*Pastor.*—(*Astonished beyond all measure.*)—Heavens! my Lord!

*Baron.* Say not a word on the subject.

*Amelia.*—(*Kissing him.*)—Silence! I know you love me.—(*The* Pastor *releases himself from her embrace. Tears gush from his eyes. He attempts to speak, but is unable. He then approaches the* Baron, *seizes his hand, and is about to press it to his lips, when the* Baron *withdraws it, and clasps him in his arms.* Amelia *looks at them, and says*)—How happy do I feel!

*Baron.*—(*Releasing himself from the* Pastor.)—Zounds! I shall begin to shed tears. Let me endeavour to compose myself. A scene awaits me which will affect my heart still more than this. Well, my dear son, in a few moments all will be at an end, and the last beams of the setting sun will smile upon the happiest beings in nature's wide extended empire. Where is Wilhelmina?

*Pastor.* I will bring her hither.

*Baron.* Stop! How strange are my sensations! Let me have another moment—Let me compose myself.—(*Walks to and fro, breathes with difficulty, and looks several times towards the room into which the* Pastor *said he had conducted* Wilhelmina.)—She will come from that room! That was my mother's bed-room! Often have I seen her come from it. Often have I feasted on her fascinating smile. How shall I be able to endure her care-worn look? Frederick shall intercede in my behalf. Where is he? Holla!

*Enter a* SERVANT.

Where is my son?

*Ser.* In his chamber, my lord.

*Baron.* Tell him he is wanted here.—(*To the* Pastor.)—Go, then. My heart throbs most violently. Go, and conduct her hither. [*Exit* Pastor.

(*The* Baron *looks towards the room which the* Pastor *has entered, and all the muscles of his countenance are contracted.*)

*Enter* WILHELMINA, *led by the* PASTOR.

*Baron.*—(*Rushes into her arms. She sinks into his, and nearly swoons. He and the* Pastor *place her in a chair, and he kneels before her with his arm round*

*her waist and her hand in his own.*)—Wilhelmina! Do you remember my voice?

*Wil.*—(*In a weak and tender tone.*)—Wildenhain!

*Baron.* Can you forgive me?

*Wil.* Can—I do.

*Enter* FREDERICK, *hastily.*

*Fre.* My mother's voice!—Ha!—Mother!—Father!—(*Throws himself on his knees at the other side of* Wilhelmina, *and bends affectionately over both. The* Pastor *gratefully raises his eyes towards Heaven, while* Amelia *reclining on his shoulder, wipes her eyes. The curtain falls.*)

THE END.

# DEAF AND DUMB;

OR, THE

# ORPHAN.

*AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.*

IN FIVE ACTS.

FROM

KOTZEBUE.

F 326
Rod Fran

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### MEN.

ABBE DEL' EPÉE.
THEODORE.
DARLEMONT, *his Guardian and maternal Uncle.*
SAINT ALME, *Son of Darlemont.*
FRANVAL, *an Advocate.*
DUPRE, *an old Servant.*
DUBOIS, *Darlemont's Valet.*
DOMINIC, *Franval's Servant.*

### WOMEN.

Mrs. FRANVAL.
CLEMENTINA, *her Daughter.*
RACHEL, *Widow of Count Solar's Porter.*

*The Scene lies in Toulouse.*

# DEAF AND DUMB;

OR,

# THE ORPHAN.

## *ACT THE FIRST.*

*Scene, a large Square. On one side is the ancient Palace of* Count Solar—*on another* Mr. Franval's *House.*

*Enter* ST. ALME *from the former. He walks a few steps, and then rivets his eyes on a window of the latter.* DUBOIS *follows him from the Palace.*

*Dub.* WHO could have imagined, sir, that you were gone out already?—He does not hear me. His whole soul——yes, yes, love has a strange effect on mankind. It is a sort of lottery, in which there are, to be sure, a few prizes, but the first deposit is the understanding, and that is generally lost.

*Alme.*—(*Awaking from his reverie.*)—Ha! Dubois, are you here?

*Dub.* Yes, sir. I have been looking for you in your own room.

*Alme.* What do you want?



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*Dub.* To report the conversation, which by your desire I have had with Dupré.

*Alme.* Has he told you what are my father's intentions?—for he alone is acquainted with every secret.

*Dub.* True, sir. I know no servant, who is on so confidential a footing with his master.

*Alme.* Well?

*Dub.* I have obeyed your orders, sir, and have learnt every thing.

*Alme.*—(*Hastily.*)—Doubtless my father—

*Dub.* Honest Dupré is not easily prevailed upon to be communicative.

*Alme.* That is immaterial. Tell me only——

*Dub.* Besides, he is always so melancholy, that one might almost fancy he had a bad conscience.

*Alme.* Dupré!—Impossible!—He is one of the most honest men on earth. So old a servant of my father!—But to the point—I insist upon it.

*Dub.* Well, Sir,—last night, when all was quiet in the house, I went to Dupré under the pretext of wanting to light my candle. Of course we entered into conversation—so I slily adverted to your father's intentions respecting you, and learnt that your suspicions were unfortunately just,—that preparations are already making for your union with the Count d'Harancour's daughter.

*Alme.* Heavens!

*Dub.* The lady is not handsome, certainly, but she is the only daughter of the oldest nobleman in Toulouse—a man of the first consequence, who can give her an enormous fortune.

*Alme.* What are to me his riches and his rank?—Would not one look from Clementina overbalance them?

*Dub.* Miss Clementina is a most lovely creature, I allow, sir, but I would, nevertheless, advise you to abandon every idea of marrying her.

*Alme.* What! Renounce the sweetest hope life can afford!

*Dub.* Your father will never give his consent.

*Alme.* And why not? Is she not the daughter of a man, whose memory is revered by every one in Toulouse? Is she not the sister of the most eminent advocate in the place—a man, who makes me happy in the possession of his friendship?—her mother is a poor widow, I allow, dependent on her son's affection for subsistence, and consequently unable to give Clementina any fortune.—But why should I wish for any? has not nature already endowed her with the choicest gifts?

*Dub.* Choice gifts in your eyes, Sir, but you know your father.

*Alme.* Oh, how hateful to me are these golden mountains, which rise between Clementina and myself! In former times—when my father was but a humble merchant, he would have thought it the greatest honour that an alliance should take place between his family and Franval's, but since he came into possession of Count Solar's property, whose uncle and whose guardian he was, ambition has gained a complete ascendancy over him, and he has departed from the path of real happiness.

*Dub.* The old people who were servants at our house in former times, frequently speak of this Count Solar. Was he not deaf and dumb from his birth?

*Alme.* He was. About eight years since my father took him to Paris for the purpose of consulting some eminent medical men respecting his case, but he was either negligently treated—or his constitution was too weak for the necessary operations. He died in Dupré's arms, who alone had attended my father on his journey.

*Dub.* Now I am no longer surprised that I so often

find Dupré looking at the picture of this child, which hangs in the saloon.

*Alme.* It is very natural he should do so. The young Count was the last branch of a noble family, which Dupré had long and faithfully served.—Poor little Julius!—How much were we attached to each other!—To him I am obliged for my life.—How courageously did he risk his own in my defence!—Never, never shall I forget it.—He was about ten years of age, and I twelve, when we were separated. The moment of his departure is still present to me. Unfortunate Julius!—He could not speak—but how eloquent were his looks—how expressive his every action!—With what emotion he pressed me to his heart—as if aware it was our last embrace!—Alas! Why is he no more?—Had he lived, I should have had another friend, and my father, in his humbler state, would have willingly consented to my union with Clementina.

*Dub.* I hope, however, you are certain your affection is returned, sir.

*Alme.* I flatter myself with this conviction.—You know, Dubois, that I every morning go to her brother, for the purpose of being instructed by him as to the nature of our laws. Clementina, on these occasions, always appears under the most artful pretexts, which love can suggest. Her eyes often meet mine, on which she instantly blushes. When she speaks to me her voice falters, and her lips tremble. She seems to be afraid that her secret will escape.—If all these be not symptoms of love, how can it be discovered?

*Dub.* I think, however, that before you proceed Sir, you should obtain a formal confession of her attachment, and above all things the consent of her family.

*Alme.* That her brother will consent I am certain.

His penetrating eye has, doubtless, long discovered the situation of my heart, and if this attachment were displeasing to him, would he still hear me in so friendly a manner?—No. My only fears are grounded on the mother's character.

*Dub.* Yes, Sir—the good lady is not easily satisfied on any occasion.

*Alme.* She is descended from a noble family, and is still prouder than my father. But I rely on the great influence her worthy son possesses over her.

[Franval's *door opens, and* Dominic *appears.*

*Dub.* Here comes the old servant. Let us draw him into conversation. It is not very difficult. We may perhaps learn something decisive respecting Miss Clementina's sentiments.

[Dominic *comes forward.*

*Dom.*—(*Good humoured and loquacious.*)—Ha!—I must own I little expected to find any body here at so early an hour.—(*Shakes hands with* Dub.)—Good-day to you, neighbours.—(*To* Alme.)—Your servant, Sir. This morning air purifies the blood, and cools the fancy. At your age too—well, well—I can easily account for your early rising. Love and sleep are sworn enemies.

*Dub.* What do you mean, Dominic?

*Dom.* Yes—pretend to be surprised. I have good eyes, I promise you—and though sixty years of age, I defy any lover to deceive me.—(*To* Alme, *who constantly looks towards the window.*)—Ha! you expect us to appear at the window—do you? But we shall not rise so early as you wish. We were playing on the guitar till two o'clock this morning, and at the same time singing those pretty verses, which a certain person made on our recovery. We are still fast asleep, and perhaps dreaming of the author. Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Alme.* Your good humour inspires confidence,

Dominic.—Yes, I love your young mistress—I adore her.

*Dub.* And I have been trying to subdue his passion.

*Dom.* Subdue it! For what reason?

*Dub.* Come, come, Dominic, you are a sly experienced old fellow. You must have remarked as well as myself that Miss Clementina is far from sharing the sensations she has inspired.

*Dom.*—(*Ironically.*)—Have you discovered this?

*Dub.* Very evidently. It is as plain as possible.

*Dom.* Mercy on us! What wonderful penetration! Yes, you are the man to pry into a secret.

*Alme.* Can you have observed any thing contrary to the suspicions of Dubois?

*Dom.* A vast deal. I have discovered that she loves you, Sir—that she no longer thinks, acts, and lives but of you, for you, and through you.

*Alme.* Is it possible?

*Dub.*—(*Apart to* Alme.)—Be cautious, if you want to know more.—(*Aloud.*)—But neighbour Dominic, what proofs have you?

*Dom.* Proofs!—A thousand. I need but recollect the fever which so nearly proved fatal about two months ago. Whose name did she constantly utter during her paroxysms?

*Alme.* Mine.

*Dom.* When she read the list of those, who had enquired after her health, at whose name did she always stop with a blush?

*Alme.* At mine?

*Dom.*—(*Imitating the voice of an invalid.*)—"He called then, Dominic?" said she to me. "Yes, madam."—"Often, Dominic?"—"Every hour, madam."—"And he appeared to be really interested?"——"Indeed did he, madam. I never saw a man more happy in my life than he seemed, when I told him you were better."——Then her

weak frame began to tremble,—I saw a tear glisten in her eye, and a smile for the first time play round her pretty lips:—"Yes," said she—"I am better, Dominic much better——I feel that I am out of danger."—Ha! Ha! Ha!—

*Alme.* I confess these little circumstances—

*Dub.* Are, in my opinion, by no means sufficient to prove——

*Dom.* Not sufficient!—And the quarrel which I had with her only a few days since.—Ha! Ha!—Excuse me, Sir—I cannot refrain from laughter, when I think of it.

*Alme.* To what do you refer?

*Dom.* I went into the parlour according to my usual custom, for the purpose of putting every thing into its proper place.—Well—I found Miss Clementina busily employed in painting a miniature—so busily indeed, that she no more saw me than if I had been a hundred miles from Toulouse—Well—I crept on tip-toe behind her chair—for there certainly is nothing more pleasant than to observe the actions of people who are in love—

*Alme.* Proceed, proceed.

*Dom.* Well—I looked at the portrait—You, Sir—it was you to a nicety.

*Alme.* Me!

*Dom.* Yes, you, sir.—"Well—what a likeness!" cried I, without thinking what a fool I was for saying a word. Up she rose, with "Do you think so?"—and laid her work aside.—"Bless my heart," said I to her, "a man must be blind not to discover that at the first glance." "Indeed! Whom do you think it is intended to resemble?"—"Why young Mr. St. Alme, to be sure."—"St. Alme!" cried she, quite confused, and rather angry. "It certainly is not like him. I meant it to be a likeness of my brother, and was trying to paint it from memory." "That may be, madam," said I, "but you have

certainly made a mistake, for every feature is Mr St. Alme's."——"I tell you it is my brother—and no one else." Then she hid the portrait in her bosom, walked away, and was for the first time in her life out of humour with old Dominic. Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Alme.* How happy dost thou make me!

*Dom.* But while I am prating here, I forget——

*Alme.* Stay another moment, honest Dominic. You know not with what pleasure I listen to you!

*Dom.* Yes, yes—that I believe, but you know not how many errands I am sent upon. First the old lady—then the advocate—then Miss Clementina!——Above all things, Sir, beware of letting it be known that we have been talking together, for I should be scolded—and why?—Young people have a strange way of managing love affairs. Not a soul must know their secret, though it has been the town-talk for a month.—(*Shakes hands with* Dub.)—Farewell honest Penetration. Oh, you are a shrewd observer. You know she does not love your master—"Very evidently—It is plain as possible," Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Exit.*

*Alme.* Well, Dubois?

*Dub.* I am satisfied that your affection is completely returned, Sir.

*Alme.* And shall I marry another? Never! Never!

*Dub.* We must immediately devise means, then, to counteract your father's purpose.

*Alme.* You must aid me in this, Dubois.

*Dub.* My advice is that you go to Mr. Franval's at the usual hour, confess the whole to him, and make a declaration of your love to Miss Clementina in the presence of her brother. After receiving his consent, go directly to Count d'Harancour, whose daughter it is intended to force upon you. Describe your situation. He is a worthy man, and

will be pleased with the candour of your conduct. In this way you will, I think, defeat the ambitious project of your father.

*Alme.* You are right. I will follow your advice. The step is extremely delicate, I own; but I shall conduct myself with so much respect and openness, that the Count, who is just and generous, will sympathize in my distress, nay perhaps even assist me in obtaining her, who alone can make me happy.—Oh yes, he will, he will. His hotel is not far off. Go, and ask when I may be allowed to wait upon him. Say I wish to have a private interview.

*Dub.* I will, sir. Expect me again in a few minutes. [*Exeunt severally.*

*Enter the* Abbé del' Epée *and* Theodore *in travelling dresses.* Theodore *walks a few steps before the* Abbé, *and approaches in violent agitation—then turns, and makes a sign.*

*Abbé.* This sudden agitation painted in every feature allows me no longer to doubt that this place is known to him.

(The *rivets his eyes on the palace, walks towards the door, shrieks and falls into the* Abbé's *arms.*)

*Abbé.* What a dreadful tone!—Scarcely can he breathe.—Never have I before seen him thus affected!

(The. *hastily gives him to understand that he recognizes the house of his father. This is done by placing his hands alternately, and several times upon each other, then spreading his fingers to resemble the shape of a roof, and lastly by shewing with his right-hand the size of a child about three feet high.*)

*Abbé.* Yes, thank Heaven—he recognizes the habitation of his parents. Beloved, sweet place, where first we saw the light, where swiftly rolled away the years of childhood, never dost thou lose thy lawful claim upon our hearts. No human being is there

so devoid of sensibility as not to feel delighted, when he again beholds thee.

(The. *kisses the* Abbé's *hand, and endeavours to express his gratitude.*)

(Abbé. *replies by signs that thanks are due to Heaven, not him.*)

(The. *immediately kneels, and prays for a blessing on his benefactor.*)

*Abbé.*—(*Bending forward with uncovered head.*)—Oh thou, who with almighty power directest all our projects—thou, who didst inspire me with this great design, accept the thanks of an old man, who has acted under thy guidance and protection—accept the thanks of an orphan to whom thou hast made me a second father.—If I have honestly fulfilled my duty—if all my care and trouble may expect a recompence from heavenly justice, oh let it light upon the head of this unfortunate young man—let me in his happiness find my reward.—(*They sink into each other's arms.*)—Now I must learn to whom this palace belongs.

(Theodore *is going into the house, but the* Abbé *holds him back, and imitates a person who attempts to speak, but who is driven away without being listened to.* Theodore *understands him, and obeys.*)

*Enter* DUBOIS.

*Abbé.*—(*Aside.*)—Here comes one, whom I may ask.—(*Aloud.*)—Friend, can you tell me the name of this square?

*Dub.* The gentlemen are strangers, it appears. It is called St. George's Square.

*Abbé.* I thank you.—(Dubois *is going.*)—Another word, if you please. Do you know any thing of this palace?

*Dub.* To be sure I do. I have lived five years in it.

*Abbé.*—(*Aside.*)—A lucky accident.—(*Aloud.*)—To whom does it belong?

*Dub.* It was formerly Count Solar's, and now belongs to Mr. Darlemont, in whose service I am.

*Abbé.* Solar! Darlemont!—Who is this Mr. Darlemont?—(*During this conversation,* Theodore *surveys the house, and leans against the door with a mixture of delight and melancholy.*)

*Dub.* Who is he!—(*Aside.*)—This man is very inquisitive.

*Abbé.* Yes—his rank, his situation—

*Dub.* Upon my word I know no more of him than that he is one of the richest men in Toulouse.—But I am wanted. You will therefore excuse me.—(*As he goes into the house.*)—These strangers have their share of curiosity, however. [*Exit.*

*Abbé.* Could he divine why I was so inquisitive—but not a moment must be lost. First, let me find safe and convenient lodgings.—This palace, which probably bears the name of an ancient family, and this Darlemont, the present owner of it, must be well known in Toulouse—I will dive into the mystery.—(*Presses* Theodore, *who anxiously approaches, to his heart.*)—If my Theodore has parents possessed of sensibility, how many tears must they have shed, since they lost him. What transport shall I feel in restoring him to their embrace!—But if he be a sacrifice to villany—arm me, oh Heavenly Providence, arm me with power to redress his wrongs. Give mankind through me another proof that soon or late the most hidden crimes will be discovered, and that nothing can escape eternal justice. [*Exeunt,* Theodore *several times looking back at the palace.*

## *ACT THE SECOND.*

*Scene,* FRANVAL'S *Study. On his Desk is a Flower-pot, and on all sides are seen Books, Parchments, &c.* FRANVAL *is discovered, reading Papers.*

*Fra.* I find it impossible to withdraw my attention from the subject, on which I am appointed arbitrator. Is there any, indeed, which can be of greater importance to society, or more creditable to a man of my profession?—I am appointed to reconcile a husband to his wife. Alas! These separations are too frequent—and it behoves every honest man to exert himself in the prevention of them.

*Enter* CLEMENTINA *with a small basket..*

*Cle.* Good morning, dear brother.

*Fra.* Clementina, good morning.

*Cle.* I have brought some fresh flowers for your desk.—(*Puts them into the flower-pot.*)

*Fra.* This daily present and your daily kiss, good sister, make me diligent.—(*With a smile.*)—I have a friend, too, who would not be averse to the same inspiration.

*Cle.*—(*Confused.*)—Whom do you mean?

*Fra.* Whom!—You need not blush.—(*Rises, leads her forward, and rivets his eye on her.*)—Clementina!

*Cle.*—(*Abashed.*)—What do you want, dear brother!

*Fra.* These flowers and your affectionate kiss, are always welcome—but they will cease to be of any value, if you withhold from me your confidence.—Clementina, you cannot dissemble. I perceive—

*Cle.* Oh, cease!

*Fra.* Why should you oppose an irreproachable attachment! Is not St. Alme in every respect deserving of it?

*Cle.* I must own I have thought so.

*Fra.* I say nothing of his person and countenance——

*Cle.* They are noble and expressive.

*Fra.* Of his manners——

*Cle.* They are polite and captivating.

*Fra.* I confine myself to his mental qualifications. He is a sensible, candid, amiable young man. Such a character is to the woman who will be his wife the surest pledge of happiness.

*Cle.* That I have often thought.

*Fra.* In a word, he loves you.

*Cle.* Do you really think so, brother?

*Fra.* Have you not observed it?

*Cle.* I have been afraid of deceiving myself.

*Fra.* You confess, then, that you feel a regard for him?

*Cle.*—(*Falling into his arms.*)—Brother, you have learnt my secret.

*Enter* ST. ALME.

*Alme.*—(*Shaking hands with* Franval.)—Good morning, my dear friend.—(*With a respectful bow to* Clementina.)—Miss Clementina—

*Fra.* So early abroad—and so gaily dressed too! Some affair of consequence has surely caused this.

*Alme.* Of the utmost consequence to me.

*Fra.* May I know it?

*Cle.* You seem much agitated.

*Alme.* Who could be otherwise in my situation? You see me in despair—

*Cle.* Heavens!

*Alme.* My friend, never did I so much need your counsel as at present.

*Fra.* Explain yourself.

*Cle.* I will not be any interruption.—(*Going.*)

*Alme.* No. Stay I beseech you. I have just had a conversation with my father—

*Fra.* Upon what subject?

*Alme.* Still do I hear his dreadful menaces.—And why did he use them? Because I feel it impossible to gratify his ambition. If I could do this by shedding my blood, by sacrificing my life, I should not hesitate—but to renounce my attachment—my first attachment—(Clementina *cast her eyes upon the floor.*) —Cruel, obdurate parent! Has nature given you any right to make our sacred feelings the slaves of your arbitary will? Do you give us existence only to make us the victims of ambition?

*Fra.* Be calm, my friend, and proceed.

*Alme.* Our conversation turned upon that dreaded alliance, which I before have mentioned to you. My father has informed me that within three days the union must take place.—"Within three days!" exclaimed I, "Never! Never!" On hearing these words, which escaped me in a violent tone, my father was so much enraged that all attempts to soothe him were ineffectual. At length—feeling myself obliged to avow my sentiments—and being animated with the hope that the name of her I love would disarm him—I ventured to confess that my heart had already made its choice—I named Clementina!

*Cle.* Clementina!

*Alme.*—(*Falls at her feet.*)—I cannot, will not any longer conceal my sensations. Yes, lovely Clementina—you——you I love—shall love for ever; and if my presumptuous hopes—

*Cle.*—(*Trembling.*)—Rise, I beseech you. What said your father to this?

*Alme.* "She is an amiable young woman," said he, much embarrassed, "and in every respect

worthy of your choice, but I have other views—you must forget her." "Impossible!" cried I, pressing his hand to my heart. "Impossible!" repeated he, in a dreadful tone—and now he gave way to all the violence of fury, wounded my sensibility with the most galling reproaches, threatened me with disinheritance, and commanded me to quit his presence for ever.—My blood boiled—my senses almost forsook me—I left him—and fled hither, that on the bosom of a friend I might learn to bear the thought of being banished from the bosom of a father.

*Fra.*—(*Embracing him.*)—I am ready, dear St. Alme, to fulfil that friendly duty. My first advice is that you will endeavour to compose yourself, and never forget, that even the errors of a parent demand a respectful forbearance on the part of a child.

*Alme.* He thought to alarm me by his threats—but oh they have only bound me still closer to the object of my innocent attachment. Never did I love more fervently than now. Never was Clementina so lovely in my eyes—and if you both consent——

*Fra.* Happy should I have been to present my sister's hand to you—happy to have embraced a brother in my friend—and Clementina herself——

*Cle.* Brother!

*Fra.* Why withhold a confession which will so much alleviate his distress?—Yes, St. Alme, sincere as is your affection for Clementina, it is only an exchange of sensations which you have inspired.

*Alme.* Is it then true?—Is my love returned?—Dare I hope to hear a confirmation of my happiness from yourself?

*Cle.* As my brother has betrayed me, I will no longer conceal my attachment—but alas, why should I avow it, since your father——

*Alme.* Oh, I shall prevail upon him to renounce

his project. What can be impossible to the man, whom Clementina loves? If, before I had heard this sweet confession, I opposed his fury, surely my resolution must be doubled now.—To all his menaces I shall answer: Clementina loves me—dear father—Clementina loves me.—But I had quite forgotten that I must instantly see Count d'Harancour, whose assistance will be of the greatest service. I will speak to his feelings—I will describe the situation of my heart. Yes. Who can refuse to interest himself in behalf of the man that can boast he possesses the regard of Clementina.

[*Presses her hand to his lips and exit.*

*Fra.* Why does he go to Count d'Harancour?

*Cle.* I wish his ardour may not make him rash.

*Enter* DOMINIC *with some books.*

*Dom.* My mistress desires to know whether you will breakfast in the study?

*Fra.* If agreeable to her we will.

*Cle.* You have not yet seen my mother this morning. You know how rigid her ideas are with respect to these little attentions.

*Fra.* I have been so busy—but I'll go, and bring her hither.

*Cle.* In the mean time, I'll see that breakfast is forwarded. [*Exeunt* Fra. *and* Cle.

*Dom.*—(*Lays the books on the desk.*)—There! My name is not Dominic if I have not walked two miles this morning.—Let me see whether I have executed all my commissions.—(*Draws out a list.*)—for if not, the old lady will be sure to tell me again that I have lost my memory, and I am of no use.—(*Reads.*)—"To invite Mrs. Doubray and the prior of St. Mark in the name of my mistress." That's done. "To call at the library for some books ordered yesterday." There they are. "To see the parish officers, and

tell them not to proceed against the poor people, whose house was burnt, they being ready to pay the six hundred livres." Now would I bet a round sum, that these six hundred livres came out of my master's own pocket, to save an unfortunate family from ruin. "To leave two Louis d'ors in Laurence-lane, sent by Miss Clementina to the widow of the late Count Solar's porter."—Ay, poor old soul! How she blessed Miss Clementina—and well she might, for such a charitable friend is not found every day.—But, Mercy on us, here they come, and the cloth is not laid.—*(Draws a table forward, and brings breakfast.)*——

*Enter* FRANVAL, Mrs. FRANVAL, *and* CLEMENTINA.

*Mrs. F.* I tell you, son, there are very few families in Toulouse as ancient as ours, and I hope you will always remain worthy of your ancestry, though you are but an advocate.

*Fra.* I think, dear mother, my profession would be an honour to any one.—(*They seat themselves to breakfast.*)

*Mrs. F.* I confess, son, it mortifies me that you are not a seneschal like your father, but misfortunes and the injustice of mankind compelled me to sell that office at his death.

*Fra.* I am therefore obliged to my talents and exertion for the respect which I should otherwise only have acquired by accident and prejudice.

*Mrs. F.* I know very well that you hold a conspicuous place in the courts, but still it is a kind of degradation.

*Dom.* This letter is just come for you, madam, from Mr. Darlemont.

*Fra.* Mr. Darlemont!

*Mrs. F.* What can he want with me?—(*Reads.*)—"Madam, allow me to address you in defence of my most sacred rights"—What can he mean? Leave us Dominic.—(*Exit* Dom.)—"My most sacred rights. My son loves your daughter, and asserts that the attachment is mutual."

(Cle. *is much agitated,* Mrs. F. *casts a severe look towards her.*)

*Fra.* Proceed, I beg, dear mother.

*Mrs. F.* "Violent as may be the passion of my son, and amiable as the object of it may be, this connexion can never take place."—No, sir, it certainly cannot.

*Cle.*—(*Aside.*)—What torture!

*Fra.* Finish the letter, I beseech you.

*Mrs. F.* "I therefore hope, madam, that you will forbid his visits to your house, and no longer afford him any opportunity of bidding defiance to the rights and dignity of his father.—Darlemont."—No longer afford him an opportunity! Did any one ever hear such impertinence?

*Fra.* Be calm, dear mother.

*Mrs. F.* And who told this petty merchant, who became such a great man as it were but yesterday, that I wanted an alliance with his family. He might recollect, I think, that, rich as he may be, there is a material inequality between his rank and mine. I hope, son, that after this insult, you will order your doors to be shut on young St. Alme, and as for his father, if he ever——

*Enter* DOMINIC.

*Dom.* A stranger wishes to wait on you, sir.

*Fra.* A stranger!

*Dom.* Yes—an old man with grey hair. He looks like a priest.

*Fra.* Let him come. [*Exit* Dom.

*Mrs. F.*—(*Still reading the letter.*)—"This connexion can never take place." The upstart!

*Cle.*—(*Aside to* Fra.)—Oh, brother, I am lost.

*Dom.*—(*Without.*)—This way, sir, if you please.

*Enter* ABBE.

*Abbé.*—(*After the usual salutations.*)—Have I the honour of speaking to Mr. Franval, the advocate?

*Fra.* I am that person.

*Abbé.* Could you spare a quarter of an hour——

*Fra.* With great pleasure. May I ask with whom I have the pleasure of conversing?

*Abbé.* I live at Paris. My name is Del' Epée.

*Fra.* Del' Epée! But not the founder of an institution for instructing the deaf and dumb.

*Abbé.* The same.

*Fra.* Mother—sister—you see a man before you, who does honour to the age he lives in.—(*The ladies move respectfully.*)

*Abbé.*—(*Avoiding his praise.*)—Sir, I——

*Fra.* I often read the miraculous account of your success, and am always struck with astonishment and admiration. Be assured that no one feels a greater interest in your exertions, and more respect for your name than myself.

*Abbé.* Happy is it for me, then, that I applied to you.

*Fra.* What has procured me this good fortune?

*Abbé.* Your reputation, sir. I have to impart a matter of the greatest consequence.

*Mrs. F.* Come, Clementina, we will not be any hindrance.

*Abbé.* What I have to disclose cannot be too public. Above all things I wish to interest feeling hearts, and if these ladies will listen to me——

*Mrs. F.* As you allow it——

*Cle.*—*(Aside.)*—What a friendly tone, and what a venerable appearance!

*Fra.* Be seated, I beg.—*(All take chairs.)*

*Abbé.* I shall be somewhat diffuse, and yet I can omit nothing, which may assist me in the attainment of my object.

*Fra.* We are all attention.

*Abbé.* It is about eight years since an officer of the police in Paris brought to me a boy who was deaf and dumb. He had been found on the *Pont neuf*, appeared to be about nine or ten years of age, and was of an engaging appearance. The coarse tatters with which he was clothed, made me at first suppose he belonged to poor people, and I promised to take care of him.—The next morning, when I examined him more minutely, I observed a certain dignity in his looks. He seemed astonished at finding himself in rags, and I suspected that it was not without some intention he had been thus clothed and exposed. I immediately published the circumstance, and accurately described his person in the newspapers, but without effect. It is not usual with mankind to be too eager in acknowledging those who are unfortunate.

*Fra.* Alas, you are right, sir. How much is human nature often degraded!

*Abbé.* As I perceived that all investigation was in vain, and as I was convinced that this child was the victim of some secret intrigue, I now merely endeavoured to obtain information from himself. I called him Theodore, and received him among my pupils. He soon distinguished himself, and so entirely justified my hopes, that after the expiration of three years, his mind expanded, and he was, (if I may use the expression) a second time created. I conversed with him by signs, which in rapidity almost equalled thoughts. One day, as we drove past a court of justice in Paris, he saw a magistrate step from his

carriage, and was unusually agitated. I asked the reason, and he gave me to understand that a man like this, clothed in purple and ermine, had often embraced him, and shed tears over him. From this I concluded that he must be the son or near relation of some magistrate, who, from his robes, could only belong to a superior court of justice; consequently that my pupil's native place was probably a town of considerable size.———Another time, as we were walking together, we met the funeral of a nobleman. I immediately perceived the former agitation in Theodore, which increased as the procession came nearer. At length the hearse passed us—he trembled, and fell upon my neck. I questioned him, and he replied by signs that a short time before he was conveyed to Paris, he had followed the hearse, in which was the man, who had so often caressed him. From this I concluded he was an orphan, and the heir to a large fortune, of which his relations had been induced to deprive him by his helpless situation. These important discoveries doubled my zeal and resolution. Theodore became daily more interesting to me, and I began to cherish hopes of regaining his property for him. But how to begin my search? He had never heard his father's name; he knew not where he had received existence.—I asked him whether he remembered when he was first brought to Paris?—He answered in the affirmative, and assured me he should know the gates through which he entered. The very next morning we went forth to examine them, and when we approached those which are called *del' Enfer*, he made a sign that he recognized them; that the carriage was there examined, and that his two conductors, whose features still were present to his mind, alighted with him there.—These new discoveries proved that he came from the south of France. He added that he was several

days on the road—and that the horses were changed almost every hour. After making calculations from his several statements, I concluded that his native place was one of the principal towns in the south of France.

*Fra.* Oh, how penetrating is the mind when inspired by philanthropy! Proceed, proceed.

*Abbé.* After numberless unavailing enquiries by letter, I at last resolved to make a tour through the southern towns with Theodore. The various circumstances, which he so minutely recollected, made me hope that he would easily recognize the place of his nativity. The undertaking was certainly difficult, for I thought all expectations of success were idle, unless our journey was performed on foot. I am old, but Heaven was pleased to grant me strength. In spite of age and infirmity I left Paris about two months ago. I passed through the gates *del' Enfer*, which Theodore again recognized. When we had left Paris a little way behind us, we embraced each other, prayed that Heaven would guide our steps, and pursued our way with confidence. We have visited almost every place of magnitude, and now my strength was beginning to fail—my consolatary hopes were nearly exhausted, when this morning we arrived before the gates of Toulouse.

*Fra.*—(*With extreme anxiety.*)—Well?

*Abbé.* We entered the town—Theodore hastily seized my hand, and made a sign that he knew it. We proceeded. At every step his appearance became more animated, and tears fell from his eyes. We arrived at the market-place, when suddenly he threw himself on the earth, and raised his hands towards heaven—then sprung up, and informed me he had now found the place of his birth. Like him intoxicated with delight, I forgot all the fatigues of my journey. We wandered to other parts of the

town, and at length reached this square. He espied the palace. Exactly opposite to your house, uttered a loud shriek, threw himself breathless into my arms, and pointed out the habitation of his father.—I made enquiries, and learn that this palace formerly belonged to the family of Count Solar, the last branch of which is my pupil,—that all his property is in the possession of a Mr. Darlemont, the guardian and maternal uncle of the young Count, by a false declaration of whose death, he became possessed of it.—I immediately tried to discover who was the most eminent advocate in Toulouse, that I might entrust him with this important business.—You were mentioned to me, sir, and I am come to place in your hands what is dearest to me in the world—The fate of Theodore. Heaven sent him to me that I might educate him. Receive him from my hands, and let your exertions restore to him the rank and fortune, to which he is entitled by the laws of nature and of France.—*(All rise.)*

*Fra.*—*(With enthusiasm.)*—Rely on me—rely securely on the fervent zeal, which the confidence of such a man inspires. Never was I so happy—never so proud of my profession.—Oh, sir, you know not how it delights me to be of service to you.—*(Attempts to kiss the* Abbé's *hand, who opens his arms, into which* Franval *rushes.)*

*Abbé.* Yes, I can rely on you entirely. I see your tears.

*Cle.* Who can be so unfeeling as not to be affected by such a recital?

*Fra.* It is a painful circumstance that I should find the father of my friend so criminal, and I must beg you will in the first instance allow me to make every attempt which caution and delicacy will allow. Should these fail, I will unmask the hypocrite.

*Mrs. F.* I burn with desire to see him humbled in the dust from which he rose.

*Cle.*—(*Aside.*)—Happy prospect! St. Alme will now be as poor as myself.

*Fra.* But where did you leave your Theodore?

*Abbé.* At an inn, where he doubtless expects me with impatience.

*Fra.* Why did you not bring him hither?

*Cle.* I should be most happy to see him.

*Abbé.* A person who is deaf and dumb always creates distressing sensations. I was, therefore, afraid that his presence——

*Fra.* Surely not that it would diminish the interest inspired by his situation?

*Abbé.*—(*Taking his hand.*)—Hearts like yours are not every where to be found.

*Fra.* You must bring him to us—nay, I require more. The young man should not be left alone, when we are taking steps for him, which make his absence necessary. Accept a room in my house. Never have I with greater pleasure fulfilled the duties of hospitality.

*Abbé.* You are too good. I only fear——

*Mrs. F.* Sir, you will do us an honour by accepting my son's invitation.

*Cle.* After so fatiguing a journey you must want repose, and you will no where find yourself less disturbed than with us.

*Abbé.* Such intreaties I cannot withstand. I will go for my pupil.

*Fra.* And I will, in the mean time, consider how we should proceed. That we have to surmount many difficulties, I must not conceal from you. To counteract legal evidence—to wrest a considerable fortune from an ambitious and powerful usurper—to convict him of so atrocious a crime—all this requires the greatest caution.

*Abbé.* I rely entirely on your wisdom and talents. Be the event what it may, the conscious recollection of having done my duty, and your acquaintance, shall be my rewards. [*Exit.*

## *ACT THE THIRD.*

*Scene, the same room. Enter* CLEMENTINA *and* DOMINIC.

*Dom.* No, madam. Mr. St. Alme is not yet returned home.

*Cle.* How unfortunate! Never was his presence more necessary.

*Dom.*—*(Smiling.)*—Don't be afraid. He will not fail to come, I promise you. If he suspected that his company was so much wished for, he would have certainly——

*Cle.* Dominic, have you given the money to old Rachel as I directed?

*Dom.* To be sure I have.—Poor soul! She was seated at her spinning-wheel, when I entered. "Good day to you, Rachel!" said I. "Your servant Mr. Dominic. I hope your good young mistress is well."—"Quite well, Rachel, and how are you?"—"Why so so"—and here the poor creature began to cough—"but I will contrive to work for my living."—"There is a present from Miss Clementina. Take it, Rachel."—"How! What! Two Louis d'ors?—Oh the dear generous lady!" Then she kissed the money—then began to pray for your

happiness and health.—I'll lay my life that she comes to thank you in the course of to-day.

*Cle.* Honest Rachel! How willingly do I assist her!—I never shall forget how attentive she was during my illness. When she comes, Dominic, contrive that no one may see her except myself.

*Dom.* I will.—Poor old creature! Her circumstances are sadly reduced! When her late husband was porter to Count Solar, she wanted nothing; but Mr. Darlemont unmercifully drove them both out of doors, with all the rest who had been in the service of his brother-in-law. The honest porter died broken-hearted, and many of the rest would have followed him, if Mr. St. Alme's generosity had not——

*Cle.* Mr. St. Alme certainly wishes to make every atonement for his father's injustice.

*Dom.* True, madam. One is as proud, gloomy, and severe, as the other is open, friendly, and liberal.——Oh, he will one day be a good master—and a good husband too.—Don't you think so, Miss Clementina?

*Cle.*—(*Confused.*)—Undoubtedly—I believe—that whoever obtains his affections——

*Dom.* Some one has already obtained them.

*Cle.* Indeed!

*Dom.* I know it to a certainty.

*Cle.* Right! I remember to have heard that he is engaged to Count d'Harancour's daughter.

*Dom.* I have heard as much too—but that match will never take place.

*Cle.* Do you think it will not?

*Dom.* To be sure I do. We love another lady.—We prefer content to riches. Every one has his taste—and we have therefore cast our eyes upon one of the most amiable objects——

*Cle.* Is the room in order, which the strangers will occupy?

*Dom.* Not quite.

*Cle.* Go then, and make every thing ready. They will be here directly.

*Dom.* Well, well—I am going.—(*Aside.*)—I never can prevail upon her to own that she loves him.

[*Exit.*

*Cle.* This old man delights in tormenting me. I felt my cheeks glow at every word he uttered——At present I will confine my ideas to this important discovery of the venerable Del' Epée——and the new hope which it inspires.—Should Darlemont lose his fortune, the gulph between his son and me will vanish. Love will be no longer subservient to ambition, but will enforce its rights.——Yet will my mother, who thinks herself insulted by his conduct—Soft! They come.

*Enter* Mrs. FRANVAL *and* FRANVAL.

*Mrs. F.* And can you, son, have any hesitation in delivering over such a wretch to the vengeance of the law? By being merciful you become an accomplice in the crime.

*Fra.* Can I forget that Darlemont is the father of my friend?—(*To* Clementina.)—Has Dominic requested St. Alme to come hither?

*Cle.* Yes, brother, he has left a message with the servant. St. Alme was not within.

*Mrs. F.* I must own, son, that after receiving so insolent a letter from the father, I do not wish to see the son in my house.

*Fra.* Is it just that he should suffer for his father's misconduct?

*Cle.* My dear mother, he is so far from approving of his father's behaviour, that he wishes to make every one forget it.

*Mrs. F.* But such a letter I never will forget.

*Fra.* Were Darlemont alone concerned in this

case, I would without mercy tear away the veil, and expose him to the abhorrence of mankind! but you know the power of prejudice. I cannot unmask him, without attaching disgrace to his innocent son.

*Cle.* Yes, innocent he is, indeed. How often in our presence has he lamented the death of his cousin! How many tears has he shed, when he called to mind the companion of his infancy! It is impossible to unite greater openness with more tender sensibility. It is impossible—(*Her mother looks at her with a frown—she turns to* Franval.)—Am I not right, brother?

*Fra.* Undoubtedly. No one can know St. Alme without being convinced. But see—here come our guests.

*Enter* ABBE' *and* THEODORE.

*Abbé.* I have brought my Theodore.

(The. *bows with a friendly air to all, and at last fixes his eyes* on Clementina.)

*Mrs. F.* The exact image of his late father!

*Abbé.* Indeed, Madam! Do you perceive that?

*Mrs. F.* I never saw so strong a likeness.

[The. *gazes with a penetrating look at* Franval.

*Fra.* His countenance is expressive, and commands respect. It bears the stamp of his instructor's mind.

(The. *makes signs to the* Abbé. *He places his right hand on his forehead, and then stretches out his arm with force and dignity.*)

*Fra.* What does this imply?

*Abbé.* That he reads in your appearance the certainty of success.

*Fra.* Yes. I pledge my sacred promise he shall regain his rights.—(*Embraces* Theodore.)

(The. *with a look of distress puts his hand to his*

*mouth, and then to his ears—he grasps one of* Franval's *hands and lays it on his heart.*)

*Fra.* What means this?

*Abbé.* That he cannot express his gratitude by words, but that you may feel it by the beating of his heart.

*Fra.* Is it possible you can so exactly understand him?

*Abbé.* Perfectly.

*Mrs. F.* He can comprehend what you mean too?

(The. *again fixes his eyes on* Clementina.)

*Abbé.* Most certainly. By this alone was I able to improve his mind and heart.

*Cle.* How attentively he observes me!

*Abbé.* Be not surprised at that. Genuine beauty always attracts his notice. Nature, who has been in many respects so cruel a stepmother to him, has made some reparation by granting him a nicety of instinct, and a mind which takes impressions with a facility most wonderful and rapid. The genius of persons in his unfortunate situation, when once summoned into action, makes much greater progress than our own. I have among my pupils profound mathematicians, able historians, and distinguished literati. This very youth, who stands before you, obtained the prize last winter for his skill in poetry, and to the great astonishment of his competitors was openly crowned in the Lyceum.

*Fra.* I remember that the newspapers mentioned this phenomenon, and consecrated the name of Del' Epée to immortality.

*Cle.* But how is it possible that one who is deaf and dumb, should comprehend and express——

*Abbé.* He can even answer any question on the spot. I'll give you an example.—(*Strikes* Theodore *on the shoulder to awake his attention, points with the fore-finger of his right hand to his forehead, then to* Clementina, *and finally seems to write some lines on his left hand.*)

(The. *makes a sign that he understands him—seats himself at the desk and prepares to write.*)

*Abbé.* Now ask any question. Through the interpretation of my signs he will comprehend it, and write it on paper, with his answer below. He awaits your commands.

*Cle.* I scarcely know what question——

*Abbé.* The first that occurs to you.

*Cle.*—(*After a moment's consideration.*)—Who is, in your opinion, the greatest man now existing in France?

*Abbé.* Now, have the goodness to begin once more, and repeat the words slowly as if you were dictating them to himself.

(The. *attends and writes.*)

*Cle.* Who is——

(Abbé *throws both hands forward, spreading his fingers, and then with the fore-finger of his right hand describes a semicircle from right to left.*)

*Cle.* In your opinion——

(Abbé *points to his forehead—then to* Theodore.)

*Cle.* The greatest man——

(Abbé *raises his right hand thrice, and then both hands as high as possible—then lets them sink to his shoulders, and thence over his breast quite to his waist.*)

*Cle.* Now existing——

(Abbé *describes life by drawing his breath deeply several times, and placing his hand on his pulse.*)

*Cle.* In France?

(Abbé *raises both hands and points to every thing around him.*)

(*All these signs must be made with minuteness, but also with rapidity, that the action of the scene may not be suspended.*)

*Abbé.*—(*Takes the paper from* Theodore, *and presents it to* Franval.)—In the first place you perceive that he has written the question properly.

*Fra.* It is faithful and correct.

(Abbé *returns the paper to* Theodore, *who sits in a meditating attitude.*)

*Cle.* He seems embarrassed.

*Abbé.* The question is rather of a difficult nature, you must allow.

(Theodore's *features become gradually more animated, and he writes.*)

*Fra.* What fire darts from his eyes! What animation is there in his every feature! He seems at the same time satisfied and affected. I am much mistaken, if his answer will not bear the united marks of sensibility and understanding.

(The. *rises, presents the paper to* Clementina, *and makes a sign, requesting she will read it.* Franval *and his mother approach with great curiosity.* Theodore *places himself close to the* Abbé, *and anxiously observes them.*)

*Cle.*—(*Reads.*)—"Question: Who is, in your opinion, the greatest man at present living in France? —Answer: Nature names Buffon—the sciences d'Alembert—truth and feeling speak in behalf of Rousseau—wit and taste of Voltaire—but genius and humanity loudly declare—the Abbé del' Epée. Him I prefer to all."

(The. *represents a pair of scales, by letting his hand rise and sink alternately—he then raises one hand as high as possible, points with the fore-finger of the other at the* Abbé, *and falls into his arms.*)

*Abbé.*—(*Presses him to his heart with emotion, which he endeavours, but in vain, to hide.*)—Pardon his mistake—it arises from enthusiastic gratitude.

*Fra.*—(*Looking at the paper.*)—My astonishment cannot be equalled.

*Mrs. F.* No one but a witness of the transaction would believe it.

*Cle.* I can scarcely suppress my tears.

*Fra.* This answer at once indicates refined taste

and extensive knowledge. What endless care and trouble must it have cost you to produce such consequences?

*Abbé.* To tell you how much it has cost me is impossible—but the exalted idea of being, as it were, a new creator, inspired me with strength and resolution. If the peasant feels delight when he beholds the abundant harvest which rewards his industry; judge what must be my sensations, when I stand in the midst of my pupils, and see how the unfortunate beings emerge by degrees from darkness—how they become animated by the first beam of heavenly light—how they step by step discover their powers, impart their ideas to each other, and form around me an interesting family of which I am the happy father. Yes, there are many more brilliant delights—many more easily attained, but I doubt whether in universal nature there is one more real.

*Fra.* And believe me, of all the celebrated men, whom Theodore has accurately described, none will so long live in the recollection of posterity as you. If France be ready to erect monuments in commemoration of our heroes, can she refuse one to the creative genius, which, by persevering industry and patience inexhaustible, made amends for the forgetfulness of nature?

*Dom.*—(*Within.*)—But I tell you, Rachel, you must come at another time. Miss Clementina cannot see you now.

*Enter* RACHEL *and* DOMINIC.

*Rac.* Not see me! I must thank her—I must kiss her hand.

*Dom.*—(*Aside to* Clementina.)—It was impossible to keep her back.

(The. *casts a look towards* Rachel, *and seems to be struck with some sudden recollection.*)

*Rac.* Forgive me, Madam, if I take the liberty—and you, dear Mr. Advocate, if I disturb you—but my heart was so full that I could not stay at home. I came to thank my good, kind-hearted Miss Clementina——

*Cle.* Rachel, it is not worth while——

*Rac.* Oh, allow me, dear lady——

*Mrs. F.* Daughter, what means all this?

(The. *examines every feature of* Rachel, *is greatly agitated, and makes signs to the* Abbé, *which the latter observes with joy and astonishment.* Theodore *imitates a man who knocks at a door, and then points at* Rachel.)

*Rac.* Her bashfulness will not let her answer, but I came to relieve my heart. You must know, Madam, that since Miss Clementina recovered from her illness, scarcely a day has passed without her sending clothes or victuals to me, and only this morning Mr. Dominic brought me two Louis d'ors, which will enable me to assist some of my poor neighbours. —(*Kisses* Clementina's *hand.*)—Oh, how sincerely I thank you!

*Abbé.* Good woman——

*Rac.* Sir!——

*Abbé.* Were you not in the service of the late Count Solar?

*Rac.* My husband was his porter five-and-thirty years.

*Abbé.* Do you remember to have ever seen little Julius, who was deaf and dumb?

*Rac.* Remember it! Many a time have I carried him in my arms. Alas! We suffered so much by his death, that I shall never forget him.

*Abbé.*—(*Leads her to* Theodore, *who gazes at her with great emotion.*)—'Tis well. Look at this Youth——

*Rac.* What do I see? Is it possible?

*Abbé.* Examine him minutely.

(The. *removes the hair from his face that she may see all his features—then signifies by signs, that when he was a child she had carried him in her arms.*)

*Rac.* It is Julius—it is he, whom we all loved so much; whose death we so much lamented. Oh yes, yes, I recognize him.—(*Falls at his feet.*)

(The. *raises and embraces her.*)

*Dom.* And I was such a fool as to tell her she must not come in.

*Abbé.* What a strange but important discovery!

*Fra.* True. It will doubtless procure us incontestible evidence.

*Mrs. F.* And this haughty Darlemont will be humbled. That delights me above every thing.

*Cle.* While secretly assisting a fellow-creature in distress, I have supported a witness for the injured Theodore.—Oh, celestial charity!

*Rac.* Oh that my poor husband were alive!—But how happens it that this dear youth, whom we thought dead, should now be in Toulouse? By what miracle——

*Abbé.* You shall know every thing, good woman. But tell me—are you so firmly convinced of seeing Julius Count Solar before you, that you will testify this before a court of justice?

*Rac.* Before God and all the world.

*Fra.* Can you procure us the evidence of some old servants, who as well as yourself knew the young Count in his infancy?

*Rac.* Oh yes. The coachman's widow is still alive.

*Dom.* And Peter, the groom. He came with his wife to see me only a few days since. They live at no great distance.

*Mrs. F.* They should be sent for immediately.

*Dom.* I'll run——

*Fra.* Stay.—(*To the* Abbé.)—I have already told you that my friendship for St. Alme makes forbearance at first my duty. Let us, therefore go to Dar-

lemont—let us make our united attack, you with the irresistible arms of nature's interpreter—I with the language of our laws, and all the force which a just cause inspires.—Hardened in villany as he may be, we shall prevail.

*Abbé.* You are right, and I think I know the means, which will ensure success.—(*Leads* Theodore *aside, and informs him, by signs, what they have resolved upon.*)

*Fra.*—(*To the rest.*)—I recommend profound secrecy to you all.

*Rac.* I promise it.

*Dom.* Be at ease on my account.

*Mrs. F.* As for me, I shall make no such agreement.

*Cle.* But dear mother——

*Mrs. F.* But dear daughter—you may say what you like, but I will not deprive myself of the pleasure which I feel in declaring my opinion of this Darlemont. He is an ambitious wretch, who ought to be humbled—an abandoned villain, who ought to be severely punished. [*Exeunt.*

## *ACT THE FOURTH.*

*Scene, a magnificent room in* COUNT SOLAR'S *Palace.*

*Enter* DARLEMONT, DUPRE', *and* DUBOIS.

*Dar.* My son not yet returned?

*Dub.* No, sir.

*Dar.* And forbade you to follow him?

*Dub.* He did, sir.

*Dar.* Can he, in defiance of his father, be at Franval's?

*Dub.* Scarcely, sir; for Mr. Franval has just sent to enquire for him.

*Dar.* Go, and remain with the porter till he arrives—then tell him to come hither instantly—instantly I say. [*Exit* Dub.
Well Dupré, what do you want?

*Dup.*—(*Who, when he entered the room, appeared to be much dejected, draws forth a purse.*)—I come, sir, to return the five-and-twenty Louis d'ors, which you sent this morning.

*Dar.* Return them! Why?—They are the first half-yearly payment of the pension which I lately granted for your services.

*Dup.* I beg, sir, you will take them again. It is impossible I can receive money for a deed which will oppress my heart as long as I live.

*Dar.* Will you never forget this boy, then?

*Dup.* Never. His image is always present to me. How well do I recollect the look, which he cast towards me, when——

*Dar.* No more of this! What regard could you or any one feel for a mere automaton?

*Dup.* But you must allow, sir, he had good natural abilities and an excellent heart. Young as he was, whenever he saw a beggar he would relieve him. He knew no greater pleasure than to share all he had with others. And surely, sir, you recollect that he saved your son's life. Mr. St. Alme had thrown stones at a dog till it turned and attacked him. Julius saw the danger, flew like lightning to his assistance, and fell upon the furious beast, by which he received a dangerous wound in his right arm.

*Dar.* How often am I to be reminded of this?

*Dup.* Does it not prove that the young Count

possessed as much courage as goodness of heart?—Alas! Who can know this better than myself? I was the confidential servant of his father—I attended him during his childhood—yet I (oh, infamous!) I was prevailed upon to forsake him, and become an accomplice in your guilt.

*Dar.*—(*Incensed.*)—Dupré!

*Dup.* Yes, sir—an accomplice in your guilt. The man who has deprived an old servant of his peace of mind, after his conduct had been irreproachable for fifty years, ought to hear his complaints and respect his sufferings.

*Dar.*—(*Suppresssing his rage—aside.*)—I must be calm.—(*Aloud.*)—My dear Dupré, this excess of sensibility misleads you. Is it possible that, after having possessed my confidence so long, you can betray me?

*Dup.* Oh, what service would it be? Where could we now expect to find the unfortunate young man? No. I have promised secrecy, and my promise shall be sacred, but only on condition that you never again remind me of your hateful pension. My conscience is sufficiently oppressed, and shall not be loaded with the still further guilt of taking a bribe, which reflects equal disgrace on the giver and receiver. [*Exit.*

*Dar.* This fellow's scruples perplex me. Cruel necessity! to be thus dependant on a menial!—but what need I fear? Is not the boy far from his native home? Was he not left in the very centre of Paris? He probably passes his life in some religious institution—or perhaps is dead. At all events, how can one in his situation give any account of his origin? Dupré alone—I must treat him kindly—must suppress my rage when in his presence—and above all things never lose sight of him. Oh wealth, wealth, how many humiliations hast thou cost me—how dearly have I paid for the enjoyment of thee!

*Enter* ST. ALME.

*Alme.* I obey your summons, sir.

*Dar.* My son, I will once more speak to you—but observe me well—if you do not without hesitation accede to my wishes—we see each other for the last time. Where have you spent the morning?

*Alme.* Dear sir, I am incapable of dissimulation. I am just come from Count d'Harancour.

*Dar.*—(*Alarmed.*)—How! Without me! What were you doing at his house?

*Alme.* I have opened my whole heart to him—I have acquainted him with my affection for Miss Franval.

*Dar.* What? Had you the audacity——.

*Alme.* I know I have acted contrary to your will; but judge, sir, what influence my attachment must have over me, when it can make the idea of displeasing you supportable.

*Dar.* And what said the count?

*Alme.* Oh, my father! What a noble exalted soul does he possess!

*Dar.* What said he? Answer me.

*Alme.* I will repeat his exact words: "The connection between you and my daughter would have gratified me much, and have been a consolation to me in the decline of life—but the choice which you have made is unexceptionable."

*Dar.*—(*Whose rage increases.*)—How!

*Alme.* "The ties by which you are united to so amiable a lady must be indissoluble."

*Dar.* Indissoluble!

*Alme.* My recital seems to make you angry, sir.

*Dar.* Proceed, sir—finish it.

*Alme.*—(*With diffidence and timidity.*)—At last he assured me that my frank avowal by no means offended him—that he approved of the motives by

which I was guided—that he would even exert his influence to obtain your consent. Yes, sir, I hope he will soon be here to unite his entreaties with my own.

*Dar.* And you can even flatter yourself with the idea that I shall listen to his entreaties—that I shall become the plaything of your humours?

*Alme.* My father!

*Dar.* Was there ever a man more unfortunate than myself! I became possessed—(*He hesitates awhile.*)—of a considerable fortune. I wish, by availing myself of this, to bring about an alliance between my only son, and one of the first families in the province. After having surmounted every difficulty, and removed every prejudice—an ungrateful boy defeats my plan, and refuses wealth—rank—consequence—every thing.

*Alme.* Of what value are wealth and rank to me? —Of what consequence is any title but the title of Clementina's husband?

*Dar.* Fool! Thou, who canst despise this wealth and rank, knowest not what it costs to gain them.—(*Seizes his arm, and draws him forward.*)—No, I say. Thou knowest not what it costs.

*Alme.* Whatever may have been the sacrifices by which you obtained your present fortune, can they be placed in competition with those, which you demand of me? I love—adore Clementina—and now I can also add—I am beloved by her.

*Dar.* How have you learnt this?

*Alme.* From herself.

*Dar.* And this confession on the part of a poor and designing woman can make you renounce the splendid prospects, which I open to your view?

*Alme.* Oh, my father, wound my heart in every way—do any thing, every thing to counteract me—but spare me, I beseech you, the agony of hearing the idol of my soul calumniated. That I cannot

bear.—Yes. Clementina has obtained my affection, but not by any designing arts. Her enchanting beauty, her numerous virtues, and unexceptionable birth, were all the snares she used.

*Dar.—(For a moment confused, and almost ashamed.)*—For the last time hear your father's command. You must renounce Miss Franval.

*Alme.* Rather will I die.

*Dar.—(In a mild tone.)*—My peace of mind depends upon it.

*Alme.* And my life.

*Dar.—(In a tone of entreaty.)*—Yield to my wishes.

*Alme.* I love and am beloved.

*Dar.—(Embracing him.)*—My son, I conjure you——

*Alme.—(Kissing his hand.)*—Dear father, I love and am beloved.

*Dar.—(Pushes him furiously away.)*—Enough! Begone.—(Alme *again attempts to kiss his hand, which he withdraws.*)—Begone, I say.

[*Exit* Alme.

(*After a long pause.*)—Never shall I succeed in overpowering so violent a passion.—This alliance with the daughter of Count d'Harancour would have made my credit equal to my wealth, and would have been a protection against every possible danger. It was my dearest wish—my only ambition.—— Alas! My plan is entirely defeated.

*Enter* DUBOIS.

*Dub.* Mr. Franval requests a private interview, Sir.

*Dar.* Franval the advocate?

*Dub.* Yes, Sir.

*Dar.* Tell him I am not at home. [*Exit* Dub. Doubtless he comes to persuade me that this union

with his sister is most eligible. Yes, yes. They are all concerned in the plot. These lawyers of repute think themselves equal to any one, and I rejoice it is in my power to humble the arrogance of this Franval. He shall learn——

*Re-enter* DUBOIS.

*Dub.* He has sent me again, Sir, to inform you that he is accompanied by the Abbé del' Epée, instructor of the deaf and dumb at Paris.

*Dar.*—(*Alarmed.*)—The Abbé del' Epée!

*Dub.* And that they wish to communicate several circumstances of the utmost importance.

*Dar.*—(*Aside, in great confusion.*)—What a suspicion enters my mind! Every thing combines to torture me.

*Dub.* I wait your commands, Sir.

*Dar.*—(*Endeavouring to summon resolution.*)—Let them come. [*Exit* Dub.

Horrible suspicion!—I must prepare myself.—— What can have brought this celebrated Abbé to Toulouse?—What can he want with me?——Is it possible, that after the expiration of eight years, in spite of every precaution,——Alas! 'Shall I never know a moment's peace?—Ha!—They come. Let me be firm.

*Enter* FRANVAL *and the* ABBE'.

*Abbé.*—(*With a bow.*)—Mr. Darlemont——

*Dar.* Be seated.—You have requested a private interview. May I ask——

*Fra.* A regard for the father of my friend, and a wish to do an act of justice, bring us hither.

*Dar.* Explain yourself if you please.

*Abbé.*—(*Minutely observing him.*)—I shall surprise you much. Know, sir, that accident, or rather

Providence, has delivered your nephew, Count Solar, into my hands.

[Darlemont *is extremely agitated.*

*Fra.* Yes, sir, your nephew is alive, and in his name the Abbé del' Epée now demands his fortune.

*Dar.*—(*Endeavouring to suppress his fears.*)—Julius alive, say you?

*Abbé.* Heaven has rewarded me by preserving his existence.

*Dar.* That would be most welcome news to me—but, alas, it is impossible. The young Count died at Paris eight years ago.

*Abbé.*—(*Keenly rivetting his eyes on him.*)—Are you sure of that?

*Fra.* You may have been deceived.

*Dar.* I myself was present—and—

*Abbé.* How! Were you yourself present when he died?—Did you yourself see the dead body?

*Dar.*—(*Embarrassed.*)—Without replying to your interrogatories, I think it sufficient if I tell you that the death of Julius Count Solar was, at the time alluded to, legally proved, and rendered indisputable by a legal document.

*Abbé.*—(*Still observing him very minutely.*)—That document is false—I am at this moment more convinced of it than ever.

*Dar.* And on what is this conviction founded?

*Abbé.* Excuse my frankness—on your confusion. Every thing betrays you, against your will.

*Dar.*—(*Rises.*)—Dares any one attach a suspicion——

*Abbé.*—(*Who also rises, as well as* Franval.)—A man, who has studied nature during sixty years, who has traced all her effects to the very causes which produce them—such a man finds it not difficult to read the human heart. With my first look I discovered every thing concealed in yours.

*Dar.* I have nothing to reproach myself with—

nor am I bound to give you any account of my conduct. By what right, indeed, and with what pretence do you come hither?

*Abbé.* By the right of eight years' labour, care, and patience—by the right (which every worthy man possesses) of assisting a fellow-creature in distress. With what pretensions?—I have but one; it is just, and I will enforce it. Heaven entrusted Count Solar to me that I might love him, educate him, and avenge him. The will of Heaven I have hitherto obeyed, and still obey.

*Dar.* Avenge him!

*Fra.* The rights by which I too appear before you are not inferior to his. My first incitement is the confidence of this celebrated man, who has fixed on me to complete a work than which none was ever yet more honourable to humanity. My second is the duty which my profession demands, to protect the weak against the powerful, and ever assist the oppressed.

*Dar.* Of what oppression are you pleased to speak?

*Fra.* As to my pretensions, I too have only one. I wish to be a mediator between you and the young Count.

*Dar.* I do not understand you.

*Fra.* Nothing can counteract his claims. If you have been guilty, you may still make reparation. Confide in me, and be assured that next to the orphan's interest nothing in the world shall be more sacred to me than the honour of my friend's father.

*Dar.* But once more I ask what evidence have you that this young man, for whom you so much interest yourselves, is Count Solar? There are many others, who are deaf and dumb.

*Fra.* Every circumstance corroborates it.

*Abbé.* The time at which you took him to Paris was the same at which he was brought to me——

*Fra.* And the same at which his death was reported here. His age—his natural defects——

*Abbé.* His striking likeness to his late father——

*Dar.* Likeness!

*Abbé.* His joy and agitation on entering this town, and on seeing this palace——

*Fra.* The discovery of a former servant——

*Abbé.* And finally his own declaration.

*Dar.* His own declaration!

*Fra.* The statements which he has made with so much confidence and certainty——

*Dar.* Statements!

*Abbé.* Does this astonish you?—You fancied it impossible, I presume, that one unfortunately deaf and dumb——

*Fra.* Know that Julius found in this man a second creator; that, guided by his instructions, nourished by his virtues, inspired by his genius, your nephew has received a complete education.—He is acquainted with the past as well as the present. Nothing escapes his memory and penetration. Even you——

*Dar.*—(*With increasing embarrassment.*)—No. Never will I acknowledge this stranger. My nephew's death was clearly proved, and I am ready before any court of justice to——

*Fra.* Reflect what you are about.—More than one old judge is still alive, who may easily recognize in this youth the features of a man whose memory is revered by all Toulouse. Reflect that every inhabitant of this town will be affected by the young Count's return, and the narrative of all that has been done for him by the philanthropic Abbé. Look at this venerable man—count his grey hairs, and you will count his good actions. Once more, be-

ware of the courts of justice. You will be convicted, and branded with infamy for ever.

*Dar.* Your threats alarm me not: for, even if the legal document were to be declared false, the law can only punish those who signed it.

*Fra.* But if witnesses charge you with bribery, and acknowledge themselves to have been accomplices in your guilt, think you then to escape punishment? Ha! You shudder.

*Abbé.* The confession trembles on your lips. Relieve your heart.

*Fra.* Rid yourself at once of the tortures, which you have so long endured.

*Abbé.* You know not the satisfaction arising from a frank confession of an error.

*Fra.*—(*Takes one of his hands.*)—Follow our advice.

*Abbé.*—(*Takes the other.*)—Yield to our entreaties.

*Dar.*—(*Tears himself away.*)—Leave me, leave me.—(*Covers his face with both hands.*)

*Abbé.*—(*Apart to* Franval.)—He is alarmed. Now let us strike the decisive blow.—(*Opens the door.*)

*Enter* THEODORE *and* RACHEL.

(Abbé *leads* Theodore *close to* Darlemont, *so that when the latter turns, his first look must fall on* Theodore.)

*Dar.*—(*Aside, while he endeavours to summon resolution.*)—These two men have so much cunning—so much penetration—but I will brave them.—(*Assumes an air of defiance, turns and espies* Theodore.)—Gracious God!—(*Stands rooted to the spot.*)

(Theodore *gazes intently at* Darlemont, *shrieks, flies into the* Abbé's *arms, and indicates by signs that he recognizes his guardian.*)

*Abbé.*—(*After a pause.*)—Now, Sir! Can you still doubt whether this is Count Solar?

*Dar.*—(*Most violently agitated.*) — This — my nephew!

*Fra.* How! Even now do you——

*Dar.* If he were Julius—why would he avoid me? Why would he not come to my arms?

*Abbé.* If he were not Julius, why this alarm when he espied the author of his sufferings? Yes. If any doubt had still remained, this evidence of nature would completely remove it.

*Dar.* I do not recognize him, and never will, unless legal evidence——

*Abbé.* You do not recognize him! Why, then, do you tremble thus?

*Dar.* Who? I!

*Abbé.* Whence that involuntary shriek at sight of the young Count?

*Fra.* And why now avert your face?

*Abbé.* In vain do you contend against nature.

(Theodore *makes further signs, by which he endeavours to describe a child, whose clothes are stripped from his body, and exchanged for rags.*)

*Abbé.* My pupil himself assures me that he recollects you—that it was you who took him to Paris—that it was you who——

*Dar.* Enough! I am weary of your nonsensical remarks. Away! Leave me, all of you.

*Fra.*—(*With energetic dignity.*)—We shall not obey your orders. We are in the palace of Count Solar.

*Dar.* Begone, I say—or dread my fury.

*Enter* ST. ALME.

*Alme.* What a strange noise! Can any one dare to insult my father? What do I see? Franval!

(Theodore *recognizes* Alme, *and flies with a joyful acclamation into his arms.*)

*Alme.* Who is this young man?

*Fra.* Your cousin Julius—your father's ward.

*Alme.*—(*Delighted.*)—Is it possible?

*Dar.* An infamous deception, my son!

*Alme.* Oh, no, no. It is true that time has altered these features, but I feel that my heart——

*Dar.* An infamous deception, I tell you—a snare laid for us.

*Alme.* A snare! That I can soon decide.—(*Examines* Theodore's *arm, and shews a scar.*)—'Tis he.

*Dar.* How!

*Alme.* Yes—'tis he. Look at the wound he obtained in defending my life. 'Tis he—my preserver.

[*Embraces* Theodore *with heartfelt satisfaction.*

*Dar.* St. Alme, go to your room.

*Alme.* What! Would you separate Julius and me so soon?

*Dar.* Go, or tremble.

*Alme.* No. I will stay—even if your curse fall upon me at this moment—even if heaven's lightning blast me on the spot. He was my first friend—the companion of my earliest years. Who can resist the impulse of nature?

[*Again clasps* Theodore *in his arms.*

(Darlemont, *overpowered by shame and fury, throws himself into a chair.*)

*Abbé.* And does not even this scene affect you? Can you see all our tears, and be callous? Oh, Sir, how much I pity you!

*Fra.* Yield to the power of conviction and corroborating circumstances. Oppose us no longer. Your own son——

*Alme.* Father, for heaven's sake——

*Dar.* Peace!—(*To* Abbé *and* Franval.)—I do not know this young man. Say what you will—produce what proofs you may, I can maintain the validity of a legal document, and my own rights. I insist upon it that you leave my house.

*Abbé.*—(*Takes the hand of* Theodore.)—Come, then, unfortunate orphan—come, thou weak plant, which the tempest has already bent so low.—(Theodore *observes a tear in his eye, and gently wipes it away.*)—Come. If the law will not avenge thy wrongs; if avarice and ambition drive thee from the habitation of thy fathers, still there is one asylum open to thee—still thou shalt be welcome to the peaceful abode and affectionate heart of Del'Epée!

*Alme.*—(*With reverential astonishment.*)—Del'Epée!

(Abbé *draws* Theodore *after him. Both cast a look towards* Darlemont, *who sits with downcast eyes.*)

(Rachel *follows them to the door.*)

*Fra.*—(*To* Darlemont, *after embracing* Alme.)—If I have hitherto exercised that forbearance which I thought due to the father of my friend, be now assured I will do my duty to its utmost extent, and arm myself with that determination which my abhorrence of your conduct inspires. Whatever may be the shadow of hope, at which you grasp, whatever reliance you may place upon your wealth and power, be assured, Mr. Darlemont, you shall not escape me.

[*Exeunt* Franval, Abbé, Theodore, *and* Rachel.

*Alme.* Franval! My friend! In a few moments I will be at your house.

*Dar.*—(*Aside.*)—At last they are gone.

*Alme.* Hear me, my father.

*Dar.* Away from me!

*Alme.* It is Julius. Can you still have any doubt?

*Dar.* Leave me, wretch!

*Alme.* You draw down destruction on us.

*Dar.* Say rather thou thyself dost this. Madman—Thy rashness—but I will counteract all they can do—— [*Going.*

*Alme.*—(*Falls at his feet, and detains him.*) By every thing sacred I conjure you not to be guided by this foul ambition, the end of which must be inevitable ruin. Resign the fortune which belongs

not to us.—(Darlemont *in vain attempts to tear himself away—fire flashes from his eyes.*)—Let my inheritance be poverty, but let not my name be dishonoured. Hear me, my father——You avoid me—you avert your face.——My father! you disgrace us—you disgrace us.—(Darlemont *furiously releases himself. The curtain falls.*)

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## *ACT THE FIFTH.*

*Scene, the same room as in the second act.*

FRANVAL *is seated at his desk, and near him* THEODORE, *who is reading. The* ABBE' *walks to and fro, and appears to be much interested in* FRANVAL'S *employment. Mrs.* FRANVAL *and* CLEMENTINA *are sewing, and* CLEMENTINA *often looks with great uneasiness towards her brother.*

*Cle.* Dominic stays long.

*Mrs. F.* As usual.

*Fra.*—(*Writing.*)—I cannot suppress the painful sensations which I experienced in drawing out this appeal.

*Mrs. F.* But I hope, son, you have no longer any idea of sparing this Darlemont.

*Abbé.* He is, indeed, a most abandoned villain. I did not think it possible that he could have withstood our statements, and above all, the sight of his nephew.

*Mrs. F.* He is a robber, whose punishment cannot be too much hastened.

*Fra.* You are right—but his son——

*Cle.* Yes, dear brother. His son certainly excites every one's compassion.

(Abbé *looks with penetrating eyes at* Clementina, *and gives her to understand that he suspects her attachment.*)

*Fra.*—(*Throws the pen away.*)—His very name almost breaks my heart.

*Abbé.* I feel the value of the sacrifice you make, but all my hopes rest on you.

*Fra.*—(*Summoning resolution.*)—Yes, I promise victory to you, and vengeance to your Theodoré. Pardon the involuntary agitation of friendship.

*Abbé.* Pardon it! I admire it. If by the exercise of mercy we could obtain our object, I should be the first to recommend it. But the obdurate Darlemont will yield to nothing but compulsion. The thunder of the law alone can terrify him into obedience.

*Fra.* Yes. He may dread its thunder; for when this appeal has been delivered, nothing can rescue him from infamy. What will then become of his unfortunate son, whose nice ideas of honour—oh, that he might yet succeed in convincing Darlemont how dangerous is his situation, and prevail on him to avoid the dreadful consequences.

*Mrs. F.* The villain will not be convinced, I am certain.

*Cle.* And why not! If the voice of a father can reclaim an erring son, why may not the voice of such a son operate upon his father's heart.

*Abbé.*—(*Observing her.*)—I am of your opinion, and place very great reliance on this young man.

*Enter* ST. ALME.

(*He is extremely dejected, and stands in the back-ground unperceived.*)

*Fra.*—(*Writing.*)—Alas! He knows not that the hand which he has so often pressed within his own, is now employed in writing an appeal against his father.—(Alme *sighs.*)

*Abbé.* There he is.

*Fra.*—(*Springing from his chair.*)—Heavens!

*Alme.*—(*Approaches with dignity.*)—Franval, I come not to complain. What you do is right. There are situations in which friendship must give way to duty.

(Clementina *lets her work fall into her lap, and is much distressed.*)

*Abbé.* Alas, young man, must I, in fulfilling the duty imposed upon me by a heavenly power, wound such a heart as yours? You know not, Sir, how much this hurts my own.

*Fra.* And judge, St. Alme, what must be my sensations. On one side justice calls me—on another friendship. Whether I obey the former or the latter, every step prepares for me some future sorrow.

*Alme.*—(*Taking the hands of* Franval *and the* Abbé.)—I acknowledge the value of these noble feelings in their full extent—but let me too fulfil the duty which nature dictates. Let me undertake my father's defence.

*Fra.* Have you any hopes of persuading him to—

*Alme.* He would not listen to me—but spurned me from him—Every thing which honour and filial affection could inspire, I have attempted——but no appeal could move him. He insists upon it, that he can prove the death of his ward, and in every other respect preserves a gloomy silence.

(The. *perceives* Alme *standing with a dejected mien, throws away the book, and clasps him in his arms.*)

*Abbé.* Does it not almost appear as if Theodore understood what you have said, and wishes to console you?

*Alme.*—(*Returning* Theodore's *embrace.*)—I have him again—after so long a separation.—Alas! Why must our meeting be embittered by so many sorrows;

—But are you both perfectly convinced that my father is culpable?

*Enter* DUPRE.

*Dup.*—(*Without a hat, and in a kind of delirium.*) —For Heaven's sake—Mr. Darlemont has just informed me—is it possible—the young Count Solar—

*Fra.*—(*Points to the* Abbé.)—Here is the man who has preserved his life.

*Dup.* O Heaven!—(*Espies* Theodore.)—There he is. I see him again.—(Theodore *hastens towards him with open arms*—Dupré *starts back with horror.*) —Alas! He thinks that he only beholds in me the servant who attended him in childhood. He knows not that I am unworthy of his favour—that I myself was instrumental in depriving him of his inheritance.

*Alme.* You, Dupré?

(The. *after observing the signs of the* Abbé, *stands for an instant rooted to the spot, then walks away with a look of astonishment and anguish.*)

*Dup.* But he must also know my agony and penitence—he must allow me to die at his feet.

[*Falls at* Theodore's *feet.*

*Fra.*—(*Raises him.*)—Compose yourself, and tell us.

*Alme.* He alone attended my father and the Count to Paris.

*Fra.*—(*To* Dupré.)—This was about eight years ago.

*Dup.* It was, Sir. On the very evening that we arrived, Mr. Darlemont ordered me to procure some beggar's rags, that we might clothe little Julius in them.

*Abbé.* And in those rags he was brought to me.

*Dup.* As soon as that was done, his uncle took him away in a hackney-coach, and returned alone some hours after. I was astonished, and pressed him to account for it, till he at length entrusted me

with his confidence, and told me he had now executed a project which he had devised long since, by leaving the young Count to his fate in the middle of Paris.

*Alme.*—(*In a faultering voice.*)—Could my father be guilty of such a base, inhuman crime?

*Dup.* In order to obtain possession of the Count's estates, it was necessary that his death should be legally proved. Two witnesses were wanting for this purpose—the one was our landlord—who, tempted by money—

*Alme.*—(*Lays his hand on* Dupré's *mouth.*)—Wretch!—(*After a pause.*)—But no. Proceed.

*Fra.* And the second witness—

*Dup.* Was myself.

(Abbé *makes* Dupré's *confession known to* Theodore, *by seeming to write a few lines on his left hand, then by shutting his eyes and letting his head fall on his breast, by which he expresses death.* Theodore *comprehends him, and looks with abhorrence at* Dupré.)

*Dup.* In a few days we left Paris—and, assisted by this false testimony—

*Alme.* Hold!—I am no longer allowed to doubt ---Oh, what torture does a parent's guilt inflict upon his son!---(*Sinks into a chair.*)

*Dup.* Since that day, my peace of mind never has returned. Heaven is just, and has saved the innocent victim. I am ready to make a public confession, and deliver myself into the hands of justice. I know the rigour of the law. I know what punishment awaits me, and willingly submit to it. Happy shall I be, if, by my death, I make some atonement for my guilt.

*Alme.*---(*Springs up suddenly.*)---Yes---it must be so—Follow me, unhappy man.---(*Draws* Dupré *away.*)

*Dup.* Do with me what you please.

*Fra.*---(*Detaining* Alme.)---St. Alme, whither go you?

*Alme.* Wherever despair may lead me.

*Abbé.* Reflect that Theodore—

*Alme.* The sight of him increases my torment.

*Fra.* What would you do?

*Alme.* Avenge him, or die.

*Abbé.*—*(Also detaining him.)*—You are not capable at present.

*Alme.* Let me go.—My father! my father!—(*Tears himself away, and rushes out, drawing* Dupré *after him.*)

(Abbé *makes signs, by which he relieves* Theodore, *who was in great distress during the above scene.)*

(Cle. *is extremely dejected, and is still minutely observed by the* Abbé.)

*Mrs. F.* At last, then, we are fully acquainted with the villany of this Darlemont.

*Fra.* To avail himself of a helpless child's defects, to abuse the confidence of a dying friend and relative—I must own the evidence of this old servant was necessary to make such conduct credible.

*Mrs. F.* And can you still hesitate, son? Will you wait till his wealth and influence counteract your intentions?

*Abbé.* Allow me also to remark, that Theodore is not the only person to whom I am attached by duty and affection. All the pupils whom I left at Paris suffer by my absence, and every moment is of value to me.

*Fra.* Yes—I should be culpable were I to wait any longer.—Sign the appeal.—(Abbé *and* Theodore *sign it.*)

*Cle.*—*(Aside.)*—All hopes are at an end, then.

*Enter* DOMINIC *and* RACHEL.

*Mrs. F.* So, you are returned at last, Dominic. Well! Have you brought nobody but Rachel with you?

*Dom.—(Out of breath.)*—It is not my fault---I have run---and enquired---and sought——First we went to the old groom's house---old Peter---but he and his wife went out of town this morning.

*Rac.* Then we went in search of the coachman's widow---

*Dom.* But nobody was at home. The neighbours, however, promised to send them as soon as they returned.

*Fra.* I hope you concealed our reasons for wanting them.

*Dom.* Of course, of course, Sir.

*Fra.*—(*Takes the appeal and his hat.*)—Let us go, then.—(*To the* Abbé.)—You and your pupil must accompany me.—(*To his mother and sister, the latter of whom is in the greatest distress..*)—Should St. Alme return during our absence, try to console him —you, especially, Clementina. Convince him how much it hurts me to proceed, but a single moment's delay may be injurious to the young Count, by furnishing his opponent with arms against him.—Let us instantly go.—*(Going.)*

*Cle.* I hear some one on the stairs.

*Dom.—(At the door.)*—It is Mr. St. Alme.—How wild his looks are!

*Enter* ST. ALME, *without hat and sword.*

*Alme.* Friend, Friend!—(*Falls breathless into the arms of* Franval, *who supports him to a chair.* Theodore *flies to his assistance with heartfelt sympathy. All surround him.*)

*Fra.* St. Alme! Rouse yourself.

*Alme.*—(*Scarcely able to speak.*)—My father—

*Fra.* Explain yourself.

*Alme.* My father—

*Abbé.* Pray proceed.

*Alme.* Overpowered by Dupré's recital, I hastened home—My father had locked himself in his cabinet—I broke open the door—Dupré followed me—told him he had confessed every thing—that he was going to deliver himself as well as his employer into the hands of justice. "I have shared your guilt," said he, "you shall share my punishment." This threat alarmed my father much—I availed myself of the decisive moment, and placed the point of my sword to my breast. "Rather than be thus dishonoured, I will die upon the spot," said I. "Instantly will I plunge this sword to my heart, unless you acknowledge my cousin Julius."—My declaration, the infamy which awaited him if still obstinate, and the certainty of my death, had at length their effect.—Nature was victorious---my father was moved---and with a trembling hand---wrote these lines.---(*Draws a paper from his bosom, and delivers it to* Franval.)

*Fra.*---(*Reads.*)---"I acknowledge the pupil of the Abbé Del' Epée, called Theodore, to be Julius Count Solar, and am ready to replace him in all his rights. Darlemont."

*Abbé.*---(*Takes off his cowl.*)---Almighty God, accept my thanks.---(*Takes the paper from* Franval, *and presents it to* Theodore.)

*Fra.*---(*To* Alme.)---Oh my friend! of what a burden you relieve my heart!---(*Tears the appeal.*)

(The. *reads the paper—falls at the* Abbé's *feet---kisses his hand---springs up, transported with joy---hangs on* Franval's *neck---then approaches* Alme---*observes him attentively---appears to be suddenly struck with some idea---hastens to the desk---and writes a few lines under* Darlemont's *confession.*)

*Fra.* What means this?

*Abbé.* I know not.

*Alme.* He seems much agitated.

*Cle.* Tears drop from his eyes.

(The. *approaches, lays* Alme's *hand upon his heart, and delivers the paper to him.*)

*Alme.*—(*Reads.*)—"I cannot be happy at the expence of my first friend. I give him half my fortune. He must not refuse it. We were used in former days to share every thing as brothers. Our hearts are re-united, and we must not forget our former customs."—Oh Heavens!—(*Clasps* The. *in his arms.*)

*Abbé.*—(*Deeply affected.*)—I am richly rewarded for every thing I have done.

*Rac.* The image of his generous father!—(*To the* Abbé.)—May I hope to pass my remaining days in the young Count's family?

*Abbé.* Yes, good woman—you and all the servants, who are still alive.

*Fra.* But on condition, Rachel, that you, like every one here, observe a sacred silence as to what has happened.

*Alme.* Oh, why cannot I wash away the recollection with my blood?—How shall I ever bear it.

*Abbé.*—(*With a friendly smile, and a glance towards* Cle.)—If this young lady would endeavour to erase the recollection——

*Fra.* Nothing can escape your penetration.

*Mrs. F.* You surely forget that such an alliance—

*Abbé.* Will crown the wishes of an amiable pair, whose happiness I gladly would promote.

*Mrs. F.* Indeed, Sir, you of all men in the world are most likely to gain my consent—for who can witness your good actions, and oppose your will?

(Abbé *turns to* The. *places one of his hands twice in the other, and seems to put a ring on his finger.* The. *joins the hands of* Alme *and* Cle.—*then presses them to his heart.*)

*Cle.* What a blissful moment! How little did I anticipate it!

*Alme.* I feel my happiness—but no one must expect I can describe it.

*Fra.* My feelings can only be equalled by my admiration.—(*To the* Abbé.)—Generous man, how proud must you be of your pupil! Compare him as he now stands before us with what he once was, and rejoice in the completion of your work.

*Abbé.*—(*In the midst of the group.*)—He has found his home—he again bears the respectable name of his ancestors, and I already see him surrounded by many, whom he has made happy. I have not a wish ungratified. Almighty ruler of the world, summon me away as soon as it is thy pleasure to receive me. My bones will rest in peace; for I have finished my career with a good action.

THE END.

# THE INDIAN EXILES.

*A COMEDY,*

IN THREE ACTS.

FROM

KOTZEBUE.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### MEN.

Mr. TRADELY, *formerly a rich Merchant.*
SAMUEL, *Comptroller of the Customs,* } *his Sons.*
ROBERT, *Master of a Vessel,* ..... }
HURRY, *a Custom-house Officer.*
JACK, *a Sailor.*
STAFF, *a lean Notary.*
STUFF, *a fat Notary.*
TOM, *a Boy.*
CABERDAR, *formerly Nabob of Mysore.*
GANEM, *his old Companion.*
FAZIR, *a young East Indian.*

### WOMEN.

Mrs. TRADELY, *a German Lady of high birth.*
LYDIA, *Daughter of* Tradely.
GURLI, *Daughter of* Caberdar.

*The Scene lies in* Mr. Tradely's *House, at an English Port.*

# THE INDIAN EXILES.

## *ACT THE FIRST.*

*Scene, a Room with a large Door in the Centre, and a smaller one at each Side.*

TRADELY *is discovered in a Chair mounted on wheels: his gouty Leg is covered with Flannel. At his side sits* LYDIA, *with a Newspaper in her Hand.*

*Trad.* OH! Oh! O—h!

*Lydia.* Dear Sir, is your foot painful again?

*Trad.* It is indeed, good Lydia. It feels as if a band of Hottentots were dancing in every toe.

*Lydia.* Poor father!

*Trad.* Kind Lydia!

*Lydia.* How I wish I could relieve you!

*Trad.* That very wish is a relief to me. You are the only being in this house who tends my fast declining health.

*Lydia.* Oh, no, Sir!

*Trad.* Yes, Lydia, I vow to Heaven you are my only comfort.

*Lydia.* You forget that you have sons.

*Trad.* Rather say they forget they have a father. Eighteen years ago, I, like a fool, murmured when

Providence bestowed on me a daughter. Sons I would have—brisk, active lads. They, thought I, make their way better through the world. Yes, yes, they do make their way, and leave their poor old father in the lurch. There's Samuel——

*Lydia.* The multiplicity of his business——

*Trad.* Pshaw! Gratitude to his parents ought to be the first business of every child. Then there's Robert——

*Lydia.—(With great sympathy.)*—Well, dear Sir, Robert——

*Trad.* Your eye sparkles whenever I mention his name, Lydia. Why, yes, Robert is better than his brother.

*Lydia.* Oh, he loves you most sincerely.

*Trad.* Much of his love can I feel at the distance of a thousand miles. There is he, traversing unknown seas, while the gout is traversing every limb of my frame.

*Lydia.* Indeed, Sir, he knows no sorrow but the recollection of that. He will now, perhaps, soon return. I look at the weathercock every morning; and if he should bring riches with him, if he should convert our poverty to comfort.—This, Sir, a son may do, while a daughter must remain at home, and can shew her affection in nothing but nursing a sick father.

*Trad.* I value your attention to me more than if Robert were to bring me the riches of the Indies. Dear Lydia, when I read in your eyes how you sympathize in my distress, you know not how I feel. You often think your father is asleep, because his eyes are closed. No, Lydia, he is praying for you. But, as for your mother and Samuel—Well, well! if I have no cause to bless them as a husband and father, let me at least forgive them as a christian.

*Lydia.* May I then beg your blessing? [*Kneels.*

*Trad.*—(*Laying his hand upon her.*)—God bless you; and may he prolong my life till I have seen you comfortably settled!—God bless you!

*Lydia.* And my brother Robert.

*Trad.* Him too.

*Lydia.* And Samuel?

*Trad.* Hold, Lydia! You heard what I but just now said. He has the blessing of his mother.

*Lydia.* How unhappy is this disagreement in so small a family!

*Trad.* Who is the cause of it? Your mother. Is she not for ever tormenting me from morn to night? for ever reminding me of my unmerited bankruptcy? for ever sneering at my respectable descent, and pluming herself on German ancestry? Does she not starve me? Does she not squander the little money which these few houses still produce? Did you hear how I begged last night for a little Madeira, as prescribed by the physician? Your mother and Samuel went to the play, while I was obliged to sleep away my wishes.

*Lydia.* Dearest father, to-day you shall want nothing.

*Trad.* I thank you, Lydia. Oh that some honest man were as nearly acquainted with the goodness of your heart as I am, and would marry you! I would go, and dwell with you till death.—(*Speaking in a lower voice, and pointing to the opposite door.*)—The stranger seems to be pleased with you.

*Lydia.*—(*Alarmed.*)—With me!

*Trad.* I have more than once thought so. He is, to be sure, not very young; but he seems to be an upright man; and your affections are disengaged?

*Lydia.*—(*Confused.*)—They are, Sir.

*Trad.* What a provision would this be for your poor father! Well! let us leave it to time—Oh! Oh! Oh!—There it flies again from my foot to my knee.

*Lydia.* It is, perhaps, caused by your talking so much.—(*Looking at the newspaper.*)—Shall I go on?

*Trad.* Do. I may, perhaps, be able to sleep a little.

*Lydia.* Will it not be better if we go into your own room? for in this there is always so much noise, both on our side and the lodger's.

*Trad.* No, Lydia; I will stay here. I shall not be allowed to wink in my own room. Be the noise as great as it may, I can bear it. Any thing is better than the voice of a scolding wife.

*Lydia.*—(*Reading.*)—Paris, twenty sixth of January——

*Trad.* Or—better still, Lydia. Will you play a tune, or sing a song!

*Lydia.* Most certainly.—(*She seats herself at the harpsichord, and plays or sings till she sees her father is asleep; then, rises.*)—He sleeps. Now, quick! Tom must have been waiting a long time for my signal.—(*Goes to the window and makes signs.*)—He understands me.—(*Returns and takes a pair of gloves out of her work-bag.*)—If my mother should surprise me—or that suspicious spy, Samuel—or if my father should awake—(*Looking towards him.*)—Heavens! how confused should I be!

*Enter* Tom.

Hist! Hist! Softly! He is asleep.

*Tom.* You have kept me long, Miss.

*Lydia.* Well! well! you shall have a penny more for it. Now, take this pair of gloves.

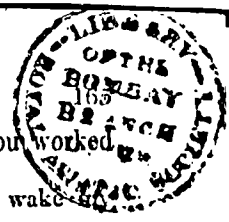
*Tom.* To sell again?

*Lydia.* Yes.

*Tom.* What am I to ask for them?

*Lydia.* A crown is the very lowest price. I have been employed five nights in netting them.

*Tom.* That makes no difference to the buyer. If



he likes them, he'll never ask whether you worked five nights or five minutes at them.

*Lydia.* Don't talk so loud. You may wake father.

*Tom.* Well! I'm going.

*Lydia.* Stop! I have something more to tell you. When you have sold the gloves, go to the tavern at the corner of the street, and buy a pint of Madeira.

*Tom.* Well?

*Lydia.* Then wait at the usual place for my signal.

*Tom.* I will.

*Lydia.* Go, then.

*Tom.* Your servant, Miss. [*Exit.*

*Lydia.* Best of fathers! How limited are your desires! To my work again!—(*Beginning to sew.*)—How sweet it is to work for a parent!

*Enter* SAMUEL, *with Hat and Stick.*

Good morning, brother!

*Sam.* Good morning!—(*Aside.*)—Hem! Question: Is all safe?—(*Feeling in his pockets.*)—There is the key of the desk—there, of the closet—there, of the great trunk. Answer: All right. [*Going.*

*Lydia.* I fear you have forgotten the principal key, brother.

*Sam.* Principal! Question: What can that be?

*Lydia.* The key of your heart, which you certainly have lost, and which I shrewdly suspect to be stolen by the little Indian girl who lodges here.

*Sam.* Don't be afraid of that. I own she did just gently open the door, for who, alas! can be, at all times, on his guard? But be assured, Lydia, I have, on this, as on all other occasions, taken the necessary precautions.

*Ldyia.* Precautions against love! Pray let me hear what they are.

*Sam.*—(*Significantly.*)—You find the want of them do you, Miss Lydia?

*Lydia.*—(*Confused.*)—I?

*Sam.* Yes, you. Do you think I never discovered that? The young fool of an East Indian, who is at sea with Robert, and whose history he so carefully conceals, has (between ourselves) taken my sister's heart upon the voyage with him.

*Lydia.* I thank you for the compliment, brother. You first call him a fool, and then suppose me to be in love with him.

*Sam.* Yes, yes. Love has bewildered you. My dear sister, when a person runs to the window about twenty times a-day to see how the wind blows——

*Lydia.* That I do for the sake of my brother Robert.

*Sam.* Robert has often been at sea before, but never did Miss Lydia grieve so much as when he last sailed. Moreover when a person blushes at the bare mention of a certain name, when a person's pocket book contains a certain miniature, I beg leave to ask: Is this love? Answer: Yes.

*Lydia.* And I beg leave to ask: When a person opens his sister's pocket book without her leave, is he a mean dishonourable fellow? Answer: Yes.

*Sam.* What! in a pet! Is it my fault that other people are not so careful of their pocket book as I of mine?

*Enter* Mrs. TRADELY.

*Mrs. T. Très grand. Très noble!* When dinner is ready, you swarm about it like wasps, but never think of coming near me in a morning.

*Sam.* The duties of my office have engaged me.

*Mrs. T.* (*To* Lydia.)—And you?

*Lydia.* I have been reading the newspaper to my father.

*Mrs. T.* But I have heard you prating together some time. What was the subject of your conversation?

*Lydia.* Oh, nothing of consequence. I was joking with my brother.

*Sam.* And I was talking very seriously to my sister.

*Mrs. T.* About whom, or what?

*Lydia.* About the wild girl who has lodged with us for the last four months.

*Sam.* About the wild lad who has been wandering with Robert (Heaven knows where) for the last twelve months.

*Lydia.* She has, in spite of his ever avowed caution, made a conquest of him.

*Sam.* He has, in spite of her never avowed giddiness, made a conquest of her.

*Mrs. T.* Why, surely the creatures have both lost their senses.

*Sam.* I am perfectly satisfied with mine.

*Mrs. T.* That is a certain sign they are gone.---Man is never satisfied with any thing but his sense; and the less he has, the better satisfied is he. But, *sans badinage*, I hope neither of you is capable of seriously harbouring such grovelling ideas; for though, by your father's side, you are but of vulgar extraction, the blood of ancient *noblesse* flows in the veins of your mother.—(*Looks at them as if in expectation of an answer.* Lydia *sews, and* Samuel *plays with the string of his cane. She raises her voice, and places her arms a-kimbo.*)—How! What! *Point de reponse!* Shall I then live to see my eldest son married to a vagabond?

*Sam.* Be cautious, honoured mamma, be cautious. Our lodger may overhear every word.

*Mrs. T.*—(*To* Lydia.)—And you! Could you so far forget your Maker and your rank, as to bestow your hand upon a heathen, who is nobody into the bargain?

*Lydia.*—(*In a tone of supplication.*)—Speak lower, dearest mother. My father is asleep.

*Mrs. T.* What! Would the girl attempt to restrain my tongue? Asleep indeed!—(*Turning to* Tradely, *and bawling still louder.*)—He shall awake. He shall assist me in combating the follies of his children. Holla! Mr. Tradely, I say!

*Trad.*—(*Starting from his sleep.*)—O—h!

*Mrs. T.* What's the matter now?

*Trad.* My leg.

*Mrs. T.* Forget your leg. We are talking about things of far greater consequence to you.

*Trad.* I should like to know what can be of greater consequence to me than my own limbs.

*Mrs. T.* Ten thousand things. You ought to forget you leg.

*Trad.*—(*Allowing her to be right.*)—Very true. Oh! O—h!

*Mrs. T.* A gouty leg is good for nothing.

*Trad.* Nothing at all.

*Mrs. T.* Had you been blessed with a liberal education, you would have known that the ancient Stoics did not consider pain as any affliction.

*Trad.* The ancient Stoics never had the gout, then.

*Mrs. T.* Mr. Tradely, your illiterate vulgarity is unpardonable. You have been blessed with a wife of rank, and have consequently had many opportunities of improving yourself. How often have I repeated, and how often must I repeat to you, that nothing is so certain to make a healthy person feel the horrors of *ennui*, as to hear an invalid constantly complaining of his maladies?

*Trad.* Well, then, for Heaven's sake, talk of something else.

*Mrs. T.* That I should have done long since, if you would have allowed me to speak. There stands your son, Mr. Samuel Tradely, and there your daughter, Miss Lydia Tradely.

*Trad.* I see them.

*Mrs. T.* They are both mad.

*Trad.* Both!

*Mrs. T.* This amiable youth wants to marry a run-away Indian wench.

*Sam.* To marry! Who said any such thing. To be sure, if the question were: Does the girl please me? the answer would certainly be, yes. But before I could determine on so momentous and awful a particular as matrimony, a hundred thousand circumstances must be considered, millions of obstacles must be removed, and an innumerable list of requisites must be adjusted.

*Trad.* Yes, my dear, you need not be afraid, Samuel will not be too hasty, I am sure.

*Sam.* No. Indeed I shall not.

*Trad.* But if in this case he should, it will be the first wise step he ever took in his life. The girl is bewitching. Her careless easy air must enchant every one.

*Mrs. T. Très noble!* A remark perfectly worthy of your low-born mercantile ideas. You seem, Mr. Tradely, as usual, to have forgotten the two most material points, the axis upon which the whole moral world turns.

*Trad.* And those are——

*Mrs. T.* Birth and fortune.

*Sam.* Very true.

*Trad.* With regard to fortune, I must, to my sorrow, confess she is right.

*Sam.* Perfectly right.

*Trad.* I, nevertheless, hope the girl will not be wanting in this respect. Her father lives privately, but well. He owes no one a farthing, and pays us our weekly rent at the very hour.

*Lydia.* He is very charitable, too.

*Mrs. T. Mon Dieu!* Let us hear no more of your calculations, Mr. Tradely. You are ever re-

minding us you have been in trade—and *have been* it is indeed. Who in his senses ever reckoned regular payment a sign of wealth? The richest people are in debt to the whole world. But *passe pour cela!* If this be granted, the most essential point still remains undecided: or perhaps you think punctual payment a proof of an illustrious derivation too.

*Trad.* Not I, indeed; but I consider this point to be superfluous; and in the choice of a wife (I mean if I might chuse again) I should prefer a handsome good tempered girl, to a hump-backed vixen with a dozen generations of ancestors.

*Mrs. T. Mon fils!* Have you a smelling bottle?

*Sam.* Oh, yes, honoured mamma! [*Presents it.*

*Mrs. T.* Lydia, support me. I shall faint.

*Trad.* You need not take the trouble, my dear. I shall pay no regard to it.

*Mrs. T.* No wonder were it, if the spirits of my great forefathers hovered about me at this instant. "Such is her fate," may they contemptuously exclaim, "who demeaned herself to be a merchant's wife. Such is her fate, for whose hand the nobles of the German Empire sued, and who preferred to them a man *sans education, sans savoir vivre, sans principes nobles*, a bankrupt, a cripple, a beggar—"

*Trad.* Lydia, help me to my chamber.

*Mrs. T.* What! Do you think I can't follow you? I'll be with you soon, I promise you.

*Trad.* Then, Lydia, help me to my grave.

*Mrs. T.* But first a word or two with you my son. [Lydia *pushes* Tradeley's *chair off.* True it is, Samuel, you have reached the age when you may think of matrimony.

*Sam.* And I do think of it.

*Mrs. T.* Yes, but you have been thinking for five years, and are advanced no farther.

*Sam.* Caution is the mother of wisdom.

*Mrs. T.* Your caution is an *ignis fatuus*, which will lead you into a morass.

*Sam.* What a simile, honoured mamma! Can caution be an *ignis fatuus*? Answer: No. Is Gurli a morass? Answer: No. Rather may she be compared to a flower-garden, or a flowery meadow, or a floriferous lawn.

*Mrs. T.* Yes, but some flowers grow under hedges.

*Sam.* They are not on that account less fragrant.

*Mrs. T. Fi donc, mon fils!* Do not thus disgrace my blood. A girl of no birth, an Indian, consequently a heathen, a giddy, light-headed creature, whose father is a dry old ape, known by nobody, and perhaps not worth a shilling!

*Sam.* As to her birth, you know, mother, we pay no great regard to that in England.

*Mrs. T.* Alas! no. A peer and a porter here enjoy equal privileges.

*Sam.* That she is a heathen——

*Mrs. T.* Well, well; that is not of such material consequence.

*Sam.* Giddy and light-headed? Answer: She is young. A steady man may convert her into a steady wife. Her father a dry old ape? To this I naturally answer: Mr. Samuel Tradely would marry the daughter, not the father. I can, therefore, have nothing to do with that. But the most essential point upon which my honoured mamma has touched is the fortune. In order to learn this, I have with proper caution and circumspection stationed spies at different posts.

*Mrs. T.* And were you to find her rich, could you be so ignoble as to form a resolution——?

*Sam.* Resolution! Hold, I beseech you, for you quite alarm me. I verily believe that if any one were, at this moment, to convince me that the girl was a princess, and her father worth whole tons of

gold, I should, nevertheless, tremble at the bare idea of forming a *resolution.*

*Mrs. T.* You are a fool. [*Exit.*

*Sam.* A fool! A fool!—(*Walks to a looking glass, and adjusts his cravat.*)—Do I look like a fool? Answer: No.

*Enter* GURLI, *in a careless English Dress. Her hair flows rather wildly over her Shoulders.*

*Gurli.*—(*Talking to some one as she enters.*)—But I won't. Ha! Ha! Ha! How strange it is! The people never asked me, but have put a great round thing upon a tower, and when it grunts many times, Gurli must eat her breakfast; but Gurli is not hungry, and won't eat her breakfast.

*Sam.*—(*Aside.*)—Quite alone! What an admirable opportunity to sound her!—but with caution. —(*Aloud.*)—Beauteous Gurli, good morning to you.

*Gurli.* Good morning, silly man.

*Sam.*—(*Starts.*)—Silly man! What can she mean? Miss Gurli, give me leave to say you are rude.

*Gurli* Oh! Don't mind that. Gurli means no harm; but she always laughs when she sees you.

*Sam.* Laugh at me! I must naturally ask why?

*Gurli.* That I don't know myself. I think it is because you always look as if the welfare of Bengal rested on your shoulders; and are as long in stepping over a little ditch, as if it were the great Ganges.

*Sam.* I perceive that in the East Indies education is still very much neglected. Children talk of matters which they do not understand.

*Gurli.* But Gurli is not a child. She is soon to be married.

*Sam.*—(*Alarmed.*)—Married! Indeed!

*Gurli.* Yes, my father says so.

*Sam.* To whom?

*Gurli.* That I don't know.

*Sam.* Then your father has not fixed on any one?

*Gurli.* No. He says I am to fix on one myself.

*Sam.* Indeed! Is the choice left entirely to yourself? I could almost ask, beauteous Gurli, whether you have yet cast your eye upon any one?

*Gurli.* I often cast my eye here and there, but my heart moves no more than a bird in its nest.

*Sam.* Charming! Excellent! I could almost ask, most lovely Gurli, how you like me?

*Gurli.* You! I don't like you at all.

*Sam.* Not so hasty. Why need you tell a person to his face that you don't like him?

*Gurli.* Because you asked me.

*Sam.* I did, to be sure, but—(*Aside.*)—I think it will be right to advance a little——

*Gurli.*—(*Yawning.*)—Gurli has not slept enough—

*Sam.*—(*Aside.*)—But with caution, with caution.

*Gurli.* Or silly Samuel tires me.

*Sam.*—(*Aside.*)—How shall I begin now?—(*Aloud.*)—Blessed, thrice blessed will be that man, whose happy lot it will be to pluck the sweetest flower which the odoriferous zephyrs ever opened from its bud.

*Gurli.*—(*Laughing.*)—This is all Sanscrit to Gurli; and no one understands that except our Bramins.

*Sam.*—(*Peevishly.*)—I spoke in the Oriental style; but I perceive my language must be plain and simple.

*Gurli.* Yes. Gurli likes that best.

*Sam.* Pity it is that wisdom forbids such language.

*Gurli.* But wisdom does not forbid Gurli to run away when you tire her. [*Going.*

*Sam.* Stay but one moment, beauteous Gurli. I would willingly speak plainly—express myself more plainly—address you in the plainest manner—did I but know whether your father—whether he stands in need of support?

*Gurli.* I don't understand you.

*Sam.* I mean——I only wish to imply that I would willingly render him any assistance——if he were unfortunate.

*Gurli.*—(*With sudden gravity.*)—Unfortunate!

*Sam.*—(*Very inquisitively.*)—Yes, unfortunate. I could almost ask whether it is so? Answer me.

*Gurli.*—(*Weeping.*)—Oh yes! My poor father is unfortunate.

*Sam.*—(*Aside.*)—There we have it!

*Gurli.* And you would assist him? I must kiss you for that. [*Kisses him.*

*Sam.*—(*Much confused.*)—Yes. I mean if it be in my power. It is right to assist a neighbour in distress: for no person can say how soon it may be his own lot to want it.

*Gurli.* Oh, you can't help him, and Gurli can't help him.

*Sam.*—(*Aside.*)—Thanks to caution! How nearly had I coupled myself with a beggar!—(*Aloud.*)—Yet I hope his circumstances are not in so desperate a state, but that he will be able to discharge the rent of his lodgings for the last week. Not on my own account——I would do any thing in my power for him——but my father is apt to be harsh on such occasions.

*Gurli.* The rent!

*Sam.* Yes, yes, the rent.

*Gurli.* Are you awake?

*Sam.* I believe so.

*Gurli.* Ha! Ha! Ha! I'll tell you what. If my father chose to do it, he could pay you the rent of

his lodgings, and all the house, twenty times twenty times, foolish man. [*Exit laughing.*

*Sam.* Quite a mystery to be sure——but I will not relax my vigilance and caution. Foolish too? Twice to-day have I been called a fool, but both times by women. I therefore naturally ask: Ought a wise man to pay any attention thereto? No.

*Enter* HURRY.

*Hurry.* Glad I've found you. Glad I've found you. I've ran all the way as quick as thought.

*Sam.* Well, my dear Hurry, have you remembered my directions? Have you been sounding with the necessary care and caution?

*Hurry.* I have. I've been scampering swift as lightning into every street. I've dogged him as quick as thought into every corner, and have gathered not a little intelligence, I promise you.

*Sam.* In the first place, then, with regard to his rank?

*Hurry.* Of that I must own I can learn nothing. Not a soul knows one syllable respecting it. That he is an East Indian all agree, because he himself avows it; but whether from the coast of Malabar, or the coast of Coromandel, I have, in the utmost haste, not been able to learn. Thus much is certain, no vessel brought him hither; and it is the general opinion, that he came by land from Portsmouth.

*Sam.* In the next place, with regard to his fortune?

*Hurry.* In that respect I shall have the honour as quick as thought to serve you with a clear and circumstantial account. Notwithstanding the humble clothing of this man, and of all his family; notwithstanding the solitary dish, which daily appears upon his table; notwithstanding the clear spring-water,

which is his only beverage, I pronounce him swift as lightning one of the richest inhabitants of this port.

*Sam.* I must now naturally ask why?

*Hurry.* Because he throws his money away as quick as thought.

*Sam.* How so?

*Hurry.* Allow me to relate the particulars without delay. Last week the house of Brown and Belton was on the point of stopping payment. It was generally rumoured upon 'Change, and, as usual on such occasions, one said he pitied them, another shrugged his shoulders, a third——

*Sam.* Well, well, to the point.

*Hurry.* Instantly Caberdar, whom I followed swift as lightning, went round, and made enquiries among the merchants. They told him that Brown and Belton were good honest people, who had been caught in a snare without deserving it. Quick as thought sits he down, and writes a note to Brown and Belton, containing these words: "If ten thousand pounds will save your credit, I will lend you this sum without interest for six months." Brown and Belton, who never saw the man, are astonished and transported, honour their drafts, transact their business swift as heretofore, and revere the East Indian as a saint.

*Sam.* Heavens! what want of caution! He must have a son-in-law to manage his affairs; a careful, cautious, circumspect, considerate man. But proceed, my dear Hurry. You have, to be sure, proved that this Caberdar was once worth ten thousand pounds; but at the same time you have proved that he was so great a blockhead as to throw them away. The question therefore is——

*Hurry.* Whether he has enough left to deserve the attention of a steady man. In that respect I will as quick as thought have the honour to satisfy

you. You know the fine estate called Glenmore Lodge, so capitally stocked with fish, flesh, fowl and fruit, and which also possesses the admirable qualification of being only half an hour's ride from the town. The young prodigal who lately succeeded to it, has been obliged to sell it, and swift as lightning has our East Indian bought it.

*Sam.* How! Are you sure of this?

*Hurry.* Ay, and quick as thought has he paid for it.

*Sam.* Hem! This deserves consideration. I must endeavour to gain further intelligence on the subject; and should the report prove true, Gurli will have a fortune which will cast a veil over her numerous imperfections. Upon 'Change I may hear more. Have you any thing further to communicate, Hurry?

*Hurry.* Nothing material. He speaks but little —he chews some Indian herb. He has so great a reverence for cows, that when he sees a herd of them, he bows thrice to the earth. He bathes daily. He distributes alms at new and full moon.

*Sam.* Yes, yes, he wants a son-in-law, indeed. This mist of folly will then be dispersed by the sun of reason. I'll prove to him that a cow has no more right to be revered than an ass. I'll prove to him that neither at new or full moon, does caution allow the distribution of alms. In short, if the purchase of Glenmore Lodge be true, my marriage with Gurli cannot be wrong. Meanwhile, my dear Hurry, farewell. Continue to be diligent, observant, unwearied, and, above all things, cautious. Let your five senses be ever on the watch. The gratitude of my disposition is known to you; and if it be at any time asked, whether I will with pleasure serve you in return, the answer will always be: Yes. [*Exit.*

*Hurry.* And if it be at any time asked, whether I should like to kick you down stairs as quick as thought, the answer will always be: Yes. After all

my trouble, to be fobbed off with a few empty words. But thus it is in this world. There is scarcely an honest man in service, that has not a person worse than himself above him. If it be a man's wish to eat his morsel of bread in peace, he must bow to empty heads, and swollen paunches, as Caberdar does to cows and oxen.—(*Shrugging his shoulders.*) —Well! He is my superior, and sometimes shuts an eye when I open a purse——so swift as lightning to serve him again!—(*Creeps to* Tradely's *door, and puts his ear to the key-hole.*)—I hear a noise at a distance.—(*Pause.*) Ay, it is old Mrs. Tradely's eternal croak.—(*Pause.*)—Damn those canary birds! What a noise they make! Quick! Quick!—(*Runs to* Caberdar's *door.*)—There all is still as death.—(*Pause.*)—But no; Gurli is humming a tune.—(*Pause.*)—I dare say she sings very melodiously; but it will not satisfy my curiosity.—(*Runs again to the opposite door.*)—Here they are all as still as mice, for a wonder.—(*Pause.*)—Now Miss Lydia is beginning to talk.—(*Pause.*)—There, again! The devil choke those canary birds! If a word be spoken, they are sure to—(*Runs again to the other door, but scarcely has he placed his ear at the key-hole, when* Ganem *opens the door, and almost knocks him down.*)

*Ganem.*—(*Always speaking with honest dryness.*)—What is your will, good friend? Do you want me?

*Hurry.* Not exactly.

*Ganem.* Or my master?

*Hurry.* I can't say I do.

*Ganem.* Or the daughter of my master?

*Hurry.* Were I to say so, I should not speak the truth.

*Ganem.* Then must your visit have been intended for this wooden door, for in that room dwell only three persons——my master——the daughter of my master——and I.

*Hurry.*—(*Who recovers from his confusion by*

*degrees.)*—My real intention was,' as quick as thought, to bid you good morning, and ask you how you do.

*Ganem.* Good morning.

*Hurry.* You are quite well, I hope?

*Ganem.* Quite well.

*Hurry.* In body and mind?

*Ganem.* In body and mind.

*Hurry.* Understand me properly, my worthy friend. A man may be in perfect health; but what, for instance, avails the wish for sleep, when cares for bare subsistence hang heavy on the soul? What avails the appetite of health, when there is no bread to satisfy it? But neither of these, I presume, is your case?

*Ganem.* Neither.

*Hurry.* You have more than you want?

*Ganem.* I have.

*Hurry.* Your master is very rich?

*Ganem.* Brama has been pleased to grant him much.

*Hurry.*—(*Very inquisitively.*)—Brama! Indeed! Pray who is Mr. Brama? I never heard his name before. Is he so very generous?

*Ganem.* To all good men, Brama is very generous.

*Hurry.* Indeed! Where does he live? that I may hasten quick as thought——

*Ganem.* He lives on the banks of the Ganges.

*Hurry.* That is at too great a distance. Your master is probably related to him.

*Ganem.* My master sprung from his right shoulder.

*Hurry.* An odd relation, indeed!

*Enter* CABERDAR.

*Cab.*—(*Somewhat harshly to* Hurry.)—What do you want here?

*Hurry.* Nothing in the world, most honoured Sir. I was hastening past, and just stopped to enquire as quick as thought after Mr. Ganem's health.

*Ganem.*—(*Very dryly.*)—He placed his ear to the key-hole to enquire after my health.

*Cab.* Do you suspect me, or my daughter, or my friend Ganem, to be smugglers?

*Hurry.* Why, Sir, if you will not be offended, something very like it. Nobody knows who you are, what you are, where you are come from, and what you are come for. In short, you possess all the requisites of smugglers.

*Cab.* Were I in Spain, I might expect such language from a servant of the inquisition, but in England I know my privileges—walk out!

*Hurry.* Walk out!—By what right——?

*Cab.* I pay for these lodgings.

*Hurry.* Yes. But this room is common both to you and the family. I can come hither quick as thought whenever I please, to speak, answer, and relate, converse, consider, and debate with my worthy comptroller, Mr. Samuel Tradely, and no one shall hinder me——No——even if he be ten times as nearly related to old Brama as yourself.

*Cab.* If you do not intend that I should throw you out of the window, I advise you to go.

*Hurry.*—(*Gradually retreating towards the door.*) —What! Throw me out of the window! Me, the swiftest, alertest, quickest, and most expeditious man in the whole town! Me, who have devoted my life to the service of Old England, and am always promoting its interest as quick as thought! Throw such a man out of the window!

*Cab.*—(*Looking at his watch.*)—Yes, unless you disappear within three minutes.

*Hurry.* Zounds! That's as swift as lightning. I am sorry business requires my immediate departure,

or we would have seen, great shoulder of Brama, whether——

[Caberdar *runs towards him. He escapes, and exit.*

*Ganem.* He, who was once ruler over thousands, that fruitful tree, beneath whose branches the princes of India reposed, alas, how is he fallen! A wretch like this dares to insult him. Oh, misery!

*Cab.* I feel not the insult, Ganem. Does anger seem to lower upon my brow?

*Ganem.* No, because anger without power would ill become thee. Thou art no longer Nabob of Mysore.

*Cab.* Still these lamentations! I own I am no longer Nabob of Mysore—nor do I wish to be so.

*Ganem.* Not wish it!

*Cab.* Tell me, my faithful friend, didst thou esteem me happy, when Englishmen and Frenchmen were courting my alliance—when I was involved against my inclination in their quarrels—when I served the one from choice, the other from constraint—when I, each moment, was in want of money to satisfy my murmuring troops – when the court of Delhi formed cabals against me, and I was compelled to stoop to little arts, in order to support my dignity—when Europeans spread destruction through my realms—when, at last, my brothers revolted, and I, overpowered with cares, tossed on my couch so many a sleepless night? Tell me was I then happy?

*Ganem.* No, but still the hope of future happiness consoled thee. What was lost thou mightest regain.

*Cab.* Can I not still?

*Ganem.* No. Unless Brama work a miracle, never wilt thou again be Nabob of Mysore.

*Cab.* Thinks Ganem, then, no joy is to be found upon this spacious earth, but the sceptre of Mysore?

*Ganem.* Canst thou reanimate the bodies of thy murdered wives and children?

*Cab.* Alas! No.

*Ganem.* Canst thou even find their bodies, that thou mayst sacrifice an heifer on their tombs?

*Cab.* Alas! No. Woe be on my brothers! Not a single son have they left me. All, all are deprived of life, perhaps by cruel tortures! Away with the dreadful recollection! The sun of those days is set—here will I stand and wait its rising.

*Ganem.* For us it will never rise again.

*Cab.* Why not? If not on the banks of the Ganges, perhaps on the banks of the Thames. Much have I lost, yet much may still be gained. Content and peace were not among the blessings of Mysore. They are a treasure which the Gods have never yet bestowed upon the race of Raja. To you, sweet joys of mediocrity, I descend and ascend. I am not yet old. I may still have sons, the pleasure and the pride of my declining years. Faithful Ganem. I will choose a wife, purchase more estates with the treasures which I rescued, and willingly exchange the throne, surrounded by ten thousand rebellious slaves, for the peaceful society of a few friendly Europeans.

*Ganem.* Choose a wife! where wilt thou find in England a wife sprung from thy race?

*Cab.* Wretched prejudice! My native country has renounced me, and I am freed from all her customs. My eye has chosen, my heart has assented, and I wait but for the decision of my reason. Miss Lydia—*(Transported.)*—Her look is a sun-beam, through which the soul passes into paradise. The gentle wisdom of the Goddess Sawasuadi rests upon her lips; and virtue, sprung from the right breast of the God of Gods, is enthroned in her heart. Oh Mamnadin, God of Love, take up thy abode there, too.

*Ganem.* Thou art in raptures. Beware! Thy heart is become a child, which will wantonly elude

thy reason, while it creeps after thee in the form of a venerable sage.

*Cab.* Right, old man! I must not be too hasty. With thy unbiassed sight will I observe, with thy cool circumspection will I scrutinize; and if the event accord with my wishes, surely, surely thou wilt then think me happy.

*Ganem.*—(*After a pause.*)—No. Alas! there only, where the Ganges winds its course through fertile fields of rice, there only can happiness be found. Here, in a strange country, where I never meet a friend, to whom I can say, "Dost thou remember the happy days we spent together twenty years ago, at such a place?" Here, where no one speaks my language, no one worships my Gods—Oh misery!

*Cab.* Ganem, thou dost hurt me much. Will the fountain of thy lamentations overflow for ever? Dost thou repent that thou hast shown such unusual fidelity? Dost thou repent that thou wert the only man who did not forsake his master, when desolating lightnings hissed around him?—(*Seizes his hand.*)—I never can repay thee for it. Affection can alone requite affection. In my heart only thou must look for thy reward.

*Ganem.* And have richly found it. Forgive my complaints. Till death I will remain with thee.

*Cab.* Hold! I hear Gurli.

*Enter* GURLI.

*Gurli.*—(*Yawning.*)—Father, Gurli is tired.

*Cab.* Have I not shewn you various means to occupy your time? Sewing—netting—reading.

*Gurli.* Yes, father, and Gurli has tried them all, but Gurli is so stupid that she spoils every thing. When I sew, I either tear my thread or break my

needle; when I net, the meshes drop from my fingers; and when I read I fall asleep.

*Cab.* Then kill the time by talking.

*Gurli.* Talking! But I do not find any body to talk with. You are seldom at home—Ganem is dumb—the ugly old mother is always scolding—Samuel is silly, and Lydia——

*Cab.*—(*Hastily interrupting her.*)—Well! Lydia!

*Gurli.* Oh! I love Lydia as much as if she were my sister. She is a much better girl than Gurli. But she dare not talk much to Gurli.

*Cab.* Why not?

*Gurli.* Because her cross ugly old mother has forbidden it. But even if Gurli were to be all day with Lydia, Gurli would still want something.

*Cab.* What?

*Gurli.* Gurli does not know herself.

*Cab.* But describe it then.

*Gurli.* Father it can't be described. I have sometimes thought I wanted a parrot or cat.

*Cab.* Why, you have both.

*Gurli.* Yes, Gurli has both; but sometimes I feel such anxiety that I take the parrot, and then the cat, and kiss them, and press them to my heart, and love them so dearly—yet still I always feel as if I wanted something. Father, you must buy Gurli another cat.

*Cab.*—(*Smiling.*)—Certainly.

*Gurli.* And yesterday, as I was walking in the little wood near the town, a bird sung so sweetly, so movingly! Only think, father. Gurli could not refrain from tears. I felt so sad, so oppressed—I was continually looking round for something, till at last—I plucked a rose, and kissed it, and kissed it a thousand times, and bathed it with my tears. That was very odd—was it not, father?

*Cab.* It was.

*Gurli.* Father, you must buy such a bird for Gurli.

*Cab.* Undoubtedly.

*Gurli.* Oh! Gurli does not know what she wants.

*Cab.* Be at ease. Your father has more experience, and understands what all this means. Now to another subject. Have you thought of what I lately mentioned?

*Gurli.* You know, father, I don't think much; but if you think it right, I'll marry.

*Cab.* Yes. Your father thinks it necessary that you should fix upon a husband, and the sooner the better. Hav'nt you as yet seen any body, whom you particularly like?

*Gurli.* No. There's Samuel. He talks a great deal of love, but his love does not please Gurli. Why must it exactly be a man? I'll marry his sister Lydia.

*Cab.*—(*Astonished.*)—How! His sister!

*Gurli.* Yes.

*Cab.* Lydia!

*Gurli.* Yes, yes.

*Cab.* Why, she is a woman.

*Gurli.* What difference does that make?

*Cab.*—(*Smiling.*)—No, Gurli, that must not be. It is contrary to the laws of Brama. You are a girl, and must marry a man. Lydia is a girl too, and must also marry a man.

*Gurli.* Well, then, I'll marry Ganem.

*Ganem.*—(*Who has, till now, been standing in deep meditation, arising from his late discourse with his master, recovers, and answers somewhat confused, but with his accustomed dryness.*)—Me! Beauteous Gurli, that cannot be.

*Gurli.*—(*Pettishly.*)—Again! Why not? You are a man?

*Ganem.* That I grant.

*Gurli.* Well?

*Ganem.* I am an old man.

*Gurli.* What difference does that make?

*Ganem.* An old man must not marry a young woman.

*Gurli.* Why not?

*Ganem.* Because that were unmerciful to bury a rose-bud in snow.

*Mrs. T.*—(*Within.*)—Ignoble every thought! because you used to deal in soap and herrings, you are for ever instilling into the minds of your children the low born notions of a tradesman.

*Cab.* Heaven have mercy on us! The dragon is approaching! I am so fond of this room.—(*Pointing to the window.*) on account of the sea-view from it, and this evil spirit always drives me to my lonely chamber. Come.

*Gurli.* Father, Gurli will stay here, and laugh at the old woman.

*Cab.* As you like; but she is inquisitive. Beware lest you betray the secret of our rank. I wish not to be an object of curiosity or compassion.

[*Exeunt* Caberdar *and* Ganem.

*Gurli.* Oh, no! Gurli only wants to hear the old woman talk. She always talks so much nonsense.

*Enter* Mrs. TRADELY.

*Mrs. T.*—(*Bawling to her husband as she enters.*)—Gout! Pshaw! A noble spirit would despise the gout. All my ancestors had it in their twenty-fifth year, and none of them made half so much noise about it.—(*Espying* Gurli.)—Oh, Miss Gurli!—(*Makes a deep curtsey.* Gurli *laughs in her face.*)—Now, *sur mon honneur* such impertinence I never witnessed.

*Gurli.* Don't be angry, old mother.

*Mrs. T.* Old mother! Still better!

*Gurli.* Gurli likes to laugh. You must not take it amiss.

*Mrs. T. Mon dieu!* How I pity the *pauvre* creature's want of education! No. One of our family is exalted far above any affront.

*Gurli.* What family do you belong to?

*Mrs. T.* The illustrious race of Quirliquitch.

*Gurli.* Gurli never heard of that race. It must be a new one.

*Mrs. T.*—(*Contemptuously.*)—New! my good madam; trace back whole centuries, and you will not have reached its origin. I should like to know where you had any opportunity of becoming acquainted with great families.

*Gurli.* I! I am sprung from one of the oldest in the whole world.

*Mrs. T.*—(*Contemptuously.*)—You! Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Gurli.* Yes, yes, I. Gurli is sprung from the race of Raja.

*Mrs. T.* Raja! Raja! For the joke's sake, I will look in the books of heraldry whether these Rajas ever existed. The house is quite unknown to me.

*Gurli.* It is many thousand years old.

*Mrs. T.* Many thousand years! Ha! Ha! Ha! You have forgotten that the world is only one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine years old! Ha! Ha! Ha! I always thought the girl rather silly, but now I perceive she is quite deranged.—(*Makes another disdainful curtsey, and exit at the middle door.*)

*Gurli.* Ha! Ha! Ha! The foolish old woman! How she turns and twists her body, and draws up her head! Gurli must try to imitate her, for the joke's sake.—(*Goes to the looking-glass and mimics* Mrs. Tradely's *gestures.*)—Oh! I shall die with laughing. Gurli must let her father see it. [*Exit.*

## *ACT THE SECOND.*

*Scene, as before. Enter* CABERDAR.

*Cab.* My feet for ever bring me against my will into this room; and when in this room, my eyes are for ever riveted against my will upon that door. I must relieve my heart from this oppression; but should the trial fail—Oh, dreadful thought! Recollect, Caberdar, thou art not in India, where thou may'st imprison a wife, when she embitters thy domestic comfort; where, without thy permission, she is not even allowed to eat her meals at thy side. Thou art in Europe, where women are not debased to the rank of puppets, where they have themselves a will, and may even *think*—if they can. But on this girl the Gods bestowed a form, and Virtue a soul! Yet hold! Again in raptures! Do I know her? Have I long enough observed her? Is not her mother a woman begotten by Nirudi, king of the devils? And do roses ever grow on nettles? Ganem is right. The mildness of the eye may be hypocrisy. I must pry into her heart.

*Enter* TOM, *with the Gloves.*

*Tom.* I'll not run the soles off my shoes any longer. This is an unlucky day, and I shall not sell them, I'm sure.—(*Seeing* Caberdar.)—I'll make another trial, however. Sir, will you buy a pair of gloves?

*Cab.* No.

*Tom.* They were made by a pretty girl, I promise you.

*Cab.* No matter.

*Tom.* Cheap too: only a crown.

*Cab.* Leave me in peace. I never wear gloves.

*Tom.*—(*Peevishly throwing them on the table.*)—Then he may wear them that will.—(*As he is going.*)—You lodge in this house, Sir. Give them to Miss Lydia when she comes.

*Cab.* Miss Lydia! Hold! What has Miss Lydia to do with these gloves?

*Tom.* They belong to her.

*Cab.*—(*Astonished.*)—To her!

*Tom.*—(*Returning.*)—Yes, Sir, she made them. Look at them. Did you ever see a prettier pair in your days? Buy them, buy them, Sir. They are as cheap as dirt at a crown; and if you will not betray me, I'll tell you a secret. Miss Lydia worked at them for five nights.

*Cab.* Why does she sell them then?

*Tom.* You ask strange questions, Sir. Because she has no money.

*Cab.*—(*Hastily putting his hand into his pocket.*)—How much, said you?

*Tom.* A crown, Sir; and for that you have as good a pair of gloves as the Prince of Wales can wear, and Heaven's blessing into the bargain.

*Cab.* There are three guineas.

*Tom.* I said a crown, sir.

*Cab.* Those three guineas take to Miss Lydia; and here is a crown for yourself, on condition that you do not betray who was the purchaser of the gloves. Should she ask, say you sold them upon 'Change to a stranger, whom you never saw before.

*Tom.*—(*Surveying the money, and turning it over with great delight.*)—I understand you, Sir; I understand you, and thank you.

*Cab.*—(*Aside.*)—This is noble in her! Amiable girl! Not to be ashamed of working for her daily bread.

*Tom.* I never saw so much money together in my life. God bless your honour!

*Cab.* Where are you going?

*Tom.* Away.

*Cab.* But the money?

*Tom.* That I have in my pocket.

*Cab.* Why do you not take it to Miss Lydia?

*Tom.* Because I have not finished my errand, Sir. Miss Lydia ordered me, as soon as I had sold the gloves, to buy a pint of Madeira.

*Cab.* How! does she drink Madeira?

*Tom.* Not she, poor soul. I believe it is for her father. The poor old gentleman likes a drop in moderation now and then, but his wife and son won't let him have it.

*Cab.*—(*Aside.*)—Excellent, excellent girl!—(*To the boy.*)—Go then, go. [*Exit* Tom. I am resolved. Such a heart must make me happy. Were she not beautiful, this filial affection would endow her with celestial charms. Though poor, she can work five nights for a sick father! I am resolved.

*Enter* LYDIA.

Ha! She herself! Good morning, Miss Tradely.

*Lydia.*—(*Moving to him as she passes.*)—Good morning, Sir.—(*Goes to the door, looks out; returns; walks to the window, and seems to be on every side in search of something.*)——

*Cab.* Miss Lydia probably expects some one.

*Lydia.*—(*Turning.*)—Yes, Sir, a boy, whom I sent on a little errand. I fancied a few minutes since that I saw him enter the house, but I must have been mistaken.—(*She suddenly espies her gloves in the hands of* Caberdar, *and starts a little.*)

*Cab.*—(*As if unconscious of it.*)—There has been a boy here; but probably not the one whom you expect. Look, Ma'am, I have just bought a pair

of gloves. We men are often imposed upon in such articles. What is your opinion of them?

*Lydia.*—(*confused.*)—They are very neat.

*Cab.* How much do you think them worth?

*Lydia.* A crown, probably.

*Cab.* Yes, Miss Lydia, they are indeed. Would I were possessed of a crown, that I might place it on the head of that incomparable girl? These gloves, according to the boy's account, have been made by a daughter at the expence of her nightly repose, to support a sick father.

*Lydia.*—(*Much confused.*)—Indeed!

*Cab.* How much do you now think them worth?

*Lydia.* As much as a child deserves who fulfils her duty.

*Cab.* Miss Tradely—(*Seizing her hand.*)—I am an honest man—Will you marry me?

*Lydia.*—(*Surprized beyond all measure.*)—Sir—Heavens!

*Cab.*—(*Releasing her hand—in a gentle tone.*)—Nay, compose yourself. Why are you alarmed? It was not my wish to alarm you. Your affections are, perhaps, engaged. Speak openly. It will grieve me, but I shall remain your friend; I shall, indeed, remain your friend.

*Lydia.*—(*Who knows not what to say.*)—Sir—I have a father and mother.

*Cab.* I must first speak to you—then to your parents. My dear Lydia, I am sorry to see you thus confused. Fancy us two friends who are agreeing about a journey. The one asks, the other answers. Have you room for me? Are you not capricious, or ill-tempered? Are you not alarmed at a thunder-storm? Shall you wish for no other companion till you have reached the end of your journey? You know me, Miss Lydia. You have observed my actions. As I am to day, I was yesterday; and as I was yesterday, I shall be to-morrow.

*Lydia.* But I shall not, Sir. The few charms which have perhaps to-day attracted you, will be to-morrow faded.

*Cab.* Miss Lydia, the hand which made these gloves will still be dear to me, when wrinkled and disabled it scarcely can support a crutch.

*Lydia.* You do not yet know me sufficiently; and allow me, Sir, to avail myself of your open candid style—I do not yet know you sufficiently.

*Cab.* 'Tis well. Examine me, observe me as often and as long as you please. I never yet shrunk from the eye of virtue.

*Lydia.* In the first place, I am even ignorant who you are.

*Cab.* Oh, I thank you, Miss Lydia, for demeaning yourself so far as to make the enquiry. This proves at least, that the answer to my declaration is still doubtful. You shall learn who I am. As yet no heart in England has shared with me the secret of my sufferings. I was born on the banks of the Ganges, in the lap of fortune, and educated by my uncle, the ruler of Mysore, a man of strict integrity, to whose throne and enemies I succeeded. I was then scarcely sixteen years of age. I had wives according to the customs of the country, and when little more than twenty years old, I was the father of five sons and a daughter. I was happy, for my subjects loved me. Englishmen and Frenchmen revered me; my enemies and neighbours feared me; and peace reigned throughout my realms. I was happy, for (thanks be to Providence) man is blind to futurity. That I was cherishing vipers in my bosom, that my own brothers were plotting against my crown and life, were sowing the seeds of rebellion among my subjects, my unsuspecting heart never augured. The conspiracy broke out. In an unhappy night the sceptre of Mysore was wrested from my hands; and oh! my wives and children fell a

prey to my blood-thirsty conquerors. I, my daughter, and an old trusty servant, were lucky enough to reach the sea-shore. There lay two English vessels ready to sail, one of which received us, weighed anchor, and brought us to Lydia's native country, where, if she will restore to me what I have lost, this sigh for my past misfortunes is the last.

*Lydia.*—(*With downcast eyes, after a pause.*)—Then you are not a christian?

*Cab.*—(*Starts.*)—There is but one way to heaven—the way of virtue.

*Lydia.* That way leads through the Christian church.

*Cab.* Our Bramins tell us through the pagod. But be that as it may, I shall, with your hand, not refuse your wish. Well, Miss Lydia—any more objections? I like to hear, and like to answer them.

*Lydia.*—(*Always with virgin bashfulness.*)—Your wives, you say, fell victims to your enemies? They are, therefore dead.

*Cab.* Most probably.

*Lydia.* You have no certain account of it?

*Cab.* No.

*Lydia.* But if they be still alive?

*Cab.* Still are they dead to me.

*Lydia.* How! Could you——

*Cab.* Do not, dear Lydia, judge my actions by European laws and customs. My wives were my slaves, whom I could cast from me when I liked. But granting that I loved them as—as I love you, what consolation will my affection and fidelity be to them, at the distance of several thousand miles? To me my native country is for ever lost. Never shall I again wander in the glad fields of India.

*Lydia.* Do you know, Sir, what inference I may deduce from this avowal?

*Cab.* Well?

*Lydia.* Were you hereafter to forsake England, you would marry another, under the pretext that your affection and fidelity could be of no more service to me.

*Cab.* You are right; but one circumstance you have forgotten. I shall vow fidelity to you, and shall never forsake England.

*Lydia.* Who will detain you?

*Cab.* Love.

*Lydia.* Oh, the poor weak child!

*Cab.* In our religion this child is a god.

*Lydia.* Your language is good but not convincing.

*Cab.* I wish you would draw this conviction from my heart.

*Lydia.* Can my eye penetrate so far?

*Cab.* It is swimming in mine. But enough of this. Perhaps other circumstances will more powerfully convince you of my settled intention to end my days in England. All that I was able to rescue from my treasures on the unhappy night I have mentioned to you, was my diamonds—trifles for a prince, but a considerable property for a private man. I have here converted them into money, and bought estates. Do you know Glenmore Lodge?

*Lydia.* Glenmore Lodge was one of my favourite rides—(*With a half sigh.*)—when we had a coach.

*Cab.* It will remain with you alone to be there in future as often and as long as you please. You are the unlimited mistress of Glenmore Lodge. I settle it upon you as a jointure.

*Lydia.* No, Sir, that was far from my intention. Were we even to arrive so far——as we have not yet done, you never should persuade me to be so unjust towards your daughter.

*Cab.* Be at ease on that subject. My daughter will still possess a considerable dowry. I know my duty as a father, but I also know my duty towards

myself. Well, Miss Lydia, have I removed all your scruples? May I place before your eyes the picture of a life spent in happy retirement—in the full enjoyment of every domestic comfort, at a delightful place like Glenmore Lodge, at the side of your husband. (who will certainly hereafter obtain your friendship and regard, if not your affection) at the side of my good cheerful Gurli—(*With downcast eyes.*)—in the circle of your children, and (what will perhaps be of more value to you than all) in the arms of your father, whom I will take into my house, whose latter days you will sweeten, who will revive at the contemplation of our happiness——

[*Breaks off suddenly, and silently surveys her.*

*Lydia.—(Is much affected. With tears in her eyes, she turns from* Caberdar, *clasps her hands, looks towards Heaven, and remains some moments in this attitude. She then turns, and presents to him her hand.)* —It is yours.

*Cab.—(Seizes her hand with rapture, throws his arms round her neck, and kisses her.)*—Best of daughters! Heaven bless our union! It is formed between two upright hearts.

*Lydia.* It is indeed.

*Cab.—(Putting his ring on her finger.)*—Farewell, dear Lydia; soon, very soon to be my wife. My heart overflows with bliss. I must seek my old companion Ganem. He has shared with me my load of sorrow. To-day we will together quaff the cup of joy. Farewell. I shall wear these gloves upon my wedding day. [*Exit.*

*Lydia.* Have I, then, offered this sacrifice to filial affection, and could I so soon forget poor Fazir? Let me not indulge in romantic follies. Caberdar is a good man. How absurd were it to refuse him for the sake of a youth whose heart I only know by his eyes! Surely, of all the follies which a girl commits her first attachment is the greatest.

*Enter* SAMUEL.

Brother, you may wish me joy.

*Sam.* Question: Of what?

*Lydia.* I shall shortly be married.

*Sam.* You!

*Lydia.* Yes, I. If you will not believe my words, believe your own eyes. [*Holds the ring to his face.*

*Sam.*—(*Seizes her hand with eagerness.*)—Mercy on us! Let me look. To judge by the ring, your lover must be the first lord of the treasury. Zounds! sister, it is a mighty pretty ring. I really must kiss your hand.

*Lydia.* Well, it is for the first time in your life. What wonders can a sparkling diamond effect!

*Sam.* But——are you sure that your lover——that this ring——

*Lydia.* Is not stolen? The ring seems to you of greater consequence than the lover himself, for you have not even asked his name.

*Sam.* His name cannot possibly be of so much value as this ring. But now I naturally ask: What is his name?

*Lydia.* Caberdar.

*Sam.*—(*Violently.*)—Gurli's father!

*Lydia.* Yes.

*Sam.* The blockhead, whose only object ought to be the acquisition of a cautious husband for his *harum scarum* daughter!

*Lydia.* In the first place, I beg leave, in the name of my future husband, to decline all titles of distinction. Next, with respect to your careful intentions as to Gurli, you need only give her step-mother a good word, should you wish——

*Sam.* I wish nothing till I have scrutinized.

*Lydia.* Still tormenting yourself with your ridiculous caution. The girl is good, pretty, and rich.

What can you want further—except to be deserving of her.

*Sam.* Good. That question may, for the present, remain unanswered. Pretty? I answer: Yes. Rich? There I naturally ask: How do you know that?

*Lydia.* Unaccountable mortal! I know it from Caberdar's own declaration; from his generosity towards me. *Apropos*, you used to course. I shall be glad to see you, if you feel disposed to kill a few hares at Glenmore Lodge next autumn.

*Sam.* You glad to see me at Glenmore Lodge!

*Lydia.* Exactly, brother. Let this be a proof to you of Caberdar's wealth. He, who can settle such an estate on his wife, will scarcely leave his daughter without a dowry.

*Sam.* There we have it! - What a world is this? Here do I examine with the strictest caution, swallow all the news I can collect, place myself on my guard, secure myself on this side and that—come home, and find my incautious sister, who is cooped up like a goose, who never gathers a tittle of intelligence, sole mistress and inheretrix of Glenmore Lodge! On this occasion, I beg leave to ask: Fate art thou just?

*Lydia.* Pshaw! This is nothing. Caberdar has brought such a store of diamonds with him, that Glenmore Lodge is a mere pebble to them.

*Sam.* If this account be confirmed by more cautious and circumspect investigation, it will doubtless endow Gurli with new charms.

*Lydia.* It is most certainly true, brother. How happy shall we be in restoring plenty to our poor parents! How will my brother Robert rejoice, at his return from the West Indies!

*Sam.* Be not so hasty, sister. We are not yet arrived so far.

*Lydia.* You are not, to be sure, if Gurli will not have you.

*Sam.*—(*In a tone of derision.*)—Not have me! I could almost ask whether Lydia is in her senses?

*Lydia.* Hold! She is coming this way. Now you may at once lay siege to her heart. Shall I assist you?

*Sam.* I want no assistance.

*Lydia.* *A corps de reserve* may be of use.

*Sam.* I want no *corps de reserve.*

*Enter* GURLI.

*Gurli.* My father says that Lydia wants to see me. Good morning, Lydia.

*Lydia.* Good morning. Did your father say nothing more?

*Gurli.* No.

*Lydia.* Nothing about my brother?

*Gurli.* That silly man there. Not a word. If he had told me that your brother was here, Gurli would not have come at all.

*Sam.* I could almost ask: Why?

*Gurli.* Go away. Gurli wants to talk with Lydia.

*Lydia.*—(*To* Samuel.)—Shall the *corps de reserve* advance?

*Sam.* With caution.

*Lydia.*—(*To* Gurli.)—Your father says you are soon to be married.

*Sam.* Heavens! Lydia! How can you be so abrupt!

*Gurli.*—(*Yawning.*)—Yes. I am soon to be married.

*Lydia.* To whom?

*Sam.* Yes, to whom? Answer.

*Gurli.* Oh, dear Lydia, Gurli does not know that. My father thinks it right, and I think it right; but it seems to me exactly as if Gurli wanted a pomegranate, and no pomegranates grow in England. Gurli wanted to marry Lydia, but father

said no. Gurli wanted to marry Ganem, but Ganem said no.

*Lydia.* Ganem is too old for you.

*Gurli.* Yes, yes, he said no.

*Lydia.* But there are many young men in the world. [Samuel *arranges his dress, &c.*

*Gurli.* Yes, dear Lydia; but there is another very, very bad thing. My father says that if I marry, I must live with my husband; so that if my husband lives in Bengal, and my father in the country of the Mahrattas, Gurli must live with her husband in Bengal.

*Lydia.* Certainly.

*Gurli.* No. Gurli will never do that. Gurli loves her father so much.—(*Weeps.*)—No. Gurli can't leave her father. Gurli had rather not marry at all.

*Lydia.* Good girl!

*Sam.* But one question here naturally arises. Were a certain cautious man to be found who lived in the same country— nay even in the same town as your father——

*Gurli.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes. That would be delightful.

*Sam.* What think you, then, Miss Gurli? Could you love and marry me?

*Gurli.* Love? No. That I could not; but I'll marry you, if it will oblige Lydia.

*Lydia.* Strange creature! Would you marry without love?

*Gurli.* Why not? Must I love the man who is to be my husband?

*Lydia.* You must respect him, at least.

*Gurli.* I must own, Lydia, that Gurli does not understand what marriage is.

*Sam.* That you will learn in due time. I shall have opportunities in future of giving you a few

instructions in it. At present, nothing is requisite but a plain and simple answer to this plain and simple question: Will you marry me?

*Gurli.*—(*To* Lydia.)—Should you like it?

*Lydia.* Why—he is my brother.

*Gurli.* Well then, I'll marry you, silly man, on condition that you will always live where my father lives.

*Sam.*—(*Aside.*)—Shall I promise that? Why not? Just now I may consent to any thing.—(*Aloud.*)—The affection which will soon unite thee, lovely Gurli, to Mr. Samuel Tradely, is more powerful than filial tenderness.—But one question remains to be answered: When are we to be married?

*Gurli.* When you like.—(*To* Lydia.)—Will it make you happy if it be soon?

*Lydia.* I can have no objection.

*Gurli.* Then I'll marry you directly.

*Sam.*—(*Astonished.*)—Directly! No. I am by no means prepared for such an event.—(*To* Lydia.)—The good creature has caught fire, but we must proceed with proper circumspection.

*Lydia.* I think, brother, your wisest plan would be to leave circumspection out of the question, and take her at her word, lest she should change her mind.

*Sam.* All that I can possibly do, is this. I'll go to a notary, then to another, and order them both to attend here this afternoon.

*Lydia.* Both! But why two?

*Sam.* One of them may be taken ill, break a leg, or drink too much at dinner. A thousand hindrances may occur.—(Lydia *laughs.*)—Laugh as you please. I have only to propose one question. Can these matters be managed too cautiously? Answer: No. I will go, and order both to bring a contract.

will then compare both, amend both, and, with the necessary caution, chuse one of the two. Meanwhile, lovely Gurli, I beg the favour of a salute.

*Gurli.* Oh! nasty man!

*Sam.*—(*Astonished.*)—How!

*Gurli.*—(*To* Lydia.)—Shall I kiss him?

*Lydia.* Undoubtedly.

*Gurli.* Well then, there!—(*Kisses him, wipes her mouth, and calls after him.*)—But I'll tell you what. If the notaries be handsomer than you, I'll marry them both. [*Exit* Samuel.

*Lydia.* Well, dear Gurli, had you rather be my sister or my daughter?

*Gurli.* Gurli does not understand you.

*Lydia.* If you marry my brother, we shall be sisters.

*Gurli.* True. Gurli is glad of that.

*Lydia.* But if I marry your father, you will be my daughter.

*Gurli.*—(*Looks, for some time, doubtfully at* Lydia.)—Lydia is joking.

*Lydia.* Who knows? I shall probably be in earnest, if I could only learn who your father exactly is. What think you? Can you explain the enigma?

*Gurli.* Hist! Gurli must not mention that.

*Lydia.* Why not? To me you may.

*Gurli.* Not to my parrot, not to my cat, not to the rose-tree in my chamber.

*Lydia.* But the reason?

*Gurli.* My father has forbidden it.

*Lydia.* Is your father's prohibition so sacred to you?

*Gurli.* He never forbade any thing before.

*Lydia.*—(*Embraces her.*)—Good, dear girl!

*Gurli.* Silly Lydia!

*Lydia.* As you are so mysterious, I must probably call my guardian spirit to my aid.

*Gurli.* No. Lydia! don't joke with Gurli in this way.

*Lydia.* I am not joking. He left me but just now, and Heaven was the witness of our mutual covenant.

*Gurli.* Indeed! Ha! Ha! Ha!---(*Skips round the room, snaps her fingers, and sings.*)---Oh! I am glad to hear it! I am glad to hear it! How happy I am! Lydia, I must kiss you.---(*Takes her head between both hands, and kisses her with violence.*)

*Lydia.* Happy girl! Teach me to remain a child like thee.

*Gurli.* So my father knows you will marry him?

*Lydia.*---(*Laughing.*)---To be sure he does.

*Gurli.* That's a pity. I wish he had not known it, that Gurli might have been the first to tell him.

*Lydia.* But he does not know that you will marry my brother.

*Gurli.* Oh, that he will learn soon enough.

*Enter* JACK.

*Lydia.*---(*With a cry of astonishment and joy*)---Ha, Jack! Where is your master?

*Jack.*—(*Always in a dry honest tone.*)—Aboard. We have just steered into harbour.

*Lydia.*—(*Transported beyond herself.*)—Gurli! Gurli! Rejoice with me. Brother Robert is come. Father! Mother! My brother Robert is come.

[*Exit.*

*Gurli.*—(*Dancing and running up and down the room.*)—Delightful! Delightful! Brother Robert is come. But tell me—Who is brother Robert?

*Jack.* Captain Robert and Miss Lydia were launched off the same stocks, so they are brother and sister.

*Gurli.* He is her brother then. Delightful! Lydia is so happy; and Gurli is happy too, when Lydia

is so. Come here, you ugly man. I must kiss you for the good news.—*(Kisses the astonished sailor, turns, and, as she skips into the next room.)*—Brother Robert is come! Brother Robert is come! [*Exit.*

*Jack.* Damn me if I think that girl is overloaded with sense, however. I reckon no more on all these smooth women's faces than on a rotten cable. I wish we were off at sea again, for I know no good that we shall do among these land lubbers. The old gentleman is well enough; but his timbers begin to fail. God knows how long he may drive before the wind. As for the old woman, she is a hurricane, and never blows from one point, but runs all round the compass.

(Lydia *pushes* Tradely's *chair forward.*)

*Trad.* Welcome home, honest old Jack.

*Jack.* Thank you, Sir; thank you. How does your honour do?

*Trad.* Not very well, Jack.

*Jack.* Ay, ay, your old hull begins to crack, I see. You're obliged to be towed by Miss.

*Trad.* But just at present my transport overpowers my pain. How is my son?

*Jack.* Brave and hearty. He's just astern of me. He'll be here before a body can reef the mizen-topsail.

*Trad.* Well, honest Jack, give me some account of your voyage in the mean time. You and your messmates shall afterwards have some ale.

*Jack.* Thank your honour. We weighed anchor with clear weather, and a breeze at south-south-east. The wind has been rather hard against us now and then; but, thank God, we always weathered it handsomely.

*Trad.* You have not encountered these perils in vain, I hope. Your purses are well lined?

*Gurli.*—(*Alarmed.*)—Spirit! Have you one? Oh, Lydia! I am frightened.

*Lydia.* You need not be so; for he is the friend of all good people.

*Gurli.* Is he? But is Gurli really good?

*Lydia.* I am sure she is.

*Gurli.* Well! What says your guardian spirit?

*Lydia.*—(*Appears to be listening to something.*)—He says your father was once Nabob of Mysore.

*Gurli.*—(*Creeps affrighted towards* Lydia.)—Oh, Lydia! he is right.

*Lydia.*—(*As above.*)—He says Gurli will relate the rest.

*Gurli.* Does he? Then Gurli must.

*Lydia.* Be not alarmed, my dear girl.

*Gurli.* Send him away, and I'll tell you all.

*Lydia.*—(*Waves her hand.*)—There! He is gone.

*Gurli.* Are you quite sure of it?

*Lydia.* Quite sure.

*Gurli.* But Gurli does not understand how to describe any thing. She never knows how to begin, or how to end. My father was Nabob of Mysore. He was just and good. They called him the fountain of justice, for he used to punish the great men, if they were wicked, as well as the poor. He paid no regard to riches,—(*Weeping*)—and yet they drove him from his native country, and killed all his wives and his other children, and only left Gurli alive.

*Lydia.* Who drove him from his native country, and why?

*Gurli.* Well—my father had two brothers, a couple of ugly frightful men. Ha! Ha! Ha! One of them squinted, and had a long nose; and the other had a head like the great hollow things which the jugglers in our country put snakes into. Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, his head was full of snakes too.

The bad man! Lydia, there are very bad men in the world.—(*Clinching her fist and stamping.*)—If I had him here, I would twist my nails into his bristly hair. He wanted to be Nabob of Mysore too, and so did he with the long nose. Well, there they plotted together, and gained several supporters, and fell upon us all one night. Oh, Lydia! what cries and shouts, and shrieks, and noises there were! Hoo! I shudder when I think of that night. I sprung out of bed; but I had almost quite lost my senses. Ha! Ha! Ha! I fastened my gold necklace round my arm, and tied my apron round my head.—(*Weeping.*)—My poor father was forced to fly in the dark, and Gurli fled with him. Gurli sat in a palanquin, and Gunem helped to carry the palanquin.—(*Laughing.*)—But as he was not used to it, he fell in the dirt. At last we reached the sea. My father was grave and sorrowful, and did not say a word,—(*Weeping*)—and Gurli cried very much for her mother, and her brothers. We went into an English ship. The English captain was a good-natured droll man.—(*Laughing.*)—He used to make Gurli laugh very often. We sailed many days and many weeks, one after another. At last Gurli was tired; and at last —and at last we came here. Now I've told you all.

*Lydia.* I thank you, and will return your confidence. But you have not yet answered my first question, whether you would rather be my sister or my daughter.

*Gurli.* Well, Gurli would rather be your sister.

*Lydia.* Why?

*Gurli.* Because Gurli once had a mother, a good, good mother; Gurli can't wish for a better, but Gurli never had a sister.

*Lydia.* Then we will live together as sisters. Gurli, I shall shortly be married to your father.

*Jack.* Not they, by my soul, Sir.

*Trad.* But you took a very pretty cargo from home with you.

*Jack.* So we did, Sir, and cleared a good freight by it, too; but, damn me, if it is not all flown away!

*Trad.* Impossible! Can Robert, forgetful of his father's necessities, have squandered all?

*Jack.* Avast there! Say not a word against your son, Sir; for an honester fellow never chewed a quid. You must know, that on our voyage home, as we were steering some two hundred leagues west of the Canaries, we one morning from the mast-head spied a bit of a thing like a sail. Presently after, we heard a couple of guns, and plainly saw some canvas. "Holla!" cries the captain; "those may be signals of distress," says he; and by my soul so they were too. We hauled in her top-gallant sails, put her about, and sailed till we came nearer. I have seen cruel things in my time, Sir,—*(Wiping his eyes)*—but damn me if my bowsprit aloft here is not splashed with salt water whenever I think of it. A little crazy boat—there lay twenty-three people, who for five days had never champed a bit of biscuit between their teeth. Their ship had taken fire at sea; and they had but just been able to save their lives in the boat, since which they had been driving before the wind, as fortune might direct them. In four-and-twenty hours more, it would have been over with the poor devils. The captain was a Dutchman. He had lost every thing except his life, and a seaman's honour. Near him sat a young woman, with three little children, who had not a morsel to bite or break. When he looked at them, he pumped water out of both his holds. My master could not stand it. "Friend," says he, "I have neither wife nor child. There's a few hundreds—take them," says he. So we landed the whole crew at the first place we came to.

*Trad.* Did he do this? Then Heaven bless him!

for it! I am glad he has brought nothing, and he shall share my last morsel.

*Lydia.* Good brother! Have I not always told you, Sir, that Robert would be the pride of your declining years.

*Trad.* The pride and joy of my declining years.

*Lydia.* Ha! There he is!

*Enter* ROBERT.

(Lydia *flies into his arms.*)

*Robert.*—(*Pressing her to his heart.*)—My dear Lydia!

*Trad.*—(*Trying to push his chair forward.*)—Confound this gout! Help me, Jack. Holla, boy! Your father is here.

*Robert.*—(*Embracing him rather roughly.*)—Best of fathers!

*Trad.* Oh! O—h! Zounds! Don't you know I have the gout? Well, well, it is over. Come hither. This shake of the hand is a proof of my joy at your return, and—(*Laying his hand upon him*)—be this blessing the reward of your noble action.

*Robert.* What action, my father?

*Lydia.* Oh, we know all.

*Robert.*—(*In a tone of displeasure.*)—Has Jack been playing the old woman?

*Jack.* Don't take it amiss, Sir; for I really could not help it. My tongue got afloat.

*Trad.* Go in, go in, both of you. Your mother is within, Robert, and will probably for once look pleased.—(*Trying to move his chair.*)—Away with you all! Help a poor sinner forward.

*Jack.* I'll drop astern, Sir. [*Pushes off the chair*

*Manet* LYDIA.

*Lydia.* How is this? Alas! how strange are my

sensations! I had not courage to ask where he was. Is he returned, or has he remained in the West Indies? Or is he ill—or dead? Alas! how does this concern me? Why should I make these enquiries? Fate is resolved to try whether I was in earnest, when I made a sacrifice of my first attachment to filial duty. It seemed so easy to me. Alas! it is not so easy as I thought. Well, so much the more glorious is the conquest. But I may surely remain his friend. I should like to know what is become of him. Such a wish cannot be wrong. When Jack returns, I will enquire.

*Enter* FAZIR.

*Fazir.*—(*Flies to* Lydia, *and seizes her hand.*)—There she is! There she is! Oh, dear Miss Lydia! Fazir is returned, and is so happy, so happy! Good, dear Miss Lydia, Fazir cannot express what he feels. Have you always been well? Have you always been happy? Have you sometimes bestowed a thought upon Fazir?

*Lydia.*—(*Much confused.*)—Very often——only not to-day.

*Fazir.* My guardian angel knew it, and filled our canvas with a prosperous breeze. We are arrived; and now, dear Lydia, you must think of me. But you don't rejoice at my return. I did not expect you to rejoice so much as myself; but yet you might a little; a very little; for I am really your friend.

*Lydia.*—(*Agitated, gives him her hand.*)—I do indeed rejoice.

*Fazir.*—(*Kissing her hand with ardour.*)—I really have deserved that you should feel some little regard for me. I have always thought of you, and of nothing but you. When the sun rose from the ocean,

I stretched forth my arms, and prayed. I thought to have prayed for myself, and prayed for Lydia. When the surface of the sea was smooth as a mirror, I sought in it the form of Lydia; and I found it too; for I found it wherever I sought it. Oh, I found it without seeking it.

*Lydia.*—(*Turns away, and wipes her eyes.*)—Thou image of my poor sick father, support me at this hour.

*Fazir.* And when at last the coast of England lay before us in the blue horizon, Oh, Lydia, how great was the rapture of silly Fazir! It was in the evening of yesterday. I danced upon the deck throughout the night; and when the morning dawned, a bird flew from the shore, and perched upon our mast. I called to it; I beckoned to it; I whistled to it; I could have kissed it. Perhaps, thought I, Lydia was walking yesterday, and this bird sung to her.

*Lydia.*—(*Aside.*)—I must put an end to this. It is too much for my poor heart.—(*Stammering.*)—Do you know Fazir—that I—am shortly to be married?

*Fazir.*—(*Violently alarmed.*)—Indeed!—(*A long pause.* Lydia *casts her eyes upon the earth.* Fazir *mournfully offers his hand.*)—Farewell, dear Miss Lydia.

*Lydia.* Where are you going?

*Fazir.* I—I will away—to sea—into the sea. Farewell, dear Miss Lydia.—(*Holds her hand. Another pause.*)—Yes, I will away—But I cannot—Indeed I cannot. Miss Lydia is really soon to be married?

*Lydia.* Really.

*Fazir.* And will she be happy?

*Lydia.* She hopes so.

*Fazir.* Well, Fazir will not be happy. But that is nothing, if Lydia be but happy. May I know the man who has gained Miss Lydia's affections? No, no, I do not wish to know him. I hate no one. He

has done me no injury. Oh, yes, he has done me a very great injury.

*Lydia.*—(*Deeply affected, giving him her hand.*)—Remain my friend.

*Fazir.* Yes, dear Miss Lydia, Fazir would die for you. Alas! it is about six weeks since we encountered a dreadful storm. I was afraid of death; for I wanted so much to see Lydia again. Oh! I was a fool to be afraid of death——It would have been better if I had never seen Lydia again.

*Lydia.* Will you not ask my father and mother how they do?

*Fazir.* Oh, yes, Miss Lydia, if you desire it. I will do every thing which you desire.

*Lydia.*—(*Taking his hand.*)—Come, then, come. It is not proper that we should stay here discussing things which cannot now be altered. Friendship must heal the wounds which love inflicts.

*Enter* MRS. TRADELY, ROBERT, *and* JACK.

*Mrs. T.* But, *mon fil*, it was by no means noble conduct thus to dissipate the property earned with so much labour.

*Robert.* I beg your pardon, mother, it was, on the contrary, the noblest action of my life.

*Mrs. T.* By what will you now support your rank in the world?

*Robert.* By my principles.

*Mrs. T.* Right, *mon fils*. That is a noble sentiment.—(*Espies* Fazir.)—*Bon jour, Monsieur, Fazir. Je suis charmée de vous revoir en bonne santé.—(Turning again to* Robert.)—But the *déhors* must not be neglected. The sun, it is true, remains the sun, even if it be concealed by a thick fog; but it only dazzles our eyes when it appears in the full blaze of majesty. What do you think of this allegory.

*Robert.* I dare say it is a very pretty one, mother;

but I am not a sun, and do not wish to dazzle the eyes of any body.

*Mrs. T.* I wish, then, you had at least borrowed some warmth from its beams. You are not ignorant that poverty reigns in this house, and that we have awaited your return with anxiety.

*Robert.—(Shrugging his shoulders.)*—Upon my soul I am sorry for it; but had I, at that moment, been possessed of millions, it would have flown out of my pocket to the last shilling.

*Lydia.* Dear mother, our poverty will soon vanish if you will not deny me your consent and blessing.

*Mrs. T.* My blessing you have at all times; but my consent—to what? If it be compatible with honour——

*Lydia.* I think it is. Our lodger has solicited my hand.

*Mrs. T.—(In a lofty disdainful tone.)*—Indeed!

*Lydia.* He is a worthy man.

*Mrs. T.* Indeed!

*Lydia.* Rich.

*Mrs. T.* Indeed!

*Robert.—(Shaking hands with* Lydia.)—Sister, I wish you joy with all my heart.

*Fazir.—(With a sigh.)*—And I too, Miss Lydia.

*Jack.—(With a scrape.)*—Fair weather and pleasant breezes on the voyage, Miss.

*Mrs. T.* Be not so hasty, all of you, I beg.—Lydia, you know my sentiments.

*Lydia.* I do; but if I prove to you that his descent is irreproachable.

*Mrs. T.* That would give the affair another *tournure.*

*Lydia.* You will soon learn it from himself. He promised that he would wait on you in a few minutes.

*Mrs. T.* Did he? Then we must make a little

preparation for his reception. Come, Lydia, lest he should surprize us here. But I assure you I am a *connoisseur* in these matters. By the way in which he will conduct an affair of so much *delicatesse*, I shall easily know how to distinguish the *homme de qualité*. [*Exeunt* Mrs. Tradely *and* Lydia.

*Robert.* She did not even allow me time to ask my sister the name of her future husband.

*Jack.* He will not be ashamed of his flag, I hope.

*Fazir.* He must be a good man, because Lydia loves him.

*Robert.* My brother Samuel, too, is going to thrust his cautious neck into the yoke of matrimony. Hem! shall I sail through the world alone, then? What think you, Jack?

*Jack.* I think, Sir, you had better keep yourself easy, while you are so. He that takes a wife, anchors on damned bad ground, and can't weigh when he likes for the life of him. A girl hows and thens is well enough; but if you attempt to sail through life's voyage with a wife on board, damn me if you won't founder.

*Robert.* Do you think so too, Fazir?

*Fazir.* I think it best to die.

*Robert.* To die! Are you mad? Jack, what's the matter with our young messmate?

*Jack.* I think he may perhaps have taken too much love on board.

*Robert.* Is it so, Fazir?

*Fazir.* It is, indeed, good Robert.

*Robert.* How the deuce can this be? Why, we have not been in port more than a couple of hours. You are damned quick in catching fire.

*Fazir.* Oh, I loved before we left England.

*Robert.* And never said a word to me about it.

*Fazir.* I loved so secretly, so tenderly—you could not have understood me.

*Robert.* Hark ye, honest messmate: when we

were lying on the deck in a calm, and enjoying the warm sun-beams, when our vessel seemed to be nailed to the spot, you might, I think, have told me what a tempest was raging in your heart. How is this? Has not Robert merited your confidence? Am I not the only one acquainted with the secret of your rank? Have I ever betrayed you?

*Fazir.*—(*Falling on his neck.*)—Forgive me, dearest friend. It is not ingratitude; it is not indeed. You snatched me from death. You rescued me, at the peril of your own life, from my barbarous pursuers. I shall never forget that. Indeed, indeed, I am not ungrateful.

*Robert.* Well, well, enough of this! I did not wish to force thanks from you. I only require the confidence of a friend. Who is your girl?

*Fazir. My* girl! Alas, no. The girl whom I love is Lydia.

*Robert.* Lydia! Zounds! My sister!

*Fazir.* Yes.

*Robert.* Poor fellow! Now I understand why you want to die. You had probably anticipated great happiness at your return, and find her on the point of being married to another. It is a bad business I must own; but let us make the best of it. Matrimony is a wind, which is not favourable to either of us. Let us put to sea again; and, instead of love, take friendship for our compass. You shall be my foremast, and Jack my mizen. With such tackle I hope to weather many a gale; but if you forsake me, I must founder.

*Jack.* If ever I forsake you, call me a lubber.

*Robert.*—(*To* Fazir.)—Cheer up, my honest fellow, away with all this whining and blubbering! Come! Here at home all is not so cheerful as I wish. Let us step into the next tavern, and crack a bottle to Lydia's health and happiness.

*Fazir.* Yes—to Lydia's health and happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

## *ACT THE THIRD.*

*Scene, as before.* STAFF *and* STUFF *are discovered exchanging Compliments at the Door.*

*Stuff.* Unexpected happiness!

*Staff.* Agreeable surprise!

*Stuff.* To meet Mr. Staff in my way!

*Staff.* To find Mr. Stuff here!

*Stuff.* Pray walk in.

*Staff.* It cannot be.

*Stuff.* Must indeed! Must indeed!

*Staff.* I am not so unpolite. I know very well that the first place among the gentlemen of our profession belongs to my worthy friend Mr. Stuff.

*Stuff.* You joke, you joke. But why this ceremony between two such intimate friends?

[*Draws him in.*

*Staff.* Ay, two such intimate friends.

[*They shake hands.*

*Both.*—(*Aside, at the same time.*)—The devil take him!

*Stuff.* How are all at home? Perfectly well, I hope?

*Staff.* Perfectly, I thank you. Whenever I appear there I am always asked whether I have seen my respected friend, Mr. Stuff. And how are all the good people at your house? How does my little godson Jacob go on?

*Stuff.* He is a droll little fellow, I assure you. I daily place before his eyes his worthy godfather as an example.—(*Both bow to each other.*)—(*Aside.*)—What an ass it is!

*Staff.*—(*Aside.*)—What a porpoise it is

*Stuff.*—(*Aside.*)—What can he want here?

*Staff.*—(*Aside.*)—What the devil has brought him hither?

*Stuff.* My learned colleague has probably business here?

*Staff.* Exactly. The same is probably the case with my learned friend Mr. Stuff?

*Stuff.* At your service. May one be so bold as to ask what kind of business?

*Staff.* A trifle. A marriage-contract.

*Stuff.*—(*Whose anger is beginning to rise.*)—Indeed! A marriage-contract! You can scarcely be in earnest. I am come hither on the same business.

*Staff.* Indeed! Then is this house blessed indeed. Mr. Samuel Tradely, the comptroller of the customs, appointed my attendance here.

*Stuff.* Indeed! The same gentleman appointed mine.

*Staff.* Indeed! Odd enough, and scarcely credible.

*Stuff.*—(*Incensed.*)—Credible or incredible, it is true.

*Staff.* You must be mistaken, Sir.

*Stuff.* I am never mistaken, Sir; and once for all, Sir, let me tell you, Sir, you are a man devoid of conscience, and go about for the purpose of snapping the bread from your neighbour's mouth.

*Staff.* What, Sir! dare you——

*Stuff.* Yes, Sir, I dare.

*Staff.* You shall repent it.

*Stuff.* That we will see.

*Staff.* You will do best, Sir, if you return to the place from whence you came.

*Stuff.* And you will do best, if you go to the place of execution—or to the devil.

*Staff.* Then I must go home with you.

*Stuff.* I should be ashamed of appearing in the streets with such a pettyfogging fellow.

*Staff.* The world would be astonished to see you for once in respectable company.

*Stuff.* I am always in respectable company when not in yours.

*Staff.* Sir, you are growing insolent.

*Stuff.* And you are so already.

*Staff.* If you do not think proper to keep your tongue within bounds you shall feel the weight of this fist.

*Stuff.* As soon as you like. I have long wished to thresh such a hound.

*Staff.* Come on, then! though I shall gain no great honour by trampling on such a swine.

(*Both cast off their coats and wigs, place themselves in the attitude of two pugilists, and are about to fight.*)

*Enter* HURRY.

*Hurry.*—(*Springs between them.*)—Quick! Quick! What the deuce are you about? Why, gentlemen, I believe you wanted to knock each other's brains out as quick as thought.

*Stuff.*—(*Pointing to* Staff.)—You are that fellow's guardian angel.

*Staff.*—(*Pointing to* Stuff.)—That fellow is obliged to you for his life.

*Stuff.* But we shall meet again, Mr. Staff.

*Staff.* Yes, we shall meet again, Mr. Stuff.

*Hurry.* Will you have the goodness to inform me, why you were disposed to break each other's bones as quick as lightning?

(Staff *and* Stuff, *both bawl together.*)

*The One.* He asserts that Mr. Samuel Tradely appointed him to come hither with a marriage contract, whereas he desired me to bring it.

*The other.* He declares that he received orders to prepare a marriage contract for Mr. Samuel

Tradely, whereas that gentleman requested me to attend with it.

*Hurry.*—(*Covering his ears.*)—Hold, I beseech you, gentlemen. Zounds! I believe you'll break the drums of my ears.

*Enter* SAMUEL.

*Both.*—(*Running towards him.*)—Here is the contract.

*Sam.* Be cautious, gentlemen, be cautious. You'll knock me down.

*Stuff.* Do I not appear here by your desire?

*Sam.* Certainly.

*Staff.* Did you not appoint me to come hither?

*Sam.* Certainly.

*Stuff.* Did you not order me to prepare a marriage contract for you?

*Sam.* Certainly.

*Staff.* Was I not to bring a marriage contract with me?

*Sam.* Certainly.

*Stuff.* Now Mr. Staff.

*Staff.* Now Mr. Stuff.

*Stuff.* But dare one ask, Sir, why you have employed two of the most learned and respectable lawyers in the place, about a business which might easily have been managed by half of one?

*Sam.* Why? Might not some accident have happened to one of you, and hindered your appearance at the appointed time?

*Staff.* It was not wise to act thus, Sir. You had nearly been the cause of a bloody quarrel between me and my worthy colleague, Mr. Stuff.

*Stuff.* It was very inconsiderate indeed, Sir, to cause a dispute on so trifling an occasion between two such intimate friends.

*Staff.* If we had not so great a regard for each other——

*Stuff.* And so great a respect—(*They shake hands.*)—Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Staff.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Our friendship is as firm as a rock.

*Stuff.* In spite of every storm.

*Hurry.* A brisk boxing-match, and a speedy reconciliation! This is swift as lightning indeed. Such haste is praiseworthy.

*Sam.* Where are the contracts?

*Both.* Here.

*Sam.* I request that you will read them deliberately and audibly.

*Stuff.* Read, Mr. Staff.

*Staff.* I beg you will read, Mr. Stuff.

*Stuff.* Heaven forbid! I know my duty.

*Staff.* And I mine.

*Stuff.* Why all this ceremony? Two such celebrated men can only have one method of drawing up a contract. It is, therefore, immaterial which of the two reads.

*Staff.* For that very reason——

*Stuff.* Well, as you are so very pressing—(*Puts on his spectacles, and reads.*)—"Be it known unto all whom it may concern——"

*Staff.*—(*Who consults his own manuscripts.*)—With permission, Sir, it ought to begin: "Know all men by these presents."

*Stuff.*—(*Incensed.*)—Why so, Sir.

*Staff.* Because it is impossible to know every individual whom it may concern; but if all are informed by the contract, why, you know, of course ——all are informed.

*Stuff.*—(*Contemptuously.*)—A very correct definition.

*Staff.*—(*The same.*)—Not calculated for every understanding, to be sure.

*Stuff.* You are an ignoramus, Sir.

*Staff.* How! What! I an ignoramus! Were I to divide my legal knowledge among ninety-nine people, they would each be as learned as Mr. Stuff.

*Stuff.* Yes, if they were so before.

*Sam.* I beg your pardon, Mr. Stuff; but I think Mr. Staff is right.

*Stuff.* How! He right!

*Sam.* Caution commands the use of the most explicit terms.

*Stuff.* You are a fool with your caution.

*Staff, Sam. and Hurry.*—(*Together.*)—A fool! A fool! Impertinent fellow! Out with him! Down stairs with him. (*They fall upon him, and drive him to the door.*)

*Stuff.*—(*As they drive him out.*)—And I say it ought to be: "Be it known unto all whom it may concern."

*Sam.* Now, Mr. Staff, we are quiet, and may examine the contract with the necessary caution. Read.

*Staff.*—(*Puts on his spectacles and reads.*)—"Know all men by these presents."

*Stuff.*—(*Puts his head in at the door.*)—"Be it known unto all whom it may concern."

*Hurry.*—(*Driving him away.*)—Quick! Quick! Begone! Begone! Begone!

*Enter* CABERDAR *from his room.*

*Cab.* I can bear it no longer. May I ask, Sir, whether some evil spirit is let loose?

*Hurry.* We have this instant turned him out as quick as thought.

*Cab.* Whom? The evil spirit?

*Staff.* Yes, Sir, the evil spirit, I assure you; the *spiritus infernalis*, the *cacodæmon*.

*Sam.* We are here assembled, Sir, to consult on the happiness of your daughter.

*Cab.* How can the happiness of my daughter concern you.

*Sam.* Very nearly, Sir. Miss Gurli feels that she is in want of a cautious companion, who weighs his words, and selects his steps upon the slippery path of life. Her wise, praise-worthy, and irreproachable choice has fallen on me. One only question, therefore, remains: Has Gurli's father any objection?

*Cab.*—(*Looks at him with a scrutinizing eye, shakes his head, turns, opens the door of his room, and calls*)—Gurli!

*Gurli.*—(*Within.*)—Father!

*Cab.* Come hither.

*Enter* GURLI.

*Gurli.* What do you want father?—(*Espies the Notary.*)—Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Cab.* Be serious, Gurli.

*Gurli.*—(*Stroking his cheek.*)—What does my father want?

*Cab.*—(*Pointing to* Samuel.)—Will you marry this man?

*Gurli.* I promised Lydia I would.

*Cab.* Do you love him?

*Gurli.* I love Lydia.

*Cab.* Lydia will not be your husband, but this man.

*Gurli.* But he is Lydia's brother.

*Cab.*—(*Aside.*)—That is his greatest merit.

*Gurli.* And he will always live where you do, father. Gurli will never leave you, and Lydia will live there too. Is not it so, silly Samuel?

*Sam.* Yes.

*Cab.* You hope, then, to be happy with him?

*Gurli.* Not with him alone, but with him, with you, and with Lydia.

*Cab.* Well, Heaven bless you! I can have no objection.—(*Embraces his daughter, and afterwards* Samuel, *who assumes an air of great solemnity.*)—Sir, you become at once my son and my brother.

*Sam.* Two-fold honour, two-fold happiness, two-fold gratification! Is it agreeable to hear the contract read?

*Cab.* To me it is immaterial, as it can but concern me in one point—the dowry.

*Staff.* For that we have left room.

[*Shewing him the paper.*

*Cab.* Yes, and so much, that one might include in it the title of a great kingdom, with all the provinces, which it does and does not possess. Did you think me so rich?

*Sam.* Very rich, and very generous.

*Cab.* Indeed! Then I must be an uncommon man, for rarely have I seen riches and generosity combined. But every virtue may degenerate by being carried to excess; so may generosity. You know, Sir, I am myself on the point of matrimony, and it is very possible that a dozen more children may have the same claim as Gurli, upon a father's generosity.

*Sam.*—(*Confused.*)—Yes, yes.

*Hurry.* So! So!

*Staff.* Hem! Hem!

*Cab.* How much, therefore, do you think necessary, to enable you to live with my daughter, neither in poverty nor affluence, neither penuriously nor prodigally!

*Sam.* Why, in such cases, it is always better to calculate too high than too low.

*Cab.* Suppose, then, that in the middle path we were to stumble upon ten thousand pounds?

*Sam.*—(*Much pleased.*)—We should not let them lie.

*Hurry.*—(*Apart to* Samuel.)—Quick! Conclude the bargain. Quick!

*Staff.* Shall I insert that sum here?

*Sam.* Moreover, I flatter myself with a favourable answer to the following question. Should Heaven be pleased to bless our union with children——

*Gurli.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Shall we have children, too?

*Sam.* I hope so.

*Gurli.* Oh! how Gurli will laugh; Gurli never had any children yet.

*Staff.* *Hora ruit*; that is, time flies away. Is it agreeable to the contracting parties, to give this deed by their respective signatures, its authenticity, sufficiency, formality and legality?

*Sam.* Well said. Go, dear Hurry, and summon all my family. Every individual of it must be present on this solemn occasion.—(*Exit* Hurry.)—Have the goodness to allow another question. In what religion are the fruits of this marriage to be educated? Answer.

*Cab.*—(*Rather warmly.*)—Educate them to be virtuous members of society. In other respects, do what you like with them.

*Enter* TRADELY, Mrs. TRADELY, LYDIA, *and* HURRY.

*Hurry.* Here they come! Here they come!

*Mrs. T.*—(*After having made a careless curtsey to the company, walks directly to her son.*)—*Mon fils,* you see your mother driven *au desespoir.* Will you be such a barbarian as to graft a crab upon a peach tree?

*Sam.*—(*Drawing her towards him.*)—There are no roses without thorns. (*They converse apart.*)

*Gurli.*—(*To* Lydia.)—Well, sister, are you satisfied with Gurli.

*Lydia.* Gurli is a good girl.

*Trad.*—(*To* Caberdar.)—Sir, you have made an old man confused in the philosophy of life. Had I been told that upon a road where thousands daily pass, I should find a treasure, I could sooner have believed it, than that I should meet with a rich man who generously unites himself to a ruined family.

*Cab.* Oh, Sir, what a country is your Europe, if this be true. Our sultry climate does not breed such principles.

*Trad.* Your hand, Sir. I have long wished to grasp the hand of an honest man. You are my physician. You pour fresh strength and life into my feeble frame.

*Cab.* Still am I not disinterested. My reward is a pearl,—(*With a tender look towards* Lydia)—which neither Ceylon nor Arabia Felix, Japan nor Margarita, can produce.—(*Converses with* Lydia.)

*Hurry.*—(*To* Staff.)—All this is very well; but such things should be finished as quick as thought.

*Staff.* True; and, above all things, the formalities should be observed. Love, gratitude, happiness, and those little nick-nacks follow of course.

*Sam.* But, dear mother, at this rate we may go to bed hungry every night.

*Mrs. T.* Go, then, I abandon you. All the noble sentiments I have instilled into your mind, are lost upon you.

*Gurli.*—(*Who has crept behind them, puts her head between them.*)—What are you talking about so secretly?

*Mrs. T.* Very polite behaviour, truly! How can I ever think of introducing such a creature into the brilliant circles of fashion!

*Cab.*—(*Somewhat hurt.*)—I hope, Madam, she will

some day make a better figure in the circle of her children.

*Mrs. T.*—(*Contemptuously.*)—No doubt a good mother has merit too.

*Trad.* Yes, in every rank of life. Of that our gracious queen is an illustrious example.

*Sam.* We are wasting time.

*Hurry.* Very true! Very true!

*Gurli.* Well, then, let us go on.

*Staff.* The contract is ready to be signed.

*Sam.* Very well. Here are pen and ink.—(*Laying the paper flat on the table.*)—Here, Miss Gurli will sign her name.

*Gurli.* You think Gurli can't write, perhaps. Give me the pen, silly man.---(*Takes it.*)

*Cab.*—(*Uneasily.*)—Once more, my daughter, recollect that the happiness of your whole life depends upon a single word. When you have written it, your promise is irrevocable.

*Gurli.* Oh, dear father, Gurli will sign it. Only look, Lydia looks as if she wished it; and so does that old man. I like that old man---he looks so honest.

*Cab.* Well, it is your own choice. My blessing, and the blessing of the Almighty be upon you.

[Gurli *is going to sign.*

*Sam.* Hold, beauteous Gurli. Stop a single moment. I feel at once so fearful, so alarmed---is nothing forgotten? No explanatory clause?

*Staff.* Nothing whatever. I have provided against every contingency.

*Trad.* Samuel, this conduct betrays but little tenderness.

*Mrs. T.* Perhaps the spirits of his ancestors are whispering to him at this decisive moment.

*Sam.* Not they indeed, honoured mamma—(*To Caberdar.*)—The ten thousand pounds, Sir, which

you were so kind as to mention, will, I presume, be paid immediately after the solemnization of marriage?

*Cab.*—(*Very coldly.*)—On the very day, Sir.

*Sam.* Sign, then, charming Gurli.—(*She attempts to write.*)—But stop. Let me have another moment's consideration. I really feel myself in a very singular situation. One cannot be too cautious. But one more question, Sir. Will the ten thousand pounds be paid in bills or cash?

*Cab.*—(*Displeased.*)—As you please, Sir, as you please.

*Sam.* In cash, then, if agreeable to you, Sir.

*Cab.* It is perfectly agreeable.

*Sam.* Sign then.

*Gurli.*—(*As she is preparing to write.*)—You silly man, you tire me.

*Sam.* Hold, hold, another moment.

*Lydia.* Brother, you are insufferable.

*Cab.*—(*To* Lydia.)—You are his guardian angel.

*Sam.* One material question still remains to be answered. Should my dear Gurli's father depart this life without any other issue——

*Cab.* Then Gurli will inherit all I possess.

*Sam.*—(*Extremely delighted.*)—Your most obedient servant. All doubts are now at an end; and Mr. Samuel Tradely boldly enters on the holy state of matrimony. Sign, Gurli.

*Gurli.* Well, I will sign: but if you say *hold* or *stop* again, I'll throw the ink-stand at your head.

*Trad.* And you will treat him properly.

*Sam.* Sign, Gurli, sign.

(*As* Gurli *dips her pen in the ink*)—*Enter* ROBERT *and* JACK.

(Gurli *lets her hand fall, and gazes intently at* Robert.)

*Robert.* Zounds! a large assembly!

*Jack.* Not the right sort for us, Sir. Put about ship.

*Robert.* Blockhead, I am not a woman-hater.

*Sam.* Brother, you are just come in time to sign your name as a witness to my marriage-contract.

*Robert.* With all my heart! I wish you joy.

*Trad.* Robert, here stands a worthy man, who will soon belong to our family.

*Robert.* I am glad to hear it. I am not fond of compliments. Your hand, Sir!—(*Shakes it.*)—If it be true that you are a worthy man, I am your friend.

*Cab.* Friendship is the blossom of a moment, and the fruit of time.

*Robert.* True, very true. What ripens before its proper season is shaken down by the first breeze.

*Gurli.*—(*Inquisitively to* Lydia.)—Who is that man?

*Lydia.* That is my brother Robert.

*Gurli.* Brother Robert! I like brother Robert.

*Robert.* Is this the intended bride?—(*Approaches her.*)—Allow me a salute, Madam.

*Gurli.* A dozen if you like.—(*Kisses him.*)

*Sam.* Now, Gurli, sign the deed.

*Staff.* The formalities are protracted to too great an extent.

*Sam.*—(*Impatiently to* Gurli.)—Is it agreeable to sign the deed. [Gurli *shakes her head.*

*Mrs. T.*—(*Half aside.*)—This is the most tedious scene I ever witnessed.

*Gurli.* Lydia, I'll tell you what. I like brother Robert better than brother Samuel.

*Lydia.* Silly girl!

*Cab.* Gurli, this is childish.

*Gurli.* Don't be angry, dear father. Gurli may chuse whom she likes, mayn't she?

*Cab.* Undoubtedly.

*Gurli.* Well then, Lydia, is it the same to you whether Gurli marries brother Samuel or brother Robert?

*Lydia.*—(*Laughing.*)—To me it is, dear Gurli, but not to Samuel.

*Gurli.* Oh, the silly man! Who would ask him? —(*Goes to* Robert.)—Dear brother Robert, will you be so good as to marry me?

*Robert.*—(*Very much astonished.*)—How! What?

*Staff.* A most singular case, this!

*Mrs. T. C'est unique.*

*Hurry.* Quick as thought!

*Sam.* I am petrified.

*Trad.*—(*With a smile to* Caberdar.)—One of my sons will be the happy man. To me it is immaterial which.

*Cab.*—(*Significantly.*)—To me it is not immaterial.

*Gurli.* Well, you don't answer me.

*Robert.* Zounds! What can I answer?

*Gurli.* Don't I please you?

*Robert.* Yes, that you do.

*Gurli.* Well, and you please me. You are such a droll man. I like your laughing eyes. Your eyes speak so, that I feel as if I wanted to answer, and can't tell what. Well!

*Robert.* Why, Ma'am, I don't know you at all. I never saw you in my life till to-day.

*Gurli.* Nor I you. But Gurli would like to see you always.

*Lydia.* Brother, you may venture at my risk.

*Robert.* Zounds! She really is a pretty girl, but I can't deceive her. Ma'am, I am a poor devil, worth nothing but a ship of twelve hundred tons. If I put to sea to-morrow, I may be at the bottom of it next day.

*Gurli.* You shall not put to sea. You shall stay with Gurli.

*Robert.* And starve with Gurli.

*Cab.* Sir, this circumstance is singular in its way, and must surprise you extremely. This girl is my daughter. She is a good open child of nature, and her fortune is ten thousand pounds. I have nothing further to say.

*Robert.* Sir, I think no more of ten thousand pounds than of a rotten plank, and should not like to subsist entirely on another's fortune.

*Gurli.* Oh, you dear man, marry me.—*(Strokes his cheek.)*—I'll love you so much.

*Robert.*—*(Laughing.)*—This is a silly business. Well! With all my heart!

*Gurli.*—*(Delighted.)*—Thank you. Let me kiss you.

*Sam.* Robert, is it acting like a brother thus to deprive me of my happiness?

*Robert.* Damnation! No, no, Ma'am, I can't marry you.

*Gurli.*—*(Sorrowfully.)*—Why not?

*Robert.* My brother has previous pretentions to you.

*Gurli.* Your brother is a fool.

*Sam.* Softly, Miss Gurli. Have not you promised a hundred times that you would marry me?

*Gurli.* Whether exactly a hundred times I don't know, but I have promised.

*Sam.* Brother, you hear how the matter stands.

*Robert.* I do. No, Ma'am—I resign.

*Gurli.* But I won't have him; I won't have him; I won't have him. You silly Samuel, what do you want with Gurli? Gurli won't have you.

*Robert.* That is immaterial to me. You may do as you please; but I am his brother, and the devil take me if I can marry you.

*Gurli.* Tell me the truth. Do you like me?

*Robert.* By my soul I do.

*Gurli.* Well, then you must marry me. Lydia, tell him so.

*Lydia.* A sister can but advise and entreat, not command.

*Gurli.* Who can command him, then?—*(To* Tradely.)—You are his father, command him to marry me.

*Trad.* Does not Gurli know, from her own father,

that in such cases children are allowed to follow their inclinations?

*Gurli.* Then ask him to marry me. When my father asks me to do any thing, I always do it directly. Ask him, dear Sir, ask him.—(*As she is dancing round him and stroking his cheeks, she accidently hits his gouty leg.*)

*Trad.* Oh! Oh! Oh! My leg! My leg! Oh!

*Gurli.*—(*Alarmed and grieved.*)—Don't be angry. Gurli did not do it on purpose.

*Trad.* Lydia, help me from this croud. I am surrounded by so many people, and nothing will come to a termination. Away with me!

*Cab.*—(*To* Lydia.)—Allow me to accompany you.

*Lydia.* With great pleasure.—(*They push the chair off.*)

*Gurli.*—(*Much afflicted.*)—I hit the poor sick old man's leg. I'm sure Gurli did not do it on purpose.

*Mrs. T.* Ha! Ha! Ha! The *denouement* of the scene has amused me a little.

*Staff.* I never witnessed such *sponsalia* in the whole course of my practice.

*Hurry.* If other measures be not speedily and rapidly taken——

*Robert.* The whole affair will end in nothing.

*Jack.*—(*To* Robert.)—You have run foul of Mr. Samuel, and spoilt his voyage.

*Sam.* The blood is congealed in my veins. In what a labyrinth have I involved myself by mere caution!

*Gurli.*—(*To* Robert.)—Well, sulky man! Have you determined whether you will marry me?

*Robert.* You seem to be a good girl. You love Lydia as affectionately as if she were your sister—don't you?

*Gurli.* Yes, that I do.

*Robert.* Let us suppose, then, that Lydia wanted to marry a good honest man, could you take him from her?

*Gurli.* No, that I never could.

*Robert.* And yet you require that I should play my brother such a trick.

*Gurli.* Do you love silly Samuel as much as I love Lydia?

*Robert.*—(*Hesitating a little.*)—He is my own brother.

*Gurli.* Oh, dear, that's a pity. Gurli must cry.—(*Weeps.*)

*Jack.* There's bad weather brewing. The sea runs damned hollow.

*Staff.* From what has happened, it is natural to infer and conclude, that my presence here is unnecessary. I hasten, threfore——

*Sam.* Stay, stay, Mr. Staff.

*Staff.* For what reason? My time is of too much consequence to be lost. I shall place this attendance to your account; and have the honour to be the company's most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

*Mrs. T.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Thus the affair ends, then. Such ever be the fruits of ignoble intentions. [*Exit.*

*Sam.*—(*After a pause.*)—One question very naturally occurs on this occasion. What must I do? Answer: I don't know. [*Exit.*

*Jack.* The deck clears apace, Sir.—(*Pointing to* Hurry, *who is observing what passes very inquisitively.*)—There's one yonder yet

*Robert.* Point the great guns at him.

*Jack.*—(*To* Hurry.)—My good fellow, hoist sail, and steer out of this room.

*Hurry.* Hold your tongue, if you please. I am here on the duties of my office.

*Robert.* The duties of your office! How long has my father's house been the custom-house?

*Hurry.* Understand me properly, Sir. It belongs to the duties of my office to serve my worthy comptroller Mr Samuel Tradely. As often as I can steal

a quarter of an hour, or even a minute, or even a second, from the custom-house, quick, quick as thought, I hasten hither.

*Robert.* And now I beg, Sir, that quick, quick as thought you will hasten thither, or to any other place you like.

*Hurry.* But if I might know why——

*Robert.* Because I happen to have a damned itching in my finger's ends.

*Hurry.* Then you will probably not be offended if I take my leave immediately?

*Robert.* Not in the least. The sooner the better.

[*Exit* Hurry.

*Jack.* Now, Sir, what say you? Won't it be better, if old Jack casts anchor without, and waits till you give him a signal?

*Robert.* No, you may stay.—(*To* Gurli, *who, during the late conversation, has been standing in a corner and weeping.*)—What do you want, Ma'am?

*Gurli.* A husband.

*Robert.* Marry my brother Samuel, then.

*Gurli.* I don't like him. I'll have you.

*Robert.* But why exactly me?

*Gurli.* That I don't know myself. You are a bad man; for you make me cry; and yet I love you. For many weeks I have felt as if I wanted something, and my father said Gurli was to marry. Well, Gurli wanted to marry too! and then my father asked what man I would have. That was all the same to Gurli; but since Gurli saw you, it is not all the same to her.

*Robert.* And scarcely to me, I think.

*Gurli.* Oh, marry me. I'll love you more than my parrot or my cat. I'll play with you like my cat, and feed you like my parrot.

*Robert.* To be pleased and fed by you, dear Gurli, is indeed no bad peep into futurity.

*Gurli.* Oh! how happily we will live together, you and I, father and parrot, Lydia and cat!

*Robert.* Yes, yes, if but—Damnation! I feel as if I were not acting honourably. Your sweet prattle will lull my conscience to sleep. Hark you, Gurli? can you tell a lie?

*Gurli.* Tell a lie! What's that?

*Robert.* To say one thing, and think another.

*Gurli.* Ha! Ha! Ha! No, Gurli can't do that. But if you like, I'll learn.

*Robert.* Heaven forbid! Tell me honestly, if brother Robert be determined on no account whatever to marry you, will you take Samuel?

*Gurli.* No, never. Gurli won't marry silly Samuel. Gurli can't bear him now.

*Robert.* But—damn it—to undermine my brother is too bad. Jack, what think you? Can an honest fellow take this prize with a good conscience?

*Jack.* You must know best how much water your frigate draws. But as to your brother, Sir, I should make no more of him than of a mouldy biscuit. He struts on the main deck with a fine coat, and such like; but damn me if I would advise an honest lass to let him come on board.

*Robert.* I think so too, Jack. The poor innocent girl would have but a poor passage through life. Enough, Gurli, I'll marry you.

*Gurli.*—(*Falls on his neck.*)—Now you are my dear brother Robert. Now Gurli can laugh and skip and dance again.

*Robert.* Stop. You are now engaged to me, and I must give you a ring. It is only plain gold, and not worth much, but it signifies as much as the Pitt in our King's treasury.

*Gurli.* What am I to do with it?

*Robert.* Put it on your finger. There! that signifies I love you.

*Gurli.* Ha! Ha! Ha! You droll man! I'll fetch you a ring too, and that signifies I love you again.

[*Exit into her chamber.*

*Robert.* Jack, what think you? Am I safely moored, or am I among the rocks?

*Jack.* Cast the lead into your own heart.

*Robert.* But she's a fine girl, Jack, eh? How the devil did she contrive to bring me so soon under her stern?

*Jack.* That I can't tell, Sir. I was not at the helm, and have nought to do with the ship's course.

*Robert.* Nevertheless, honest messmate, I should like to hear the length and breadth of your opinion. We have doubled many a cape, and weathered many a gale together. You know my inside and outside, as well as you know your hammock. You used to carry me in your arms before I could splice a cable. Tell me candidly what you think of this business. The girl is pretty, good, and has ten thousand pounds.

*Jack.* Why yes, she's a tight lass enough, that understands her compass, well rigged aloft, and well planked below, but——

*Robert.* But what? Out with it!

*Jack.* Why women (God help 'em) are as they are. If I were in your place, Sir, I should say: I see well enough where the land lies, but damn me if I won't sail past the point.

*Robert.* I can't Jack. I have carried away my tackle.

*Jack.* That's a bad job.

*Robert.* I almost fear my keel will turn out of water.

*Jack.* That's a very bad job. Then you are sure to founder.

*Robert.* I trust not, Jack; I still hope to continue in calm water. The girl carries her soul in her eye, and in her eye is no guile. Her heart is

in her words and her words are as sweet as the cocoa-nut.

*Jack.* But a wife is no more to be trusted to than a hurricane. At first you may lead a life of fun; but sail once against her inclinations, and the storm will blow from north, south, east, and west. Then, consider, Sir. Now you govern your own vessel as you like. You weigh anchor when you like, and steer where you like. Do you think, if you take a wife on board, that you will have as much cable as before?

*Robert.* Silence, honest Jack. I find I was not serious when I asked your advice; for, in spite of all your objections, I'm resolved to pursue my own course.

*Jack.* Luck be with you!

*Enter* FAZIR.

*Robert.* At last messmate, we are allowed a sight of you again. Where the deuce have you hid yourself since we drank a glass together?

*Fazir.* I have been on board. I had resolved never to enter this house again, and yet I am here again. I know not how it happens.

*Robert.* You have been on board, have you? Is the crew merry.

*Fazir.* Too much so. Their merriment drove me away, for I could not join in it.

*Robert.* But why not?

*Fazir.* How can you ask, Robert? I have a silly story to tell you. I went and threw myself into my hammock, and tried to find repose; but the rope by which my hammock is suspended from the deck—now, don't laugh at me.

*Robert.* No, no. Go on.

*Fazir.* Well—the knot of the rope has formed an L. It looks like an L, I assure you,

*Robert.* Yes, yes. Love is able to make it look like the whole alphabet.

*Fazir.* How did I rejoice, at sea, when on walking I beheld this L! My thoughts wandered further than my eyes, and this L kept me many an hour in bed. Alas! to-day, for the first time, it has driven me from my bed.

*Robert.* Poor fellow! What think you, Jack? Is there any help for him?

*Jack.* He is too heavily laden. He must throw love overboard, or he'll sink.

*Fazir.* Robert, shall you sail again soon?

*Robert.* Why I have not yet begun to deliver my rums and sugars, and afterwards I must procure another freight outwards.

*Fazir.* How long shall you stay here, then?

*Robert.* Six weeks, at least.

*Fazir.* Six weeks! Oh, Robert! long before that time Fazir will be dead. Why did I not remain in my native land? There I might at least have perished with my brothers: here I must die alone. There some good soul would have lamented my fate: here, no one will drop a tear upon my grave.

*Robert.* Fazir, you distress me. If it be any consolation to you that Lydia's future husband seems to be a very worthy man——

*Fazir.* That ought to be some consolation to me, but it is not. Am not I a worthy man?

*Robert.* But you are not rich.

*Fazir.* Robert, have I not often heard you say that honesty was better than wealth?

*Robert.* Most certainly it is; but honesty gnaws at the bones which wealth throws under the table.

*Fazir.* Yet still—still I feel as if I never should have starved at Lydia's side. Do you remember the negro slave whom we saw on our walk at Jamaica? He was working in a sugar plantation. The sweat ran from his brow—a pitcher of water stood

near him—and yet he was cheerfully singing. "Good friend," said you to him, "that is hard work." "It is," he replied, and wiped away the sweat with his bare hand. We entered into conversation, and asked him, among other things, how in his severe situation he could smile with so much satisfaction. He pointed to a bush at the distance of about a hundred paces, under which sat a black woman, with three half-naked children. The youngest lay upon her breast. And when the negro slave pointed thither, he looked so truly happy—such a smile never decked the countenance of a king! Oh, had Lydia been willing, Fazir would have toiled like that slave—and would have smiled like that slave.

*Robert.*—(*Much affected.*)—Come! Come! Let us drink a bottle of wine together.

*Fazir.* No, I don't like either to eat or drink. I will starve myself to death.

*Enter* GURLI *with a diamond ring.*

*Gurli.* Well! here I am!—(*Espies* Fazir, *stands rooted to the spot, and surveys him with speechless dread.* Fazir *is equally alarmed at the sight of her, and rivets his eye upon her with a look of astonishment and terror.*)

*Robert.* Well! What means all this?

*Gurli.*—(*Trembling.*)—Brother Robert, do you see any thing standing there?

*Robert.* To be sure I do.

*Gurli.* Do you really see it?

*Robert.* Why, yes. I am not blind.

*Fazir.* Robert, do you see that spirit?

*Robert.* I see a fool, and you are he.

*Fazir.* Dear Robert, that body once belonged to my sister Gurli. Ask it what soul has taken possession of it since her death.

*Robert.* Your sister!

*Gurli.* Yes, yes, Robert. That spirit's name was formerly Fazir. He was my brother—Oh, my dear brother!

*Robert.* I comprehend this. Children keep your five senses together. First such alarm and now such joy! You are not spirits. Children, I beseech you, don't be ridiculous. Embrace each other! Brother Fazir and sister Gurli!

*Fazir and Gurli.*—(*Together.*)—Not spirits! (*They approach each other with open arms.*)

*Fazir.* You are really alive, Gurli!

*Gurli.* Are you alive, dear Fazir?

*Robert.*—(*Deeply affected.*)—What think you, Jack?

*Jack.*—(*Wiping away a tear.*)—Land! Land!

*Robert.* Right, Jack. Never have I felt this, when I first espied land after a long and dangerous voyage.

*Fazir and Gurli.*—(*Suddenly breaking out into excessive transports.*)—He lives! She lives! Sister Gurli! Brother Fazir!

(*Here the author can give no instruction to the actors. They hop, dance, skip, sing, laugh and cry alternately. Joy is always difficult to be acted, but most especially the transports of two uncorrupted children of nature.* Robert *and* Jack *silently survey and feast upon the blissful scene.*)

*Enter* GANEM.

*Ganem.* I heard your voice, Gurli—But—what—

*Fazir.* Ganem too!

*Ganem.* Fazir! Thou alive?—(*Presses him with fervour to his breast.*)—How is this? Where am I? My old head—Yes, yes, he is alive.—(*Transported.*)—We will rejoice, we will rejoice. We will boil rice and milk.—(*Raising his clasped hands, and bow-*

*ing thrice to the earth.*)—Praise be unto Brama! Praise be unto Brama! Where is my master? Where is Caberdar? We will paint the horns of a cow, and decorate them with garlands.

*Fazir.* Caberdar! What says he? Gurli, is my father too alive?

*Gurli.* Alive and well! Alive and well! Father! Father!

*Fazir.*—(*With eager affection.*)—Where? Where?

*Enter* Mrs. TRADELY, CABERDAR, *and* TRADELY, *whose chair is pushed in by* SAMUEL.

*Mrs. T.*—(*As she enters.*)—*Ciel et mon Dieu!* What a vulgar riot!

*Cab.*—(*Espying his son.*)—Almighty Powers! What do I see?

*Fazir.*—(*Embracing his knees.*)—My father!

*Gurli and Ganem.*—(*Dancing around them.*)—He is alive! He is alive!

*Cab.*—(*Embracing his son with ardent affection.*)—Thou art alive! Oh, Brama, canst thou forgive my doubts and my complaints? My first-born is alive! I clasp him in my arms! I have my son again! What can a prince's wealth or a prince's diadem bestow, to be compared with this moment?

*Ganem.*—(*Bowing to the earth.*)—Praise be unto Brama!

*Cab.*—(*Raising his hands and eyes towards Heaven.*)—Accept my silent thanksgiving.

*Trad.* What a blissful moment! It allays my pain.

*Mrs. T.* A romance; a complete romance.

*Sam.* So it seems to me too. I am still very doubtful whether it be true.

*Robert.* Give yourself no trouble, brother: I will be surety for the truth of it.

*Cab.* Speak my son. By what miracle didst thou escape our butchers?

*Fazir.* I wandered to and fro, but some good angel directed my steps. I knew not whither I was going, nor what would become of me. On every side I was pursued without knowing it. On every side I escaped without knowing it. Brama has preserved me.

*Ganem.*—(*Bows to the earth.*)—Praise be unto Brama!

*Fazir.* On the tenth day after my escape from the palace, when hunger and fatigue had almost overpowered me, I with difficulty climbed a hill, and suddenly beheld before me the immeasurable ocean. A vessel had just sailed, and was scarcely a cannon-shot from the shore. Alas, thought I, had I but arrived an hour sooner, this vessel would have rescued me from every danger. I hastily untied my turban, and waved the muslin in the air. I called as loud as I was able, but in vain. A fresh breeze carried the ship away, and left me to despair. Hunger led me to the shore, where I sought shell-fish, heedless whether any one discovered me. Suddenly (what a joyful sight!) I espied, behind a rock, another vessel lying at anchor, whose commander was this worthy man.—(*Pointing to* Robert.)—To him I am obliged for the preservation of my life, and for my subsistence to this hour.

*Ganem.*—(*Bowing to the earth.*)—Praise be unto Brama!

*Gurli.*—(*Runs to Robert, and throws her arms round his neck.*)—Oh, you good dear man!

*Robert.* Pshaw!

*Cab.*—(*Shaking* Robert's *hand.*)—Sir, should you ever be a father, you will then feel that for such a kindness the gratitude of a parent has no words.

*Robert.* By my soul, Sir, I am ashamed. When I received the young man, I neither thought of gratitude nor recompence. I followed the dictates of my heart, and found I had preserved a friend.

*Trad.* Embrace me, my son. Heaven bless you!

*Mrs. T.*—(*Giving him her hand.*)—*Mon fils*, I am enchanted with your noble sentiments.

*Robert.* Dear mother, my sentiments were at that moment so little noble, that I even fear envy and jealousy were among them. On the previous evening, three other fugitives had saved their lives in the vessel which lay near me, and by my soul I lamented that accident had led them to my neighbour.

*Cab.* Those three fugitives were we. That worthy man saved the father, the daughter, and the friend. This worthy man restores to me my son.

*Gurli.* And Gurli may marry this good man—mayn't she, father?

*Cab.* If he agree to it, with all my heart?

*Gurli.* Yes. You'll have me. Won't you, Robert?

*Robert.*—(*To* Samuel.)—Brother, you must not take it amiss. My generous resignation of her would be of no service to you, for she declares that at all events she will not marry you.

*Gurli.* No, that I won't, silly Samuel; so go away.

*Sam.* One question naturally occurs on this occasion: What must Mr. Samuel Tradely do? Hang himself—if caution would allow it. Who knows whether there be not some still greater happiness in store for him. [*Exit.*

*Cab.* Every thing conspires to prove that I gained nothing when chance placed in my hand the sceptre of Mysore, and that I lost nothing when chance again wrested it from me. With good children, and worthy friends, what can be wanting to complete my happiness? A wife. That too I have found. Madam, your consent alone is wanting. I love your daughter. I know your sentiments, and your respect for ancient families. I hope all your demands in this respect will be satisfied, when I assure you that I was the reigning monarch of Mysore, and

that my forefathers bore arms with honour when Alexander the Great subdued India.

*Mrs. T.* I am astonished. So old a house! I shall be proud of receiving you into the family with open arms.

*Fazir.* Alas, my father!

*Cab.* What now?

*Fazir.* My dear father!

*Cab.* What is the matter, my dear son?

*Fazir.* You have given me life, and are about to rob me of it.

*Cab.* I do not understand you.

*Fazir.* I love Lydia so sincerely.

*Cab.* Indeed! And Lydia?

*Fazir.* I have no repose by day or night.

*Cab.* Hear me, my dear boy. Lydia alone can decide this. True it is, you are but twenty years of age, and the fresh bloom of youth adorns your cheek. I, on the contrary, bear on my back the load of thirty-five. Yet, as far as I am able to judge of Lydia's mind, this will scarcely influence her choice. We will summon her, and if her heart decide for you, I willingly submit to my fate.

*Robert.* Jack, weigh anchor, and steer to Lydia's room. Tell her we will thank her to sail hither.

*Jack.* I will, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Gurli.* Father, I can tell you which Lydia will marry.

*Cab.* Well?

*Gurli.* My brother Fazir.

*Cab.* How can you know that?

*Gurli.* He is prettier than you.

*Cab.* My dear girl, Lydia is not a child like you.

*Robert.* I fear, as far as relates to this point, women will be children all their lives.

*Trud.* Happen what may, I shall at least see two happy couples before my end.

*Mrs. T.* True, *mon cher.* This day reconciles

me to fortune, and softly shall I hereafter slumber with my ancestors. I am only grieved for Samuel's fate.

*Gurli.* Poor silly Samuel! I am really sorry for him. What do you think, Robert? I'll marry him too.

*Robert.* Two husbands at once! No, Gurli, I must beg you not to do that.

*Gurli.* Well, as you like.

*Enter* LYDIA *and* JACK.

*Robert.* Sister, I wish you joy of your approaching marriage.

*Lydia.*—(*Dejected.*)—I thank you.

*Robert.* But to whom are you about to be married? That is still the question.

*Lydia.* To whom! To this gentleman.—(*Pointing to* Caberdar.)

*Robert.* Hold! Hold! Not in such haste!

*Cab.* Miss Lydia, I release you from your promise. A father and his son stand before you.

*Lydia.*—(*Astonished.*)—Father and son!

*Cab.* Yes. This youth is my son. He loves you. I love you too. Make a free choice.

*Gurli.* Take Fazir. He is prettier than my father.

*Cab.* Your heart must decide.

*Lydia.*—(*Much confused.*)—My heart! Oh!

*Fazir.*—(*With downcast eyes.*)—Dear Miss Lydia—

*Robert.* Well, sister, what do you say?

*Lydia.* What can I say? I have already given my word.

*Cab.* Then if you had not given your word, you would—(Lydia *is silent.*)—I understand you—(*Lays her hand in* Fazir's.)—God bless you, children!

*Fazir.*—(*Embracing* Lydia.)—Dearest Lydia!

*Ganem.*—(*Bowing to the earth.*)—Praise be unto Brama!

*Cab.*—(*Wipes away a tear.*)—A single bitter drop! It is but just. The cup of joy was too sweet.

*Robert.* Well, Jack! What think you?

*Jack.* I think that I must tow my old battered hull round the world alone. Powder and shot are gone. The main-deck is carried away. What can I do?

*Robert.* You shall stay with me; and as long as I have a biscuit, the half of it is yours, till at length you reach the end of your voyage, and are received among the crew aloft.

*Jack.* I thank you, Sir; I thank you. Well! I wish you all good weather, and a fair wind on the passage.

THE END.

# FALSE DELICACY.

*A DRAMA,*

IN FIVE ACTS.

FROM

KOTZEBUE.

## *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

### MEN.

MR. DALNER.
CAPTAIN LINDORF.
MR. ROSENBERG, *a Country Gentleman.*
VICOMTE DE MAILLAC, *an Emigrant.*
FRELON, *the* Viscount's *Servant.*
JOHN, Mr. Dalner's *Gardener.*

### WOMEN.

MRS. DALNER, Dalner's *second Wife.*
SOPHIA, Dalner's *Daughter by a former Wife.*
EMMA, Dalner's *Foster-child.*
MADAME MOREAU.

# FALSE DELICACY.

## *ACT THE FIRST.*

*Scene,* Dalner's *Garden.*

*Along one Side of the Stage extends a Hedge with an Arbour; and on the other are two high Trees, whose Branches unite, and form a Shade over a Seat of Turf.* JOHN *is discovered upon a Garden-ladder, clipping the Hedge, and singing. At intervals, he utters the following Soliloquy.*

*John.* PLENTY of sprouts and shoots—here and every where else—only not all properly lopped away. Oh, if I might but exercise my sheers where I liked!—Well! well!—(*He sings—then again proceeds.*)—Ah me! how every thing is altered! Formerly joy used to be a perennial in this garden, and bloomed of its own accord in every quarter of it. But now, my good master is surrounded by so thick a hedge, that not a sun-beam can penetrate it; and —poor man!—the caterpillars that prey upon him every day increase.—(*Sings and works.*)

EMMA *crosses the Stage, with her netting Work.*

*Emma.*—(*As she passes.*)—Good morning to you, John.

*John.* Good morning, Miss Emma. Abroad so soon!

*Emma.* The sun shone into my room, and invited me into the garden. [*Exit.*

*John.*—(*Looking after her.*)—A sweet little flower that, hid among the bushes like a ripe strawberry.—Our Miss Sophy too—if she's not spoiled by her stepmother.—Well! well!—(*Sings and works.*)

*Enter* FRELON.

*Fre. Bon jour, Maitre Jean!*—(John *stops, looks round, laughs contemptuously, and proceeds in his work.* Frelon *approaches, and shouts.*)—Holla!

*John.* What do you want?

*Fre.* I say, *bon jour, Maitre Jean.*

*John.* And I say, go to the devil. I'm an honest old man, and only understand my native tongue.

*Fre. Maitre Jean* is always so cross.

*John.* Jan! Jan!—My name is John.—(*Sings and works.*)

*Fre.* But Jean sounds better; and—*avec* permission, *Maitre Jean*—you should not sing—your voice is very bad.

*John.* Who desires you to stay and hear it?

*Fre.* My master desire me to stay here till he come.

*John.* Then go and drive the birds from the pease, that you may say you have once in your life been of some use.

*Fre.* Maitre Jean, you be very full of joke.

*John.* He that eats our bread must bear our humours.

*Fre.*—(*Fanning himself.*)—*Mon Dieu!* How hot it will be to-day!

*John.* You may bathe in the pond, then. There's a little water in it—and plenty of mud.

*Fre. Apropos,* the pond must be removed.

*John.*—(*Turning to him.*)—What?

*Fre.* I say—the pond must be removed.—(John *looks at him, smiles contemptuously, and proceeds in his work.*)—*Oui, oui!* When the Vicomte marry Mademoiselle Sophie—you shall see——

*John.* Your master marry Miss Sophy!

*Fre.* Yes, Monsieur le Vicomte will forget what is due to his illustrious ancestors——

*John.* So!—But Miss Sophy won't forget what is due to herself, I hope.

*Fre.* Be more respectful, *Maitre Jean.* If I say one word to my master, you will lose his favour.

*John.* So!

*Fre.* Indeed, I doubt whether his Lordship will keep you in his service at all.

*John.* Sure!

*Fre.* You no understand the *jardin, mon ami.*—*Point de gout!*—We shall send for a Frenchman.—Ah, *Maitre Jean! Un homme delicieux!* He will teach you——

*John.* He teach me!

*Fre. Oui, mon ami. Un homme char*——

*John.*—(*Running down the ladder.*)—Damn your French palaver!—(*Seizes a watering-pot, and besprinkles* Frelon's *legs.*)

*Fre.*—(*Skipping from side to side, while* John *follows him.*)—*Maitre Jean! Maitre Jean!*——*Mon Dieu! Que voulez vous*——

*Enter* MR. DALNER.

*Dal.* John, what are you doing?

*John.* Nothing very good, Sir. I'm watering a weed.

*Dal.* Don't you know in whose service he is?

*John.*—(*Half aside.*)—Oh, yes! Like master like man!

*Fre.*—(*Wiping his legs with his handkerchief.*)—Maitre Jean like a joke.

*Dal.* Where is your master?

*Fre. Probablement*, at the bal.

*Dal.*—(*Forcing a smile.*)—Excellent! He enters into the very spirit of dancing.

*Fre.* Towards morning he send me home, and told me to wait for him here.

*Dal.*—(*Always endeavouring to assume a careless air.*)—Of course his Lordship will accompany my wife home.

*Fre. Certinement.* Ah, Monsieur! Madame Dalner dance *comme un ange;* and Mademoiselle Sophie skim along *comme un zephir.*

*Dal.* Was the company numerous?

*Fre. Oui*, Monsieur. I saw Madame Dalner in a crowd of *beau monde.*

*Dal.*—(*Conccaling his displeasure.*)—The carriage was sent home some hours ago. How means she to return?

*Fre.* In Monsieur Rosenberg's *carrosse.*

*Dal.* Mr. Rosenberg! Is he in town? I'm glad to hear it.

*Fre.* He came just in time for the bal.—*Ventre—saint—gris!* Maitre Jean has so wet me that I must changer my *chausseur.*

[*Makes an airy bow, and exit.*

*Dal.* John, I am just come from the bason below. Why are all these garlands and festoons of flowers bound to the trees?

*John.* My mistress ordered that it should be so, Sir. All my stocks, roses, and carnations have been plucked.

*Dal.* But for what reason?

*John.* Why—she's going to give a thing—Heaven knows what it means. That fool, who was here just now, gave it some French name; but Musya

Rosat, the hair-dresser, translated it for me. They call it a dancing breakfast. The servants have been employed all night in making chocolate and cakes for it.

*Dal.*—(*With forced indifference.*)—Have they?

*John.* Oh, Sir, for these last two years, there has been so much bustle in the garden, that the nightingales have quite forsaken it.

*Dal.* Mind not that, good John, if contentment build her nest here.

*John.* But contentment, like the swallow, is a bird of passage, Sir.—(Dalner *sighs, and endeavours to conceal it.*)—Don't take it amiss, Sir. I am an old grey-headed servant, who knelt with devotion at your baptism. You grew, and seemed to find enjoyment in your own ideas. When the neighbours' children wanted you to play with them, why sometimes, from good will, you would comply with their desire, but even then you looked—just as you look now. Don't be offended, Sir.

*Dal.*—(*Smiling.*)—If I thought that my neighbours' children had any claim on my compliance, surely so good, so excellent a woman as my wife has a far greater. I ought always to remember that she is young, and I above forty.

*John.* I only wish, Sir, that she would leave the garden in peace.

*Dal.* What has she done, to cause that observation, John?

*John.* Oh, dear Sir! This garden is my paradise. My late father first laid it out; and, except when I went to school, and when I was in Holland to improve myself in botany, I have scarce ever set foot out of the door. I remember as mere twigs what I can now scarcely grasp. Yonder, towards the meadow, is a little grass-plot, with some trees round it, under which I smoke my pipe at night.

*Dal.* Well?

*John.* I've sometimes thought, Sir, that you, perhaps, would give me leave to be buried there when I died.

*Dal.* That will I, good John.

*John.* Yes, Sir, but who knows how long the trees will stand? My mistress says the wall is to be pulled down. Then she will have serpentine walks, and I know not what beside. Perhaps, Sir, my darling trees may be in the way.

*Dal.* No one shall meddle with them.

*John.* Ah, Sir! Who will defend my favourite trees, when even yours are to be attacked?

*Dal.* Which?

*John.*—(*Pointing to the two trees, whose branches are interwoven.*)—Don't you remember them, Sir? You and Miss Amelia planted them on your good mother's birth-day.

*Dal.* Yes, John. I do, indeed, remember them.

*John.* You were then scarce as high as this rose-tree, Sir; and Miss Amelia but a little taller. When you had planted the twigs, you stretched your little hands over them, and kissed each other. Your mother wiped her eyes, and said, "John, take care of these trees." That I have done. There they stand in full pride; and now I am to fell them. No. That I can't. My hand would tremble if I placed an axe to either of them.

*Dal.* But who requires you to fell them?

*John.* My mistress says they intercept the prospect of the village from the arbour.

*Dal.* That matters not. They are the only remaining memorials of my dear sister. They shall stand. Remember, John, it is my order.

*John.* That I will, Sir. I believe the French Lord proposed it, Sir. He was here yesterday, hopping from one side to the other, and treading without mercy on my poor strawberries. He seems a great favourite with my mistress, Sir.

*Dal.*—(*Checking the sensations inspired by the remark.*)—He is thought an agreeable companion.

*John.* Yes, he can talk, to be sure. That his fine-coated servant can do too. He has been boasting here of his master's wedding with Miss Sophy.

*Dal.*—(*Hastily.*)—What?—(*Aside.*)—Already in the mouths of his servants, it seems.—(*He is about to speak but refrains.*)—Enough, John! I have interrupted you in your work. I could not sleep, and expected to have been the first in the garden.

*John.* The first! Oh no, Sir. Miss Emma was here almost half an hour since.

*Dal.* Emma! Where is she?

*John.* I see her, netting, near yon rose-bed, Sir.

*Dal.*—(*Calling to her.*)—Good morning, Emma.

*Enter* EMMA.

(*During this scene* John *recedes with his tools, and disappears in the back-ground.*

*Emma.* Good morning, dear father. I thought you were still in bed.

*Dal.* Such was my suspicion as to you, or I need not have glided so softly past the door of your chamber. What will you give me, if I tell you some good news?

*Emma.* Give! You must be joking. To give you any thing would be but to return it—for have I not received every thing from you?

*Dal.* No, my dear girl. To me you are but obliged for the roof under which you dwell. All else is paid by my extraordinary friend, from the small income produced by his commission.

*Emma.* Can he pay you too for your parental love?

*Dal.* For that you yourself richly reward me:

You inspire me with the sweet idea that I possess two daughters. In truth, I could almost be-jealous, when I reflect that I must to-day share my right upon your affection.

*Emma.* Share it!

*Dal.* Lindorf will be here.

*Emma.* Will be here!—To day!—My preserver! My benefactor!—After eight years absence, will he really come at last?

*Dal.* Thus he informs me in his usual way, by a letter, containing three laconic lines. The pleasure is somewhat unexpected, I own; for at the opening of a campaign, Lindorf was not hitherto in the habit of paying visits.

*Emma.* Scarcely can I recollect his features. Oh that he were already here! I must fly to meet him. Which way will he come?

*Dal.* That I know not. Honest Lindorf seldom affixes place or date to his epistles. Here is his letter: "Inclosed you will receive the usual sum for Emma; and next Tuesday, myself."——That's the whole.

*Emma.* But a few words, yet they do bear the stamp of benevolence. How can he find time to write, whose moments are so actively employed? He considers every hour as lost, which is not marked with a good deed.

*Dal.* The gentle Emma speaks with warmth. I am glad to see it.

*Emma.* Oh! when he drew poor Emma from the pile of ruins, when he shared his pittance with her—I cannot refrain from tears at the remembrance of his goodness. He possesses my sincere affection.

*Dal.* And deserves it. Would that you might be able, my dear girl, to eradicate his hatred of your sex! And, in truth, the more I behold you, the more reasonable and proper appears my wish. What

think you, Emma? You already know his heart, and have only forgotten his person. That too is noble.

*Emma.* Nay, dear father, you mock me. But do you know that you might, by such discourse, nourish some romantic notions, which have long haunted my little brain?

*Dal.* Let me hear them, my dear Emma.

*Emma.* Often, when, invited by the evening, I have stolen from your happy circle into that dark walk—often have I fancied how I would reward my benefactor by enlivening his latter days, by—but you will think me a silly prattling girl. Luckily I espy our friends returning from the ball. Dear father, you have seen my heart undisguised, but those gay beaux shall not surprise it. [*Runs away.*

*Dal.* Here they are, at last. Yet 'tis not I, but the *dejeuné dansant*, which brings them home.

*Enter* Mr. ROSENBERG *and* SOPHIA.

*Sophia.* Good morning to you, father. I had rather say good night, and go to bed.

*Dal.* Are you tired?

*Sophia.* Oh—to death.

*Dal.* Mr. Rosenberg, I am the more rejoiced to see a country neighbour at my house, as I could scarcely have expected his company at this season of the year.

*Ros.* True, Mr. Dalner. In spring the country affords so many employments and amusements——

*Sophia.* And now, I presume, I am to compliment you upon leaving them all to dance with me?

*Ros.* If my company be of any value, I flatter myself, I deserve that compliment.

*Sophia.* You must know, father, that this young gentleman, who hitherto always stood in a corner, and surveyed the capers of other people, yesterday

rashly resolved, at my express command, to venture with me as the last couple of a country dance, on condition that he should merely go to the top of the room, and there resign his place, if he found the figure too difficult. I therefore expected that the poor creature would hang upon my hands like lead, and throw the whole set into confusion: instead of which, away he flies with me through the ranks, like a pupil of the celebrated Vestris.——Pray, Sir, tell me why you always till now pretended to be lame?

*Ros.* Because I am not accustomed to dance at public places; and great people in town are so fond of ridiculing us poor country boobies.

*Dal.* False delicacy was always the only fault I could discover in my friend Rosenberg.——

*Sophia.* But I have not told you all, father. I sat next him at table, made him fill a few bumpers, and was vastly polite to him. Whether inspired by the wine, or my civility, I know not; but the mute Mr. Rosenberg began to talk; nay, talked so sensibly, and on such interesting subjects, that I almost forgot I was in the temple of Folly.——But, may one ask, Sir, why you were hitherto always so sparing of your words?

*Ros.* Because I am very apt, when in large companies, to say silly things.

*Sophia.* So much the better. The very reason why large companies assemble, is that every one may talk nonsense. What is modesty in a smaller circle, would be in high life false delicacy. In public, dress is admired for its splendor, and conversation for its sound: at home, the one for its convenience, and the other for its solidity.

*Dal.* (*Who has several times looked uneasily around.*)—What is become of your mother?

*Sophia.* She expected to find you still in bed, and hastened to wake you with a kiss.

*Dal.* Was she alone?

*Sophia.* Alone? As if it were possible to drive away the Viscount, unless by absolutely telling him to go about his business.

*Ros.* Here they come.

(Dalner's *countenance brightens, and he hastens to meet his wife.*)

*Enter the* VISCOUNT *and* Mrs. DALNER.

*Vis. Monsieur* Dalner, *nous voila.*

*Dal.* Good morning, love. Have you been well amused?

*Mrs. Dal.* Tolerably. I met with two friends, whom I have not seen for an age, and was induced to chat and laugh with them so long, that they desired to be remembered to you, and begged you would not be angry with them for detaining me.

*Dal.* Angry! What amuses you makes me happy.

*Vis. Excellent! Vivent les maris raisonnables!*

*Mrs. Dal.* Have you felt any want of my society, dear William?

*Dal.* My heart is never easy in your absence.

*Vis. Très galant!*

*Mrs. Dal.* For which reason I will to-day stay at home entirely. I have invited a few friends to breakfast with us in the pavilion.

*Sophia.* Well, I must go, and look for Emma; for the greatest pleasure which a girl feels after a ball, is to talk incessantly of it for a week. [*Exit.*

*Vis.*—(*Starts, and lays his hand upon his shoulder.*) —*Mon Dieu!*—What's this?—A drop of rain!

*Mrs. Dal.* Impossible! The sky is clear, and promises our party much amusement.

*Vis. Mais—Madame—voici!*—A spot upon my coat!

*Mrs. Dal.* The dew may perhaps have fallen from the trees,

*Vis. Diable!*—You promised yesterday, Madame, that these trees should be cut down.

*Dal.* My dear Caroline, I sue in their behalf.

*Mrs. Dal.* Are you fond of them?

*Dal.* Inexpressibly.

*Mrs. Dal.* That I did not know.

*Dal.* I planted them with my poor sister.

*Mrs. Dal.*—(*Astonished.*)—Your sister! Have you one?

*Dal.* I had. Heaven knows whether she be still alive.

*Mrs. Dal.* And never mentioned her to me!

*Dal.* Forgive me. I wished not that my wounds should bleed afresh.

*Mrs. Dal.* But I have never heard any one of your family speak of her.

*Dal.* My family forbear to mention her through —false delicacy. Contrary to the inclination of her parents, she loved a merchant of Lyons, with whom she eloped. For two and twenty years she has to us been dead. Most of my relations have forgotten her, but I never shall.

*Vis.* Lyons!—I was born in that neighbourhood. —*Oui—mon Dieu!*—the *Lionnois* are dangerous people.

*Mrs. Dal.*—(*In a tone of good-humour.*)—Well, my dear William, I was about to commit an error; but it was not exactly right in you to conceal such a secret from me. From this moment I take these trees under my protection, and in their name I beg pardon of your lordship's coat.

*Vis. Vraiment,* I shall be obliged to change my dress.

*Mrs. Dal.* Well, let us both retire to our toilets, then——

*Dal.* Take my arm, love.

*Vis. Fi donc, Monsieur* Dalner. *Permittez moi.*—(*Offers his arm.*)

*Mrs. Dal.* My Lord, I have not yet been long enough your pupil, implicitly to follow your directions.—(*Takes her husband's arm.*)

*Dal.*—(*As he goes.*)—I'll return directly.

[*Exeunt* Mr. *and* Mrs. Dalner.

*Vis. Mon Dieu!* What an anecdote at my return?

*Ros.* I pity the French, my Lord, if such scenes be uncommon among them.

*Vis.* Pity the French!—*Diable, Monsieur!* Will you insult me? But—I am a Frenchman—*entendez vous?* I am a Frenchman—*Apropos, Monsieur;* you pay attention to Miss Dalner.

*Ros.* Well, Sir?

*Vis.* Well, Sir! *Parbleu!* I mean to marry her.

*Ros.* So do I.

*Vis.* I shall make her *la Vicomtesse de* Maillac.

*Ros.* I shall make her Mrs. Rosenberg.

*Vis. Diable!* She can't be both.

*Ros.* Perhaps she may be neither.

*Vis. Mais Monsieur*—I tell you *I* shall marry her.

*Ros.* I beg leave to contend for the prize.

*Vis. Diable!* I insist upon it. *Entendez vous, Monsieur.* The *maniere*—the *façon* of my remark will tell you what I mean.

*Ros.* That sounds somewhat dictatorial. But at present you must allow——

*Vis. Non, Monsieur*—I allow nothing—nothing at all, *Monsieur.*

*Ros.* Let Miss Dalner settle the dispute.

*Vis. Monsieur* Rosenberg, *le Vicomte de* Maillac will allow no lady to settle a dispute while he wears a sword.

*Ros.* My Lord, I hope——

*Vis.* You shall not hope any thing.

*Ros.* I beg, my Lord——

*Vis.* In vain, Sir. Instantly renounce all pretensions to *Mademoiselle* Dalner—or draw your sword.

*Ros.* Well—as your Lordship insists upon it.

*Vis.* Once more I give you the choice to renounce——

*Ros.* I cannot renounce my attachment to Miss Dalner.—(*He deliberately draws a pair of gloves from his pocket, and puts them on.*)

*Vis.* I consider it my duty as a man of *honneur*, to inform you, that I was taught to fence by one of the most celebrated masters. I have killed—*un—deux*——

*Ros.*—(*Draws his sword.*)—*Tant pis pour moi.* I acknowledge the danger, and tremble.—(*Stands on guard.*)

*Vis.*—(*Confused and retreating.*)—*Monsieur* Rosenberg! Will you seriously——

*Ros.*—(*Advancing a few steps nearer to him.*)—Perhaps you were only in jest?

*Vis.* We forget where we are.

*Ros.* To be sure, it is not a very proper place.

*Vis. Parbleu, non.* Hospitality has made it sacred. To the borders of the country, *Monsieur*—to the borders! There I will run my sword through your body, and fly.—(*Runs away.*)

*Ros.*—(*Returns his sword into the scabbard with a smile.*)—That such a poltroon should find admittance here! Thus do the ladies endure the society of many a fool, because he can dance well, or is ready with his hands when they want to wind their cotton. How strange that fops and fashions, equally ridiculous, enjoy equal privileges among the fair sex! They bear the one, and wear the other; and, ere a month be elapsed, often laugh at both. [*Exit.*

## *ACT THE SECOND.*

*Scene, a splendid Pavilion in* Dalner's *Garden, near the Bason.* Mr. *and* Mrs. DALNER, *the* VISCOUNT, SOPHIA, Mr. ROSENBERG, *and other Guests, are seated at an elegant Breakfast.—Wind Instruments are heard at a distance.*

*Vis. Les liqueurs sont excellens—Mais je suis rassavié.*

*Mrs. Dal* We all seem much the same, my Lord. So away to the dark walk, for the musicians already summon us to the dance! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Capt. LINDORF.

*Lin.* Heyday! they're wonderous merry here.—(*Peeps towards the side where the company disappeared.*)—Hats and feathers! Cards and dancing! What can all this mean? Well! It's out of my way. This, I suppose, they call summer amusement, because they can remove the card-table from the fire-side into the garden. But that my friend should allow such confusion—my worthy prudent Dalner—how am I to account for this? Who knows but it may be his daughter's birth-day? I wish I could but send some servant to whisper in his ear that I am arrived. Don't I see old John?—Holla!

*Enter* JOHN.

*John.* Ah, Mr. Lindorf—or, perhaps, by this time, Captain Lindorf.

*Lin.* That's immaterial, honest John, if I be but welcome.

*John.* More welcome than an aloe in flower—and almost as rare a guest. How my good master will rejoice!

*Lin.* Is there then time here to rejoice at the arrival of a friend?

*John.* Oh, we've talked of you every day, Sir. When the trees were in bloom, or the melons ripe, my master was sure to say, "What a pity that Lindorf is not here!"

*Lin.* A soldier must attend to the duties of his profession, John.

*John.* Sometimes he used to lament that you wrote so seldom.

*Lin.* Pshaw! Writing is out of my way. How absurd it is, that friends must every minute be sending each other assurances of eternal regard! They know it, without being told it so often: for a friend is not like a girl, whom one adores to-day, and laughs at to-morrow. By the bye—talking of girls—how does Emma go on? Is she much grown?

*John.* Yes. She is grown tall, beautiful, and good, Sir. She is a centifoli.

*Lin.* I'm glad to hear it. You have company here, I see.

*John.* Lack-a-day! Yes, Sir.

*Lin.* You don't like it, John? Eh?

*John.* I'm not accustomed to it, Sir.

*Lin.* But how happens it that your master is so altered? It used to be out of his way too.

*John.* His lady——

*Lin.* What! Lady! He is not married again, I hope?——

*John.* Didn't you know that, Sir? Why he has been married almost three years.

*Lin.* Indeed! I'm sorry for it. And has been imposed upon! Well! he is rightly served.

*John.* She's a good woman, but too lively——too gay, Sir——

*Lin.* Go, and send your master hither. But be sure no one overhears you.

*John.* I understand you, Sir. [*Exit.*

*Lin.* Matrimony, methinks, bears a strong resemblance to drunkenness. It causes a head-ache, and nervous uneasiness; yet scarcely are our faculties returned, ere we fly again to the bottle. Well! I have been guilty of many a silly trick in my life; but matrimony——no——that's out of my way. He who stands on the bank, sees others labouring in the current, and yet plunges in, richly deserves to be drowned.

*Enter* Mr. DALNER.

*Dal.*—(*Flies towards him with open arms.*)—Lindorf!—(*The two friends embrace each other with fervor.*)

*Lin.*—(*Suppressing his emotion.*)—My dear Dalner, I'm glad to see you again;—(*Shaking his hand.*)—heartily glad.—(*Surveying him.*)---A little thinner, or else just the same. What! I almost believe you are in tears. Pshaw! for shame!---(*Turns away to conceal his own tears.*)---How that fly has bitten me!

*Dal.* Yes, I am in tears; and thank you, Lindorf, for not having come to the company. There I must have concealed them.

*Lin.* But why do you entertain such company?

*Dal.* Of that hereafter. Let them dance and play. Eight years have elapsed since we have seen each other. How has my friend fared?

*Lin.* Well. I have had a company some time, and have just quitted the service.

*Dal.* Why so?

*Lin.* Because I was tired of it; and because an

aunt has just been wise enough to leave me her fortune.

*Dal.* I'm glad to hear it. Now we shall live together, I hope?

*Lin.* That was my intention, I own; but——

*Dal.* But what?

*Lin.* I hear you are married again.

*Dal.* To an excellent woman, I assure you.

*Lin.* That may be——but this kind of life——you know me——it's out of my way.

*Dal.* Do you suppose I like it?

*Lin.* Why do you suffer what you can alter?

*Dal.* I am twenty years older than my wife. Can I deny her the amusements to which young people are accustomed?

*Lin.* That you should have considered sooner.

*Dal.* I loved her with such——

*Lin.* Oh, damn it, if you talk of love, I've done.

*Dal.* Then nobody has yet been able to make a conquest of you?

*Lin.* Love is like the small-pox. He who has not had them when young, seldom has them at all.

*Dal.*—(*Smiling.*)—And if he has them, they are so much the more dangerous.

*Lin.* Then he must be the more cautious of infection.

*Dal.* But what could be a wiser plan, in your present situation, than to marry?

*Lin.* To blow my brains out; for if a wife be had, the case is a miserable one; and if good—ten times worse.

*Dal.* Pshaw! You are joking.

*Lin.* Not I, indeed. I should love a good wife; and the man who loves his wife, is the slave of his own heart. A single wish, which she may feel, and he cannot gratify, torments him more than her.

*Dal.* But a good wife has no such wishes.



*Lin.* Yes, yes. Wishes are like dust, which penetrates into a closet, though it be locked.

*Dal.* But may be swept away by affection.

*Lin.* He, therefore, who marries, must renounce a hundred little customs, which in ten years have become a second nature. For instance, almost every one has his favourite dish, his favourite chair, and so forth. Suddenly appears that domestic legislator a wife, and every thing is altered. The husband likes a plain joint of meat; but, to oblige his wife, it is metamorphosed into a fricasée. He accompanies her in the carriage, when he had rather take the air on horseback—*et cetera, et cetera.*

*Dal.*—*(Smiling.)*—These are mere trifles.

*Lin.* Then, my wife, herhaps, had a head-ache---I tremble. She can't eat---nor I. She has a fever---I'm terrified; and, to crown all, at last she lies in. No, no;---marriage is out of my way.

*Dal.* I see you have no conception of the joys of wedlock.

*Lin.* Perhaps you reckon that tumultuous uproar among them.

*Dal.*—(*Sighing.*)—That might be otherwise---and perhaps will. Alas! Lindorf, more than one sorrow preys upon my heart.

*Lin.* I understand you. This mode of life does not suit you. You had rather retire to your estate in the country?

*Dal.* To oblige my wife, I would remove from one place of amusement to another; but my establishment is too great, and my purse will not long support it.

*Lin.* Why don't you tell her this?

*Dal.* I cannot. She was accustomed to live in this style at home. But a short time previous to our union, she once asked me, with confidential affection, the amount of my income. "I will with pleasure

limit myself according to it," said she. "Speak frankly."

*Lin.* And you did not?

*Dal.* I---pardon me, Lindorf---I was ashamed of doing it. "Live as before," I answered. "You shall never want money."

*Lin.* And there it rested?

*Dal.* She wished to know how she should conduct herself---whether retirement was my wish. "I shall act implicitly according to your directions," said she.

*Lin.* Well, and you---?

*Dal.* I could not prevail upon myself to lay any kind of restraint upon her. I wished her as little as possible to feel that she had married a man who was forty years old.

*Lin.* That is, in other words, you were ashamed of your age?

*Dal.* It may be so.

*Lin.* And wished to appear richer than you were?

*Dal.* It is now too late to recede.

*Lin.* Reason is a guest who never comes too late, and ought to be welcomed if he claims admittance at midnight.

*Dal.* All this I could easily bear. My heart feels little regret for the decrease of my property, but---

*Lin.* Another but!

*Dal.* To you, and you alone, I will confess my weakness. I am tormented by the worst of demons ---Jealousy. Daily must I behold a swarm of suitors fluttering round her. 'Tis true, they are coxcombs; but great is his error who imagines that a coxcomb cannot destroy his peace. The want of some amusement, to fill up a vacant hour, has often caused a virtuous woman to debase her honour for the purpose.

*Lin.* Why, haven't you told her this?

*Dal.* A hundred times has she said to me, "Do

you ever feel jealous? Speak but one word, and I'll drive all these creatures away."

*Lin.* And an hundred times you have answered---?

*Dal.* What I always answered before our marriage, that my confidence in her knew no bounds.

*Lin.* That is, in other words, you are ashamed of your jealousy?

*Dal.* Yes, my dear Lindorf.

*Lin.* Now, what a damned thing is this false delicacy! There would not be half so much misery in the world, if every one would but boldly declare the cause of his uneasiness. There stands a man, who has it in his power to be happy, and---won't. His wife only requires his confidence, is willing to follow his directions, is willing to renounce every thing which he dislikes, and he---is silent.

*Dal.* I feel my error, and have not courage to amend it.

*Lin.* Then my stubborn courage must come to your assistance. Never fear. If your wife resembles the picture you have drawn, all may yet be well. Leave it to me---it's in my way. And now tell me, how does my daughter by adoption go on? She's with the company, I suppose.

*Dal.* Indeed she is not.

*Lin.* So much the better. Between ourselves, Dalner, as fate threw the poor orphan in my way, and as I have no relations, she shall call me her father as hitherto, and at my death inherit my fortune.

*Dal.* Have you learnt nothing of her origin?

*Lin.* Not a word. What signifies that? I can just as well be her father as any other person.

*Dal.* Why not rather her husband?

*Lin.* Are you mad?

*Dal.* No. I assure you she rejoiced at the prospect of your visit, as if you had been her lover.

*Lin.* Did she! Go then, and send her to me.

*Dal.* Directly.—(*As he is going.*)—You have ordered your trunk to be brought to the house, I hope.

*Lin.* Not yet. You know me. I must first see whether all is exactly in my way.

*Dal.* I hope, dear Lindorf——

*Lin.* Go, go. We shall settle that. [*Exit* Dal. I must first examine this Mrs. Dalner. Matrimony often administers an opiate, which makes friendship sleep---to wake no more. Love extracts the spirit from the bowl, and leaves for friendship the insipid dregs. Heaven forbid that such should here be the case!---Poor Dalner! Thou the champion of wedlock! No, no. Sweetly as the bird may lure us, we see full well that it is confined within the cage, and are aware of the lime upon the twigs.

*Enter* EMMA *hastily.*

*Emma.*—(*With open arms.*)—My preserver! My benefactor!

*Lin.*—(*Starts back, and in great confusion avoids her caresses.*)—What!—What! Who are you?

*Emma.* Have you forgotten your Emma?

*Lin.*—(*Astonished.*)—You my Emma?

*Emma.* Why not?

*Lin.* The same, who, eight years since, was no higher than my stick, and used to sit upon my knee!

*Emma.* The same who then could only lisp what now she feels. The same, whom you loaded with kindnesses; but whose grateful rapture, at beholding you again, you shrink from.

*Lin.*—(*Contending between affection and confusion.*)—Well—if it be so—I'm heartily glad that—to see—Pshaw! Come here, and let me kiss you.

*Emma.* That was my father's well-known voice.—(*Caresses him.*)

*Lin.*—(*Kisses her, and surveys her with rapture.*)—

Emma, you are grown tall and handsome. Your whole appearance charms me. I don't know how people feel who have children but at this moment I would not give a doit for a daughter of my own. You must not laugh at me, for I feel so oddly, yet so happy——

*Emma.* I laugh! Indeed, Sir, I am too much affected.—(*Weeps.*)

*Lin.* In tears, Emma! I can't bear it. I must be gone.—(Emma *instantly wipes her eyes, and looks at him with an affectionate smile.*)—Right, my dear girl! With that look, you could make a whole regiment halt at the moment of attack.

*Emma.* Oh, my father!

*Lin.* Pshaw? Why must you call me father? Do I look so old? I am eight years younger than Dalner.

*Emma.* Your kindnesses——

*Lin.*—(*Interrupting her in a hasty tone.*)—Hark you Emma!—(*Mildly.*)—My dear Emma, let me hear no more on that subject—it's out of my way; and as I don't like to be called father, fancy me your brother. You know, I might at any rate be your brother by a prior marriage.

*Emma.* My heart needs no tie of blood to love you. But why have you so seldom written to us?

*Lin.* My master used to strike me on the fingers when I made crooked letters, and I have ever since had an aversion to writing. But you have not been in want of any thing?

*Emma.* Your goodness——

*Lin.* Pshaw! I was not talking about my goodness. I have been able to do very little for you, having had nothing but a lieutenant's commission. In future, however, we shall have better times. An old aunt, my dear Emma (Heaven rest her soul) has left us a very pretty fortune. I have resigned, and intended to have made these my quarters.

*Emma.* Oh, delightful!

*Lin.* Yes, but this kind of life is out of my way. Dalner tells me, Emma, that you too dislike this bustle.

*Emma.* Custom has made retirement dear to me.

*Lin.* Custom only! Not natural inclination then!

*Emma.* Do not think worse of me, if my heart has sometimes beat, when I beheld the gay assembly from a distance.

*Lin.* Why, then, did you not mix with them?

*Emma.* Because it would not become me—because I am a poor orphan, dependant on the charity of others—because——

*Lin.* Because—Out with the whole!

*Emma.* From you I will not conceal my weakness. Because I dare not attempt, in the circles of high life, to supply by inward worth my inferiority to those around me in outward ornaments.

*Lin.* That is, in other words, you are ashamed of your wardrobe?

*Emma.* Not here—not in the society of people like you—but you know upon what grounds the world forms its shallow decision.

*Lin.* Again, false delicacy! My dear Emma, the girl is elegantly attired, who wears the robe of innocence. Yet you must not be in want of any thing. You must always have some trifle to spare.—(*Endeavours, unobserved, to slip a purse into her pocket.*)

*Emma.*—(*Very much alarmed.*)—No, no. For Heaven's sake! You have misunderstood me—I have more than I want. If you have any regard for me, take the money back.

*Lin.* Well, well! Be easy, only.—(*Returns the purse into his pocket.*)—I probably managed the matter ill; but you must excuse it. I am blunt in my manner. The art of giving is one of the *fine arts*, and unfortunately I do not understand them.

*Emma.* I merely meant to confess my weakness,

not to make an unjustifiable and needless claim upon your generosity. Am I not treated in this family as a daughter and a sister? How often have attempts been made to force rich clothes and ornaments upon me! But they become me not. Perhaps I still have parents groaning under poverty—and should I array myself in satin? Perhaps I am but the daughter of a lowly peasant! and should brilliants sparkle in my ears?

*Lin.* The daughter of a peasant? No, that you are not.

*Emma.*—(*With eager anxiety.*)—Do you know any thing of my birth?

*Lin.* Nothing, dear Emma. I can but form conjectures.

*Emma.* Oh, let me share those conjectures. Tell me how you saved me. When you were here eight years ago, I was a child, and did not understand it. Mr. Dalner has, to be sure, often told me what he learnt of you: but he must have forgotten many minute particulars, which would to me be interesting. How often does a trifle lead to discovery? I can assist you with the dark recollection of my infant years. I can describe the person of my mother. Perhaps she is still alive. Oh, heavens! perhaps she is still alive.

*Lin.* 'Tis possible, but not probable. Listen to me. Our Hessians one night landed, and surprised Charlestown. They were heated by liquor, and became rank incendiaries. The town was in flames at every corner; and all, who endeavoured to escape, were butchered on the spot. Subordination and command were at an end. I bellowed till I was hoarse; but even heaven's thunder would not have been heard. The recollection of that night is always hateful to me. At length the morning dawned, and disclosed the scene of horror. Covered with blood and dust, blackened by smoke and coal, our

troops lay sleeping around me. All was silent, dreary desolation. I was making my way over the smoaking ruins, when suddenly I heard a weak moaning voice beneath my feet. I listened—I pushed the still burning beams aside, when, lo!—a child sorrowfully gazed at me, and cried, "Mother! Mother!" 'Twas you, dear Emma. Your body was half buried in ruins, and a miracle had saved your life. I removed the rubbish as well as I was able, and released one of your little hands. You availed yourself of it to put it to your mouth, and throw a kiss towards me. Indescribably did this affect me. I beckoned to a centinel, who stood not far off, and we drew you forth. I took you in my arms, and you clung to my neck. "My mother—To my mother," cried you in French—then in English; at last too in German, because you thought I did not understand you. "Who is your mother?" demanded I. "She lives here in the narrow street, in the white house." Alas! there was no longer broad or narrow street, house or mother. All my endeavours to make any discovery were ineffectual. The few who had escaped were concealed within the woods, and we were ordered to embark. What could I do, but bring you with me?

*Emma.* Alas! And is this all you know?

*Lin.* We arrived safely in Europe, and you found an asylum in my friend's house.

*Emma.* Could I not even tell you my name?

*Lin.* Your christian name you told me, and you bear it now. Your clothes were marked E. M. As you so readily spoke three languages, I am convinced that you are not of low extraction.

*Emma.* Oh, that I could but see my parents! Sure, sure I am, that I should know them. My father was a thin brown man; and my mother's person I shall never forget. She was pale, and often used to weep. Alas! perhaps she now weeps oftener

than at that time, and I—I am not allowed to mix my tears with her's.—(*Sobs.*)

*Lin.* Compose yourself, dear Emma. I see the party coming this way. Such tears would ill suit creatures who have just danced away the little feeling which they had.

*Emma.* I cannot as yet compose myself. Allow me to retire. [*Exit.*

*Lin.* A charming girl! Yet I don't know how it is: I can't speak to her in the same unreserved way, as when she was not so tall and handsome. However, I'll order my trunk to be brought here, at all events.

*Enter* Mrs. DALNER, SOPHIA, Mr. ROSENBERG, *and the* VISCOUNT.

*Mrs. Dal.* Captain Lindorf, you are sincerely welcome. My husband has just informed me——

*Lin.*—(*With cold politeness.*)—Have I the honour to see Mrs. Dalner?

*Mrs. Dal.* If it be not a greater pleasure than an honour, I shall have another wish ungratified.

*Vis.* Bravo! Excellent!

*Lin.* Your wishes are very humble, Madam.

*Mrs Dal.* We have expected you some time, and I have often made enquiries about your person. Whenever any one is mentioned, who is interesting to me, I form an ideal picture of his appearance, which, nevertheless, proves to bear no resemblance to the original. For instance, I have always fancied you a cheerful man, and would have bet any wager that you had not such gloomy eye-brows.

*Vis.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Bravo!

*Lin.* A cheerful soul sometimes stations gloomy centinels without, in order to keep those at a distance who otherwise might be too forward.—(*Casting a glance towards the* Viscount.

*Mrs. Dal.* But, Captain, when friendship intends to take a heart by surprise——

*Lin.* None but fools will suffer friendship to take them by surprise.

*Mrs. Dal.* You are right. When friendship then resolves to make a conquest of a heart, it fears not if suspicion be the centinel. In short, I am resolved to be your friend, that I may no longer be your rival.

*Lin.* Rival!

*Mrs. Dal.* Yes, Sir, yes. More than once have I been completely jealous of you. Not a day can pass without my husband speaking of you in terms of the warmest enthusiasm. Were I inclined to be jealous, I should really suspect you to be a second Chevalier d'Eon.

*Vis.* Ha! Ha! Ha! Bravo! Bravissimo!

*Mrs. Dal.* My Lord, I release you from any obligation to applaud every word I say.

*Sophia.* Bravo! Bravissimo! Captain Lindorf, how do you do?

*Lin.* Perfectly well, I thank you, Ma'am; but not having the pleasure of knowing——

*Mrs. Dal.* How! Don't you know your friend's daughter?

*Lin.* What! Sophia! I beg pardon—Miss Dalner!

*Sophia.* Oh, call me Sophia still, or I shall repent for the first time that I am grown so tall.

*Lin.* You are grown tall—and handsome too.

*Vis.* Ah, Monsieur! She is as cruel as handsome.

*Lin.*—(*To* Sophia.)—A lover probably?

*Sophia.* A sort of one.

*Mrs. Dal.* The Viscount de Maillac, a French emigrant.

*Lin.* Sir, your servant.

*Mrs. Dal.* And this is Mr. Rosenberg, a country neighbour.

*Lin.* Then he's more in my way. Sir, I hope we shall be better acquainted.

*Mrs. Dal.* At another time, then, if you please. Your arm, Captain Lindorf. Let us go to my husband and the company.

*Lin.* To your husband with pleasure, but not to the company.

*Mrs. Dal.*—*(Draws him away.)*—Come, come.

[*Exeunt* Mrs. Dalner, Captain Lindorf, Sophia, Mr. Rosenberg, *and the* Viscount.

## *ACT THE THIRD.*

*Scene, a private walk in* Dalner's *garden.*

ROSENBERG *and* SOPHIA *are discovered seated in a garden chair.*

*Sophia.* 'Tis impossible to argue with such an odd being as you. So you won't allow that love is a passion?

*Ros.* True love is not. It is an attachment, interwoven with our nature, to every thing good and beautiful.

*Sophia.* I am sure few women will be satisfied with your definition. We feel a pleasure in rousing your passions, and causing silly disasters.

*Ros.* Will you be so kind as to explain the justice of these feelings?

*Sophia.* We argue from the heart—you from the head.

*Ros.* The head and heart should visit each other as friends

*Sophia.* Visits are tiresome.

*Ros.* Or should be matrimonially allied.

*Sophia.* Matrimonial alliances are still more tiresome.

*Ros.* You mean not what you say. I am convinced that at your own marriage——

*Sophia.* Oh, good heavens! when will that be?

*Ros.* Whenever you say to yourself, my ear shall no longer be closed to a petitioner whom I can make happy.

*Sophia.* Mr. Rosenberg, you rate a woman's heart at too high a value.

*Ros.* I spoke of none but yours.

*Sophia.* Which of course you cannot know.

*Ros.* Not know! Then far away must have flown the recollection of my happy childhood. Yes. Past is the delightful period, when your father lived in the country, on friendly terms with mine; when each summer's evening, as I hastened to our village play-fellows, you nodded to me from a distance; when suddenly the sportive Sophia would sometimes leave her frolics, to raise a fallen child, or share her penny with a beggar. Oh, Sophia! I not know your heart.

*Sophia.*—(*Confused.*)—Those were happy times.

*Ros.* Replete with innocence and joy.

*Sophia.* Nothing can equal the enchantments of childhood.

*Ros.* Except the enchantments of love.

*Sophia.* Which vanish as soon.

*Ros.* A remark deduced from high life, and there only applicable. There all is art. Landscapes are painted upon canvas---health upon the cheek, and love upon the stage. Love in the city is mere pastime---in the country the enjoyment of this life. In the one, 'tis but a gay flower, opened by the sun of Fortune; in the other an expanding tree, whose branches are a protection from the rain and heat.

*Sophia.* I begin to be afraid of you. These romantic notions are infectious.

*Ros.* Romantic!---But, yes. I am accustomed to hear this title bestowed upon the pure conceptions of nature and affection. 'Twas for this reason I locked my heart, and cast not the key into the ocean of high life, but kept it as the property of that ideal being, whom my hopes and wishes had depicted. I hoped to find a girl who regarded the man more than his dress; who looked not in a ball-room with a contemptuous sneer upon his homespun manners; and who would not, in the riot of a banquet, suppose him a blockhead, because silent. Alas! I thought that I had found this girl.

*Sophia.*---(*Confused, and in a gentle tone.*)---And have you been mistaken?

*Ros.*---(*With enthusiasm.*)---No, no, I have not been mistaken. This kind confusion betrays your angelic soul. Yes. With rapture have I often observed that, amidst the tumult of high life, irksomeness and disgust have settled on your brow. Oh, fly these wretched circles, where they esteem each other friends who best assist in murdering time; where he is reckoned charitable, who on a Saturday distributes a few pence among the poor; where the honest man, who, in his heart detests the powerful villain, must cringe and bow to him; where Fear is the father of Dishonesty, and Custom veils the deformity of Vice. Fly from this corrupted atmosphere; fly to a rural seat, where every good sensation is awake and active. There Love and Friendship are not guests, but inmates. There the poor are relieved, without the ostentatious dross of vanity being mixed with the pure coin of charity. There is pleasure without cards, and conversation without scandal. There we feel not ashamed of relieving honesty in distress, and fear not to proclaim that a villain is a villain. I possess but a small estate; but if to that store, which industry and my own heart have procured me, Sophia will add her love, my

little paradise will want nothing, but to be surrounded by rocks, which envy cannot climb. You are silent.---Why does the cheerful Sophia bend her eyes to the earth?

*Sophia.* I think, Mr. Rosenberg, it is a proof of my respect for you, that my cheerfulness just now forsakes me.

*Ros.* Your respect makes me proud; but love alone can make me happy.

*Sophia.* Before I reply, confess to me candidly, what share of your attachment I am to ascribe to my person.

*Ros.* Upon my word, Sophia, I have never thought of investigating that.

*Sophia.* Then do it now. It is of consequence that I should know it. Should you have made me your choice, if I had been ugly and deformed? I require an upright answer on your honour.

*Ros.* Well! Why should I be ashamed of an impression, which youth and beauty will make upon every man, whose organs are properly constructed? I should love you, even if you were ugly; but that, through deformity, I should so zealously have sought, or so quickly have discovered, the virtues of your mind, I take not upon me to assert.

*Sophia.* But suppose that my face were to be suddenly altered, or that I were not what I appear——

*Ros.* How strange a supposition!

*Sophia.* Oh, we are well skilled in concealing our defects.

*Ros.* Of that I'll run the risk.

*Sophia.*—*(With energy.)*—No. You shall run no risk. She, who would deceive an honest man, is unworthy of his affection.—*(Clasps his hand.)*—I —Mr. Rosenberg—I esteem you highly—perhaps more—But I—I must confess to you——

*Ros.*—*(Trembling.)*—That your affections are engaged?

*Sophia.* Not so—But I am—I appear—

*Ros.* Oh, you are what you appear.

*Sophia.* No, no. I—*(The Musicians, at a distance play a waltz.*—Sophia *seems uneasy and confused.)*—They're beginning to dance again.—Shall we go to the company?

*Ros.* Without deigning to give me an answer?

*Sophia.* Yes, yes—I will answer you—presently—only not now. This tune pleases me.—Come, let us dance.

*Ros.* I cannot possibly dance now.

*Sophia.* Really the music is enchanting. You won't come?—I beg pardon, then—I must look for a partner. [*Runs away.*

*Ros.*—*(Looks after her in the greatest astonishment and consternation.)*—Is it possible? Heavens! Is it possible? A wretched dance can thus counteract the avowal of the most ardent affection! She had found an honest partner for life, and yet must go in search of a partner for a dance. Farewell, then, all belief in innocence and nature! I will away to my thatched cottage, water my plants, and drive every bird from my garden, lest its notes should bring to my recollection this accursed waltz. [*Exit hastily.*

SCENE *changes to a room in* Dalner's *House.*

LINDORF *alone, and seated.*

Eating, drinking and laughing in abundance, yet no real pleasure! No.—This is out of my way.—Mrs. Dalner seems the most reasonable being among them. Did she but know the situation of her husband—and know it she shall ere a month be elapsed. How! can I exist so long in this strange element? Why not?—Dalner is my friend—and Emma is my daughter, sister, friend—that's immaterial.

*Enter* Mrs. DALNER.

*Mrs. Dal.* I beg pardon for this interruption, Captain Lindorf. You seem to court retirement.

*Lin.* It is here not easily found, Madam.

*Mrs. Dal.* Do you mean that as commendation or reproach?

*Lin.* I never dispute about taste.

*Mrs. Dal.* I understand you—But do not esteem that to be taste in me, which is only habit, and often an irksome habit.

*Lin.* Why not rid yourself of the burden?

*Mrs. Dal.* Because my husband wishes it to be so.

*Lin.* Your husband wishes it!

*Mrs. Dal.* Yes. When we are alone, he appears quite uneasy, and is repeatedly enquiring whether the time does not seem long to me—whether I will not drive to this or that place—nor will he rest 'till I have ordered the carriage.

*Lin.* And does he accompany you?

*Mrs. Dal.* Only when I particularly request it.

*Lin.* How then does he employ himself at home?

*Mrs. Dal.* That I don't know, but agreeably no doubt; for he always receives me at my return kindly and affectionately.

*Lin.* I'm sorry to hear it.

*Mrs. Dal.* Sorry! Why?

*Lin.* That my worthy friend has, since we last parted, learned to dissemble.

*Mrs. Dal.* Dissemble! What do you mean?

*Lin.* What I say, Mrs. Dalner.

*Mrs. Dal.* Speak more plainly.

*Lin.* I think it better to be silent. We are as yet but little acquainted.

*Mrs. Dal.* I cannot agree with you. When my husband gave me a claim upon his affection, he also gave me one upon your friendship. I beseech you, Captain Lindorf, reckon me not among those silly

beings, who refuse to hear the truth, because it is unpleasant. Our acquaintance is, I own, of short date; but if I were lying on a bed of roses, and a stranger warned me that a serpent was approaching, I should esteem that stranger as my established friend.

*Lin.* If such really be your sentiments—

*Mrs. Dal.* They are, indeed. To oblige my husband is my most ardent wish. 'Tis true, the difference of our ages is great; but my affection for him knows no bounds. Speak, Captain Lindorf, and speak to me with open confidence.

*Lin.* This is in my way, Mrs. Dalner. She who thinks thus, gains my esteem; and to her whom I esteem I speak the truth.

*Mrs. Dal.* Proceed then.

*Lin.* I will.—How can a woman of understanding endure so many fools around her?

*Mrs. Dal.* Oh, Captain Lindorf! were we to banish every fool our circle would be limited indeed.

*Lin.* The more limited the better. If your husband has persuaded you that this mode of life is accordant to his wishes, he has deceived you.

*Mrs. Dal.* That would hurt me.

*Lin.* He thought he owed this indulgence to your youth.

*Mrs. Dal.* Then he little knew me.

*Lin.* He feared you might discover—

*Mrs. Dal.* What?

*Lin.* That he is jealous.

*Mrs. Dal.* Jealous! You jest.

*Lin.* For instance, I possitively assure you, that last night he never closed his eyes, that he was in agony till morning, and with difficulty composed himself when he heard the carriage approach.

*Mrs. Dal.* I am astonished.

*Lin.* "It preys upon my life," said he, mournfully, "and in vain do I endeavour to conquer my folly."

*Mrs. Dal.* Heavens! what prevented his disclosing it to me?

*Lin.* False delicacy; the destruction of all confidential intercourse.

*Mrs. Dal.* Enough! 'Till now I have chosen my acquaintance as accident directed. In future, he shall himself select them, and every where accompany me. I will, this very day, request him to make a list of those whose society he wishes to cultivate.

*Lin.* The list will be very short.

*Mrs. Dal.* Oh, no! There are in this place many respectable, worthy people.

*Lin.* True; the more numerous they are, the more difficult will it be for a man, who is no Crœsus, to entertain them all.

*Mrs. Dal.* What can you mean? Mr. Dalner is known to be a man of large fortune.

*Lin.* He was.

*Mrs. Dal.* How!

*Lin.* And he may still be accounted a man of good property; but if it continue to decrease as fast as during the last three years——

*Mrs. Dal.* You alarm me.

*Lin.* When the expenditure has so much exceeded his income——

*Mrs. Dal.* Is it possible?

*Lin.* He must probably be soon obliged to infringe upon the inheritance of his children.

*Mrs. Dal.* Heavens! What prevented his disclosing this to me?

*Lin.* False delicacy. He has long wished to withdraw to his estate in the country.

*Mrs. Dal.* With my most hearty concurrence this very evening.

*Lin.* But he fears that, at your age, the dull uniformity of a rural life——

*Mrs. Dal.* Oh! how am I grieved that my husband has not thought my disposition worth exami-

nation—that a stranger reposes more confidence in me, than he, of whose affection I am proud! Shall I rob him of peace, and his children of their patrimony? Shall I squander what a father's care, and mother's love have collected? Why does he not put me to the proof? Why does he think that a swarm of fops can better entertain me than domestic quiet, and the society of one rational man? Oh, Captain Lindorf, men often accuse our sex of weakness. It is not weakness, but pliability of soul; and it generally depends on you to bend it towards rectitude. You require of us purity of mind, and yet endeavour to poison it by flattery. But I am wasting time in argument, which might be more actively employed. Give me your hand, Captain Lindorf. Believe me, you shall acknowledge I have deserved your confidence [*Exit.*

*Lin.* This is well. This is in my way. If she keeps her promise, I take up my abode with Dalner. For Emma——

*Enter* EMMA.

*Emma.*—(*Surprised at seeing* Lindorf.)—Oh! it is you who are here!

*Lin.* Yes my dear Emma. Were you seeking me?

*Emma.* No—The servant told me—I was seeking—I wanted to speak to somebody, who—heaven knows what corner he has crept into. Your pardon.—(*She moves to* Lindorf *in a friendly manner, and exit.*)

*Lin.* Your most obedient! Now, that was not exactly civil. She might have staid a few minutes, and talked about the weather. Hem! Who is this Somebody, and why does she so particularly wish to speak to him? So, so, Miss Emma! A love affair, I suppose. Well! what's that to me? To me!—Why yes. I am her father—and she ought not to have just dismissed me with that pitiful term—

Somebody. She might at least have told me who this damned Mr. Somebody was.

*Enter* Mr. ROSENBERG.

Ay—there's another poor creature, who has escaped from the company, and is endeavouring to recover his faculties—Mr. Rosenberg, I wish you joy.

*Ros.*—*(Who has been buried in gloomy meditation, starts, and looks around.)*—I beg pardon. I did not suspect that any one was in the room. Of what can you wish me joy?

*Lin.* Of retirement. There are some people who, like nightingales, hate to have a noise around them.

*Ros.* I so far resemble the nightingale, that I am only in the right place when in the country.

*Lin.* You pay yourself a compliment.

*Ros.* Then, every peasant shares it with me.

*Lin.* Is it on that account less valuable?

*Ros.* Many would be of that opinion?

*Lin.* If you speak of the French coxcomb who is here you may be right.

*Ros.* Oh, no! Of better people. But that French coxcomb—though I will not decide upon his merits—pleases.

*Lin.* Whom?

*Ros.* Perhaps he is loved.

*Lin.*—*(More irritated than curious.)*—By whom?

*Ros.* Alas! by a girl, who is deficient in nothing but the faculty of seeing into the heart, in order to chuse him who would to her be every thing.

*Lin.* And who is this girl? For he to whom she would be every thing, is without much difficulty discovered.

*Ros.* You guess who he is?

*Lin.* Yes—without the faculty of seeing into the heart. But who is the girl?

*Ros.* I think you might more easily have discovered her, for I expressly said she was deficient in nothing.

*Lin.* True.—(*Aside.*)—He certainly means Emma. —(*Aloud.*)—And you think she is attached to this Frenchman?

*Ros.* I fear it is the case.

*Lin.*—(*Half aside.*)—This then was the somebody she was seeking.

*Ros.* — (*Hastily.*) — What, Captain Lindorf! Seeking!

*Lin.* Yes—she was seeking somebody (the devil take him) so anxiously, that she could not spare one minute for me.

*Ros.* Indeed!

*Lin.* She wanted to speak to him directly.

*Ros.* I am sorry her search must be fruitless, for I saw him mount his horse some time ago.

*Enter* EMMA.

*Emma.*—(*Espies* Rosenberg.)—Oh! I've found you at last. How you run from one place to another! I've been seeking you—heaven knows how long.

*Ros.*—(*Surprised.*)—Me!

*Lin.*—(*The same.*)—Him! Then he was the somebody you wanted?

*Emma.* Yes, Sir. I have something of consequence to say to him.

*Lin.* Probably in private too?

*Emma.* I have no secret to my benefactor; but—

*Lin.*—(*Rather mortified.*)—To extort confidence is out of my way. I understand you. I probably shall learn the secret when the banns are published. [*Exit.*

*Emma.* Mr. Rosenberg, I have to deliver a message to you.

*Ros.* If the message will cause me pain (as I almost suspect) I have at least the consolation that it will be delivered by a gentle messenger.——

*Emma.* I hope to be a messenger of peace.

*Ros.* Peace must be a consequence of some precedent difference, and I knew not——

*Emma.* You have told Sophia that you feel an affection for her.

*Ros.* Alas! true.

*Emma.* Why alas?

*Ros.* I am a plain homely man. I forgot it for a moment. Sophia humbled, nay, debased me. That I never shall forget.

*Emma.* Debased! That's a harsh term, Mr. Rosenberg.

*Ros.* The deed was harsher than the word. She who to a candid offer opposes derision—she, who would drag a man to a dance, in whose eye the tear of affection is trembling——

*Emma.* Mr. Rosenberg, be not too eager to condemn, lest you repent it at Sophia's feet. What, if she felt a sincere affection for you, but feared to make a certain confession, least it should diminish her value in the eyes of her lover?

*Ros.*—(*With a scornful smile.*)—You premise a supposition——

*Emma.* I premise nothing. There are things, Mr. Rosenberg, which our sex consider of great consequence, but which happily are not considered in the same light by the better part of yours. When a girl is not exactly what she seems, she may certainly, if she can, deceive the world, but not the man whom she would marry.

*Ros.* Sophia not what she seems! Speak more intelligibly.

*Emma.* Well, then—you must know that Sophia thought it right—and yet was ashamed to confess to

you—that she—How strange! I'am almost ashamed myself—(*In a rapid tone.*)—that she is rather awry. There you have it.

*Ros.* Awry!

*Emma.* On her left side. Her nurse once let her fall down stairs. Her mantua-maker has contrived to conceal the defect; but she did not wish to appear handsomer in the eyes of her future husband than she really is. False delicacy made her not mention this to you, for most of your sex would rather acknowledge a defect of mind than of person. Sophia does not belong to this class, but her tongue refused its office. Now, you know all. You know how much you have lost in personal beauty—how much you have gained in mental worth. She whispered gently to me, "I like him, Emma; but only let him guess it." I have exceeded my commission; and the next moment must prove to me whether I am to repent my forwardness.

*Ros.*—(*In rapture.*)—Is it a dream? Sophia! Angelic Sophia! Where is she? Where can I find her?

*Emma.* May I ask with what intention?

*Ros.* How can you ask? To claim her as my wife.

*Emma.* I surmised as much. Go, then. I can't tell you where she is; but lovers are guided by instinct, you know. [*Exit* Rosenberg *hastily.* Yes—go—but you'll not find her so soon as you expect. She has probably, through false delicacy, hidden herself in some corner, while her heart beats high at the thought that Emma now is speaking to him.—(*Sighs.*)—Ah! why do I sigh? Surely I can't feel envious at a friend's happiness? Yet surely to have found a good husband is an enviable lot. Heigho! [*Exit.*

## *ACT THE FOURTH.*

*Scene, a Lawn, with a distant view of* Dalner's *House.*

*Enter* LINDORF *hastily.*

*He stops in the middle of the stage, and seems lost in thought. In a few minutes he strikes his stick upon the ground, as if determined on something, and is hastening away.*

*Enter* DALNER.

*Dal.* Where are you going?

*Lin.* Away.

*Dal.* What's the matter?

*Lin.* Nothing.

*Dal.* You are in a singular humour.

*Lin.* Damn the hour when I entered this house.

*Dal.* Are you dreaming?

*Lin.* No. I'm a fool.

*Dal.* Unaccountable man! What whim has entered your head? We have been in search of you for the last hour.

*Lin.* Me! Why need you be in search of me? To be sure, if I were a certain somebody——

*Dal.* We espied you at last pacing this lawn, and throwing your arms about so violently——

*Lin.* That's nothing to any one.

*Dal.* I therefore hasten to tell you——

*Lin.* You need not. I know it.

*Dal.* But I mean——

*Lin.* Hold your tongue, I say. I know all. The girl is to marry Mr. Rosenberg.

*Dal.* Did you already know it? I have but just been informed of it.

*Lin.* There!—It's true then?—Farewell.

*Dal.* Good heavens! Where are you going?

*Lin.* Do you think I am to serve as a laughing-stock to the wedding guests;

*Dal.* My dear friend, I never saw you in such a humour before.

*Lin.* Because for the first time in my life I'm a fool. But it was always out of my way to do things by halves—I'm a complete fool.

*Dal.* How can this union disturb you?

*Lin.* Don't torment me with your questions. Are your intellects so dense that I must tell it word by word? But yes. I lately read you a lecture upon false delicacy; and if I were silent, you might accuse me of labouring under the same malady. Hear then. I—damn it—I believe it will choke me—I'm in love.—(*Puts his hand on* Dalner's *mouth.*)—Now, hold your tongue—Hold your tongue, I say.

*Dal.* You in love! Ha! Ha! Ha!

*Lin.* There! He laughs.

*Dal.* No. I really am sorry for you. Had I sooner known it—

*Lin.* You would have used persuasion with her? Hell and damnation! She shall never know it; and if you mention a word, your life or mine shall——

*Dal.* Compose yourself, Lindorf. Ha! Ha! Well! who could have supposed this? Love, you know, is like the small-pox. At your time of life a man seldom has them.

*Lin.* Very true.

*Dal.* He takes care not to become the slave of his own heart.

*Lin.* Go on—go on.

*Dal.* He rather blows his brains out.

*Lin.* That may be.

*Dal.* Forgive my harmless artillery, Lindorf, and believe me, though I think Mr. Rosenberg a very worthy young man, I had rather have seen you in his place.

*Lin.* Pshaw! Be so good as to order post horses for me.

*Dal.* Are you serious in your intention of leaving us?

*Lin.* I am—And if you know any land where there are no women, point it out to me.

*Enter* JOHN *sorrowfully.*

*John.* Oh, Mr. Dalner!

*Dal.* What now?

*John.* I've been in the service of your family half a century.

*Dal.* Well?

*John.* I used to weed this garden long before you was born, Sir. To be sure, when I was quite a child, I was such a blockhead as to pluck the flower, and let the weed grow.

*Dal.* That sometimes happens to great children too, John. But what's the matter?

*John.* Oh, Sir, I'm in danger of being myself thrown aside like a weed; and if I'm not a fruit tree in your garden, Sir, I'm not a nettle.

*Dal.* Who offers to molest you?

*John.* Nobody, as yet, Sir; but when one tree is felled after another, my turn will most likely come at last. The French cook, the porter, and two or three more, are all dismissed.

*Dal.* What!

*John.* They were summoned by my mistress, one after the other, paid half a year's wages, and sent away. The French Ma'amselle's in the room now, and perhaps my turn is next. I'm an old tree, Sir; and if I'm transplanted, I'm sure to die.

*Dal.* Be easy, good John. You have carried me in your arms; and while I live, you shall remain with me.

*John.* A thousand thanks, Sir.

*Dal.* But I can't discover what this means.

*Lin.*—(*Aside.*)—I can.

*Dal.* Lindorf, I will not take leave of you, for I hope in half an hour to find you more composed.

[*Exeunt* Dalner *and* John.

*Lin.* I understand this; and am almost tempted to stay a few hours, were it but to complete my intention as to Dalner and his wife. Yes—I will. But I'll not see this girl. Thus it is when a man falls in love; misfortunes crowd upon him from every side. But—farewell, Miss Emma. If you should lie buried up to the neck in rubbish again, may I be damned if I—Hold! make no rash vows, Lindorf. Ha! Yonder she is. She seems to be going towards the arbour. I'll avoid her. [*Exit.*

*Scene, changes to the arbour, &c. as in the First Act.*

*Enter* EMMA.

*Emma.*—(*Looking through the trees.*)—What can this mean? Lindorf seemed as if he saw me, and wished to avoid me. I observed too, that my interview with Mr. Rosenberg displeased him. What can all this mean?—(*After a pause.*)—Ah, me! what vain ideas are floating in my mind!

*Enter Madam* MOREAU, *in a very poor but cleanly dress. She leans on a stick, stops now and then, and looks sorrowfully around her. At length she approaches* Emma *unobserved, and surveys her from head to foot with a mixture of sensibility and curiosity.*

*Mad. Mor.* I beg pardon, Ma'am.

*Emma.—(Awaking from her reverie.)*—Ah! Who are you, Ma'am? Whom do you want?

*Mad. Mor.* Does Mr. Dalner live here?

*Emma.* Yes.

*Mad. Mor.* Perhaps you are his daughter?

*Emma.* I wish I could answer yes to that too. Do you wish to see Mr. Dalner?

*Mad. Mor.* If it be possible, I do——

*Emma.* Follow me. I'll lead you to him.

*Mad. Mor.* Is he alone?

*Emma.* I believe he is.

*Mad. Mor.* If he be not quite alone, I wish he would oblige an old woman, who finds it difficult to climb up stairs, by coming into the garden.

*Emma.* I'll mention it to him.

*Mad. Mor.* Has he any family?

*Emma.* A son, in the army, and a daughter.

*Mad. Mor.* And you are not that daughter! What a pity!

*Emma.* You are very good, Ma'am. How shall I announce you to Mr. Dalner?

*Mad. Mor.* As a poor old woman—nothing further. I hope his door and heart will not be shut to that title.

*Emma.* I see you already know him. I'll send him to you. [*Exit.*

*Mad. Mor.* Indeed! Alas! good girl, confidence in man is a plant so seldom watered by philanthropy, that it at last must wither. Yes: formerly he was virtuous and kind-hearted, but he was then young. Youth is pliant, but age hardens every feeling. And what can I expect from a brother, when even my only son—Hold! Hold! Let me suppose it all a dream. Will he not be ashamed to own me? The rich can find relations every where; the poor are allied to misery alone. It were better that I at first concealed who I am, and observe his demeanour. Perhaps I shall be more welcome as an object

of charity, than if I call to my aid a burdensome duty. Ha! I see a man coming up the walk. Are those the features of my brother William? I think they are. Heavens! how my heart beats! Oh, that it may not deceive me! For, if I be obliged to quit this house again, where shall I find a grave?

*Enter* Mr. DALNER.

*Dal.* I am told you wish to see me, Madam. In what can I serve you.

*Mad. Mor.* I am an emigrant. I had a husband, two children, and a home. I have now nothing in this wide world; yet I will rather perish than become a beggar. In my youth I learnt many things, which then afforded me amusement, and may now, perhaps, procure me some support in my old age. I can sew, and understand cookery. Dear Sir, are you in want of a house-keeper?

*Dal.* I am sorry I must answer—I am not.

*Mad. Mor.* Perhaps you may have daughters, whom I could instruct in French?

*Dal.* I have but one, and she is already perfect in the language.

*Mad. Mor.* Alas! then, I must leave this house too without consolation.

*Dal.* That you shall not, Madam. I have friends, to whom I will recommend you; till when, accept a chamber in my house, and a place at my table.

*Mad. Mor.* God reward you for this charity with never-fading happiness! Oh, then, my friend told the truth, when she advised my application here.

*Dal.* Your friend! Have you some recommendation to me?

*Mad. Mor.* I was born at Lyons; and there for many years was acquainted with an unfortunate woman—Amelia Moreau.

*Dal.* Heavens! My sister! Is she alive?

*Mad. Mor.* She is dead.

*Dal.* Dead!—*(Tears gush from his eyes, he turns away, and leans against a tree.)*

*Mad. Mor.*—*(Aside, and with uplifted hands.)*—He loves me still. There is one in the world who loves me still.

*Dal.*—*(Fixing his eyes on the earth.)*—The first account of her during twenty years! She is dead.

*Mad. Mor.* She died in misery.

*Dal.* Oh! why did she so totally forget her only brother?

*Mad. Mor.* She never did! but was silent through delicacy. "Shall I," she would often say, "appear before my brother in rags? Will he not accuse me of my error?"

*Dal.* Oh! how little did she know her brother's heart.

*Mad. Mor.* "Shall I revisit my former home, only to hear that my good parents left me their curse for an inheritance?"

*Dal.* Her father and mother blessed her on their death bed.

*Mad. Mor.* Blessed her!——Oh, why can I not whisper this consolation in my friend's grave!

*Dal.* Long, long had I hoped she would at last recollect her brother William, whom, when a boy, she so much loved.

*Mad. Mor.*—*(With fire.)*—She did! She did!—*(Checking herself.)*—That she has often told me.

*Dal.* My hopes of seeing her again, have grown with these trees. Look, Madam. Of these two trees Amelia and I each planted one. Time has united them, and separated my sister's heart from mine.

*Mad. Mor.*—*(Deeply affected.)*—No! No!

*Dal.* The trees, which form that arbour, were planted by my good mother but a year before she died. "I shall not live," said she, "till these

twigs form a shade; but perhaps, William, you and your sister may one day sit here, and remember me."

*Mad. Mor.*—(*Endeavouring in vain to suppress her emotion.*)—I can no more——

*Dal.*—(*Embracing one of the trees.*)—Oh! how I envy the sweet superstition of our ancestors! With what rapture could I fancy that my sister's spirit was inclosed within this bark!

*Mad. Mor.*—(*Leaning upon her stick, and gradually sinking.*)—Broth—er Wil—

*Dal.*—(*Flying towards her.*)—What do I hear!

*Mad. Mor.*—(*Upon her knees and spreading her arms.*)—William!

*Dal.*—(*Rushes into her arms.*)—Amelia! Is it you?

*Mad. Mor.* It is. Do not cast me from you.

*Dal.* I cast you from me!—(*A pause.*)

*Mad. Mor.* Good William, support me to these trees, which we planted on our mother's birth-day. At that time, we embraced each other over the twigs, and our mother smiled. Let me press thee to my heart again beneath their shadow, and she will smile again upon us.

*Dal.*—(*Conducts her to the turf-seat under the trees, embraces her with fervor, and raises his eyes, full of tears, towards heaven.*)—Beloved mother! rejoice with us. Thy prayers have obtained this moment for us.

*Mad. Mor.*—(*Reclines her head upon his breast.*)—Here let me die.

*Dal.* Here, at my side, Amelia, shall you call to mind the past pleasures of our childhood. Here, on my arm, shall you visit every tree from which we gathered fruit, and every bank on which we reposed. Then I'll lead you to the house and shew you the chamber which formerly you occupied. The brown table is still there, on which we used to draw; and the closet in which you used to keep sweetmeats for me.—(*Looks at* Madame Moreau, *who, almost faint-*

*ing, leans upon his bosom.*)—You don't hear me.—Sister!—This deadly paleness—for Heaven's sake—Help! Help!—

*Enter* JOHN *and* EMMA *from opposite sides.*

*John.* What now?

*Emma.* Oh! the poor old woman is ill.

*Dal.* She is my sister.

*Emma.* Your sister!—(*She assists* Madame Moreau, *who slowly recovers.*)

*John.* What! Miss Amelia!

*Dal.* Yes, good John. You have often lamented her loss with me. Now rejoice with me, for we have found her again.

*John.* So we have. Heaven be praised? Miss Amelia do you recollect old John?

*Mad. Mor.* Honest John, are you still alive?

*John.* Yes, and never was more happy in my life.—(*Wipes his eyes.*)

*Emma.* My dear Madam, shall I support you to the house? You will be more composed there.

*Mad. Mor.* I thank you—No. The fresh air, and the sight of all around me, are the best restoratives.

*Dal.* If our affection revives you, oh, why did you not return sooner to us?

*Mad. Mor.* Forgive me brother—and you, good parents. Often, when I had acquired courage to surmount my false delicacy, Fate cast insurmountable obstacles in my way. I fled with my husband from this house to Lyons. His parents were highly incensed at our union, having had other prospects for him. They refused to see us; and we resolved to wait for a more favourable turn of fortune by the expiation of time. The small assistance of a friend enabled us to sail to America.

*Dal.* To America!

*Emma.* To America! Dare I ask at what place you lived?

*Mad. Mor.* At Charlestown.

*Emma.* Heavens!—(*Trembles and stands opposite* Madame Moreau, *in the most anxious suspense.*)

*Mad. Mor.*—(*Who does not observe* Emma.)—My husband's industry procured us a scanty support; but we loved each other, and were satisfied. Providence united us still more closely by bestowing upon us a son and daughter.

*Emma.* A daughter too!

*Dal.* Where is she?

*Mad. Mor.* Oh, William, do not ask me. The Almighty doubtless thought it right to punish me for the sorrows I had heaped upon our parents. The war, in which America acquired her independence, reduced us to poverty. Eight years since we returned to Europe. We only found my husband's mother still alive. She forgave us; and we again enjoyed a moment's peace, when the dreadful revolution of France destroyed our happiness. My husband, who was a zealous patriot, fell a victim to anarchy and ambition. My son was misled by some villains of high rank, and emigrated with them. Alas! too well have they succeeded in choking all the seeds of nature and affection in his heart. With a blush I confess he was the first person whom I met as I entered this town.

*Dal.* This town!

*Mad. Mor.* Yes, he is here. I recognized him; and am not even allowed the slender consolation of a doubt. He rode past me with a number of wild young men. "My son!" I cried, and sunk upon my knee. He heard my voice—he cast a look towards me, and I saw the deep crimson glow upon his cheek—I saw the bridle quiver in his hand. "What's that?" demanded one of his companions. I stretched forth my arms, and whimpered, "I am

his mother." Alas! he was ashamed of his mother. "The good woman has lost her senses," said he—and galloped away.

*Dal.* Unfortunate sister!

*Mad. Mor.* I perceive in this the avenging hand of Providence. As I from afar espied the habitation of my parents, the full force of my injustice towards them awoke in my bosom, and suddenly Heaven sent my son to meet me. I do not complain. It is but just that she who forsook her father and mother, should remain childless in her old age.

*Dal.* But your daughter——?

*Mad. Mor.* She died a wretched death.

*Emma.*—(*Hastily.*)—Died! Where? When?

*Mad. Mor.* Must I relate that too? When the English and Hessian troops stormed Charlestown—

*Emma.*—(*Beyond herself.*)—The Hessians!

*Dal.* Proceed, proceed, dear sister.

*Mad. Mor.* One dreadful night, the town was burnt and plundered. During the conflagration, I endeavoured to escape with my husband, who carried our daughter on his arm, while the boy ran at our side. We had almost reached the gates, when the roof of a house fell, and crushed my husband under it. At the same moment, a multitude of the inhabitants rushed through the narrow lane, and bore me away senseless from the town. Two days after, as I was wandering through the woods, I found my husband again. He had saved his own life, but my Emma was lost.

*Emma.* Emma! For Heaven's sake.—(*Falls in a tremor at the feet of* Madame Moreau.)

*Dal.*—(*With tremulous utterance.*)—Sister! This girl's name is Emma too.—This girl too was found among the smoaking ruins of Charlestown.

*Mad. Mor.* Brother!

*Dal.* Have you any sign, by which you can recognise your daughter?

*Mad. Mor.* None, but my heart.

*Dal.* How old was she at that time?

*Mad. Mor.* Eight years.

*Dal.* Was her linen marked E. M.?

*Mad. Mor.*—*(Almost screaming.)*—Emma Moreau?

*Dal.* 'Tis she.

*Emma.*—*(Sinking in her lap.)*—My Mother!—(Madame Moreau *falls back senseless into her brother's arms.* John *sobs, and wipes his eyes. The scene falls.*)

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## *ACT THE FIFTH.*

*Scene, the same as in the First Act.*

*Enter* LINDORF.

*Lin.* No—this suspense is out of my way. What a fool am I to loiter here! I'll take leave of Dalner, and be gone:—And yet—But there she comes again with her head hanging over her shoulder—perhaps even to ask my blessing. She sees me. Shall I avoid her again?—No.—That would give her cause of triumph.—No, no, Miss Emma, the danger is not so vastly great. I'll seat myself here in the arbour. Perhaps she may be seeking her dear Somebody again.—*(Seats himself in the arbour, and plays with his stick in the sand.)*

*Enter* EMMA, *musing.*

*Emma.*—*(After a long pause.)*—Here have I shed

the first tears of joy.—Almighty Providence! accept my thanks.

*Lin.*—(*Aside, with his chin propped upon his stick.*)—As I suspected. She's harping on this damned Somebody—this Rose——

*Emma.* My warmest wishes are fulfilled.

*Lin.*—(*As above.*)—Warmest wishes! Delicate language, to be sure!

*Emma.* Forgotten are the days of poverty.

*Lin.* So it seems—and Lindorf too.

*Emma.* I must seek the worthy Captain How will he rejoice!

*Lin.* That I doubt.

*Emma.*—(*Turns and espies* Lindorf.)—Ha! You're here.

*Lin.*—(*Very drily, and without altering his position.*)—Here I am.

*Emma.*—(*In a tone of raillery.*)—You have been listening to me.

*Lin.* That's out of my way.

*Emma.* Have you already heard——?

*Lin.* Yes—I have heard.

*Emma.* Then Mr. Dalner has told you that——

*Lin.* Yes—Mr. Dalner has told me.

*Emma.* But you seem so distant.

*Lin.* By no means. I wish you joy.—But no—I cannot be a hypocrite.

*Emma.* Can an affection like this be displeasing to my benefactor?

*Lin.* Oh, no!—What is it to me?—You feel a regard for him.—He is worthy——

*Emma.* He!—Him!—What can you mean? We misunderstand each other.

*Lin.* Not at all. Dalner has told me that the affair with Mr. Rosenberg is settled.

*Emma.* It is—but how does that concern me? I have been brought up with Sophia, and love her as my sister. So far I rejoice in her good fortune.

*Lin.* Her good fortune!—Are you mocking me? Were you speaking to Rosenberg—

*Emma.* For Sophia.

*Lin.* Indeed!—Are you serious?—Well! I do feel myself surprised—but so much the better.—When a soldier stands in the midst of the fire, he forgets the danger.

*Emma.* Dear Sir, you are very mysterious.

*Lin.* Very possibly. Speak but half a word, and I'll solve the mystery.

*Emma.* Your coldness—your rapture—It is well we are without witnesses.—

*Emma.*—(*In a tone of raillery.*)—A third person might have disgraced you so much as to fancy you were in love.

*Lin.* Disgraced! Why, yes, at my age it is a disgrace.

*Emma.* Rather say—with your sentiments.

*Lin.* To be ashamed of renouncing absurd sentiments is false delicacy. In short, a misfortune has befallen me.

*Emma.* What is it?

*Lin.* Guess—Pray guess; for I shall find it more difficult to mention than you to discover.

*Emma.* Well then—If I were vain—I should fancy—but you'll laugh at me.

*Lin.* The devil take me if I'm in a laughing humour.—What should you fancy?

*Emma.* That—but you'll forgive me?

*Lin.* Be quick only—I forgive every thing.

*Emma.* That—you were in love with me.

*Lin.* There! It's out, at last.

*Emma.* I give you leave to laugh at me.

*Lin.* And I give you leave to be vain. Do you understand me?

*Emma.* The love of my benefactor would make me rather proud than vain.

*Lin.* And your benefactor would gain as little by

your pride as your vanity. I see you won't understand me. I am too old—too plain a man for you. Speak openly.

*Emma.* That almost sounds like—

*Lin.* An offer of marriage.—There! At last we are arrived at the point.

*Emma.*—(*After a pause.*)—You make this day the most memorable of my life.

*Lin.* Does that mean yes or no?

*Emma.* I esteem you highly—

*Lin.* Nothing further?

*Emma.* A girl seldom confesses more. Had you allowed me, I should long since have told you that, within a few hours, a third person has shared with you the most sacred claims on my affection.

*Lin.* Shared! That's out of my way.

*Emma.* And that you must apply to my mother.

*Lin.* Your mother!

*Emma.* Your friend's sister, who formerly fled to America, and there, in a dreadful night, lost her child and her home.

*Lin.* Lost!—How?

*Emma.* Emma Moreau was the name of her lamented daughter, whom a worthy man drew from the smoaking ruins of Charlestown. Emma Moreau is she who, when a child used to be delighted with your gay uniform, and since she has been able to reflect, has felt the force of her preserver's generosity. The man who stretched forth his hand to save the infant's life, acted nobly; yet many a one in his place would afterwards have left it to its fate. But that man, who, for eight years, has shared his contracted income with me, is elevated far above my commendation.

*Lin.*—(*Who, while she has been speaking, has, by various means, expressed his impatience.*)—Have you done?

*Emma.* Not yet, Captain Lindorf—(*With heart-*

*felt sensibility.*)—Not yet—friend—benefactor—brother!

*Lin.* Brother!—I understand you.

*Emma.*—No—you do not. Were my affections engaged, I would say to you with a sigh, "Pity me, for I cannot love you." But (Heaven be praised) my heart is free. Respect and esteem, friendship and gratitude, will melt into one sensation, and this one sensation will be—love.

*Lin.* Emma! Are you in earnest?

*Emma.* With you, Captain Lindorf, I need not fear a hasty resolution. Your offer, indeed, is not totally unexpected. The bitter coldness with which you left me, when I had found Mr. Rosenberg, betrayed what you yourself scarcely suspected. My heart beat high at the idea of being able to reward my benefactor, and to employ the life, which he preserved, in promoting the happiness of his. These flattering thoughts excited hopes and wishes. Now, therefore, Captain Lindorf, without false delicacy, if a heart replete with innocence, a grateful confidence, and every endeavour to deserve your affection, will content you, I will most willingly be your wife.

*Lin.*—(*Seizes her hand with rapture.*)—Girl! Girl! What do you make of me? I could kneel at your feet—if I had not so often ridiculed kneeling.—Here I stand—and can't say a word to a being who eight years since sat upon my knee.—But, in short, you shall be my wife.—Yes—the world may laugh at me.—Ha! Ha! Ha! I'll laugh too. Look at me, all mankind, and conceal your envy under the mask of derision—She is mine.—Hang on my arm.—I'll away to my native home, and shout in triumph till the Alps re-echo—for never, never was Lindorf half so happy.—(*With loquacious haste, and confidentially placing her hand on his arm.*)—Yes, Emma, we'll purchase a little spot at the foot of the Alps,

where the sun shines benignantly on our hut, where sweet herbs diffuse their salubrious influence through the atmosphere, and roses bloom as artless as upon your cheeks. There we will mix in the dances of the friendly peasants.—Huzza! Lindorf and his little wife for ever.—(*He raises her high in the air, and swings her round.*)

*Emma.* Dear Lindorf, my mother is coming.

*Lin.* Who!—Your mother!—Forgive me—I had almost forgotten that romantic story.—Just now I can think of none but Emma.

*Emma.* Let us beg her blessing.

*Lin.* We will.—(*He throws away his hat and stick, takes* Emma *in his arms, and bears her towards her mother.*)

*Enter* Madame MOREAU.

Your blessing, Madam!

*Emma.* This, dear mother, is my preserver, and, with your consent—my husband.

*Mad. Mor.* Is this the man to whom I am indebted for my life's last consolation?

*Lin.* Don't mention that—it's out of my way, Ma'am—But I wish to marry Emma.

*Mad. Mor.* Heavens! So much happiness in one day! Follow the dictates of your heart, Emma. My blessing be on you both.

*Lin.*—(*Draws her into his arms.*)—Come hither. We have your mother's blessing; and if we pass through life honestly, we shall have heaven's blessing too. Come, let us take courage, and face the banterers.

*Emma.* Why need we be ashamed?

*Lin.* I, for having been a blockhead above thirty years; and you, for having thought it worth while to convert me.—(*As they are going arm in arm, they encounter* Rosenberg *and* Sophia *arm in arm. Both*

*the couples, without releasing themselves, face each other.*)—Who goes there?

*Sophia.* A friend.

*Lin.* Advance, and give the countersign.

*Sophia.* Love and Hymen.

*Lin.* Huzza!—This is just in my way.—

*Sophia.* Indeed, Captain Lindorf! It used to be quite out of your way. Why, you stand there with Emma, as if you were her lover.

*Lin.* Yes, yes—Though Lavater forgot to describe a lover's countenance, a woman can swear it at first sight. Well—I am her lover—and now, laugh—laugh as much as you like. I am armed against all your mockery.

*Sophia.* Indeed!—Emma, you don't say a word.

*Lin.* She has said yes—and that's enough.

*Sophia.* Yes, often too much. And Emma can listen to a woman-hater—a creature who is always growling—?

*Lin.* Emma considers my heart.—(*With warm sensibility, and laying her hand on his heart.*)—Don't you Emma?

*Emma.* Dear Lindorf, it beats for me.

*Sophia.* Oh, misery! My friend is lost!

*Lin.* Let her prate.

*Sophia.* Why, Captain, you are a second Cæsar. You come, see, and conquer. But, when any misfortune has happened—why we must make the best of it. Therefore, let this solemn curtesy assure you—No, that won't do. Come here, Emma.—(*Kisses her.*)—You understand me, I hope?

*Ros.*—(*Offers his hand.*)—Captain, I wish you joy.

*Lin.*—(*Shaking it.*)—I wish you the same with all my heart. Well, when shall be married?

*Ros.* I vote, to-morrow.

*Lin.* Why not this very day?

*Emma.* Month.

*Sophia.* Year.

*Ros.* Who is to determine this?

*Sophia.* My aunt, here.

*Mad. Mor.* Beware, Sophia. I always take the weaker part.

*Sophia.* That must be ours.

*Lin.* Not till we are married.

*Mad. Mor.* Ask my brother. Here he comes.

*Enter* DALNER.

*Sophia.*—(*Running to meet him.*)—Father, there is an influenza in the garden. Every one wants to be married—Among the rest—this platonic grumbling woman-hater.

*Lin.* Comely titles, forsooth!

*Sophia.* His head has been for thirty years an ice-house, in which he has piled frozen sentiments one upon another; but the beams of those blue eyes have melted them.

*Dal.* So much the better.

*Lin.* Yes, *honoured uncle*, if you have no objection—

*Dal. Honest nephew*, you have better luck than you deserve.—Why so silent, sister?

*Mad. Mor.* I ought only to rejoice—But oh, my son—

*Lin.* Son! What, Emma? Have you a brother?

*Emma.* Would I could say I have, without blushing.

*Lin.* Where is he? Who is he?

*Mad. Mor.* Oh, hold—for my heart bleeds. Tell it at another time.

*Dal.* Right, sister. Let us not cloud the pleasures of this hour. I am glad our noisy company is gone.

*Sophia.* My mother feigned a head-ache, and they took their leave.

*Dal.* Your mother's presence alone is wanting here; but so busily is she engaged, that even I cannot gain admittance to her.

*Mad. Mor.* She received me with the warmest affection; but declared she could not welcome me as she ought. "An hour hence," added she, "I hope to be deserving of this happiness."

*Lin.* Hold! There she comes. Let us be gone. Matrimonial scenes should never be acted before witnesses. Let us see whether the musicians are dismissed, for I must dance to-day, if I am obliged to hum the tune myself.—(*Offers his arm to* Madame Moreau. *The rest follow.* Dalner *stands lost in meditation.*)

*Enter* Mrs. DALNER *in a very plain dress.*

*Mrs. Dal.*—(*Approaching her husband, and tapping him on the shoulder.*)—So deep in thought?

*Dal.* Oh! I was thinking of you, love.

*Mrs. Dal.* And looked so gloomy!

*Dal.* Your presence drives away every wrinkle—except those which age has made.

*Mrs. Dal.* Domestic comfort makes even the face of age look smooth.

*Dal.* Then I must look young indeed.

*Mrs. Dal.* Lay your hand upon your heart. You deceive me.

*Dal.* How! Do you doubt my affection?

*Mrs. Dal.* No—but more than affection is necessary to form connubial happiness. Love decorates the spring, and matrimony the summer of our life; but he who then forgets to sow the seeds of confidence, need not hope in autumn to reap domestic comfort.

*Dal.* Wherefore this allegory?

*Mrs. Dal.* Allegory is the handmaid of truth, and must clothe her mistress.

*Dal.* But from your lips, my love, I like to hear the simple truth.

*Mrs. Dal.* Well—as you are disposed to say such pretty things, how do you like my dress?

*Dal.* It is plain, but beautiful.

*Mrs. Dal.* More becoming than usual?

*Dal.* In my eyes, much more so.

*Mrs. Dal.* True. It is simple and amusing.—*(Jocosely.)*—Not calculated to make a conquest in company, or inspire jealousy at home.

*Dal.* Jealousy! I trust you do not suspect me of that! My confidence——

*Mrs. Dal.* Hold, Dalner! You dissemble confidence when with me, and torment yourself with evil fancies when alone.

*Dal.*—*(Confused.)*—You wrong me.

*Mrs. Dal.* No, no. I know all, and spare you the confession. I must heal the wound without probing it too deeply. Thus much, however, I must say: You yourself forced me into high life. You yourself opened the doors to fops and flatterers. You feared your wife would feel a want of entertainment in your house—that was false modesty. When I followed your directions you were martyred by strange suspicions, which you concealed—that was false delicacy. A husband and wife should have no secrets to each other. Oh! how many a flame has become inextinguishable, because the husband or the wife concealed the first spark! How often has the matrimonial tie been rent asunder, because the knot of confidence did not unite both hearts!

*Dal.*—*(Clasping her in his arms.)*—Dear, excellent woman, forgive me.

*Mrs. Dal.* I do forgive you, but only on one condition. You like town, I the country. As a punishment, you must pass the whole summer at our estate with me.

*Dal.* Kind woman, you reward instead of punishing me.

*Mrs. Dal.* I can't help it. Still more, you must be content with homely fare; for I have made a perfect revolution in our household.

*Dal.* Caroline! This is too much. You will thereby lose many conveniencies.

*Mrs. Dal.* And shall thereby gain many comforts. Oh, Dalner! from a stranger I learnt this too; I learnt that the luxurious superfluity, which you daily recommended to me, was purchased at the expence of your peace of mind; that I was robbing your children, to pay for entertainments which were irksome to me.

*Dal.* Surely Lindorf must——

*Mrs. Dal.* Thanks to Providence, who sent him to save me! But for him, I had proceeded in my mad career, to stop when it was too late. You thought woman incapable of esteeming an upright man, unless he always appeared with a heavy purse. Learn to know our sex better. A wife is prouder of a worthy husband than of her diamonds; and had rather walk, unobserved, with his affection, than, without it, attract the attention of the gazing crowd from the most splendid carriage.

*Dal.*—(*Falls at her feet.*)—Caroline!

*Mrs. Dal.*—(*Smiling.*)—My dear Dalner, for the first time I must remind you that you are forty years old. Kneeling does not become you.

*Dal.* Yes, I have mistaken you.

*Mrs. Dal.*—(*Raises and embraces him.*)—It is past. We will withdraw to the country, and in a few years I trust my extravagance will be repaired. The experience of to-day has had such an effect on me, that, were I now standing in the presence of a large assembly, I would, with the full sensation of philanthropy, call to each head of a family: Confide in your wife. Perhaps even now you treat

upon the brink of a precipice, and confidence may save you. Banish false delicacy, that treacherous supporter of vanity and ostentation. Confide in your wife as your best friend; and you will find consolation for the past, as well as counsel and assistance for the future.

*Dal.* Caroline! what sentiments drop from your lips! Henceforth you shall see my heart's every secret thought as plainly as the Almighty.

*Mrs. Dal.* Then my attempt has succeeded to my utmost wish. My husband is mine again.

*Dal.* For ever.

*Enter* LINDORF, *highly incensed.*

*Lin.* Infernal scoundrel! Whoever breaks his neck shall be rewarded

*Dal.* What now?

*Lin.* I could scarce keep my stick from his shoulders.

*Dal.* Of whom are you speaking?

*Lin.* Of that rascal my brother-in-law, the Viscount.

*Dal.* Your brother-in-law!

*Lin.* Yes. The villain has the honour of being Emma's brother, and is ashamed of his poor mother. He was just now hopping into the garden with his usual impertinence, when Madame Moreau espied him, and called aloud "M- son!" Her voice might have softened a heart of adamant. The rascal started, and seemed alarmed, but his habitual effrontery did not forsake him. "The lady is mistaken," said he, through his nose. We were all astonished. Emma called him her brother; and I called him an unfeeling wretch. His mother stood, in the mean time, with uplifted trembling hands, and seemed ready at the most distant hint to fly into his arms. "Well," said he, "if this be the only way

left to my choice—" then he writhed himself like a snake, and ran away. "Villain!" I called after him—Of all false delicacy, it is the most unpardonable to be ashamed of a poor parent, through a want of spirit to defy the miserable sarcasms of a few libertines.

*Dal.* My poor sister! Where is she?

*Lin.* The girls are endeavouring to comfort her. There she comes. See! How soon can a mother's anguish bleach her cheek!

*Enter* Madame MOREAU, ROSENBERG, SOPHIA, *and* EMMA.

*Mad. Mor.* I beseech you, do not mention him again. You can only condemn him, and his mother is unable to defend him. Oh, that he had died in his cradle!

*Emma.*—(*Comforting her.*)—You have still two children.

*Dal.* It seems then, no day can pass without a cloud.

*Mad. Mor.* Forgive me—I will not complain. Heaven has granted me so much to-day, that I will not complain. What was I but a few hours since? Let me embrace you, children.—(*Embraces* Emma *and* Lindorf, *and reclines her head upon her daughter's bosom.*)

*Lin.* I will repair the loss of your son.

*Sophia.* See there—how confidently the man seizes poor Emma's hand again—after having so often declared his aversion to every woman in the world!

*Ros.* Yes—but not every angel.

*Lin.* Right, friend, I thank you.

*Sophia.*—(*To* Rosenberg.)—Sir, I thought you were to have no eyes for any one but me. If you begin this conduct before matrimony, what must

expect after it? Take example by my father. He is no longer very young, and has been married three years, but see with what rapture he gazes on my mother.

*Dal.* Try to imitate her. She has this day made me the happiest of men. Lindorf, rejoice with us. We are going into the country.

*Lin.* I am truly glad to hear it.

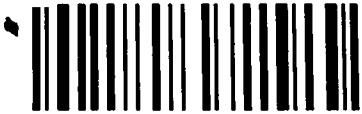
*Mad. Mor.* Thank him, my love.

*Lin.* Pst! Don't betray me.

*Dal.* My gratitude cannot be expressed by words, Lindorf. My friends, join hands. We have all seen the bad effects of false delicacy. Let us from this moment bid an eternal adieu to it.

END OF VOL. III.

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